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The American Spirit

A Basis For World Democracy

Monroe-Miller

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THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

A BASIS FOR WORLD DEMOCRACY

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THE HOUSE OF APPLIED KNOWLEDGE

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The American Spirit, like the American people, is a composite. Discoverer, explorer, colonist, pioneer, frontiersman, immigrant, through social selection assure independence, initiative, dissatisfaction with existing attainments, a forward look, a confidence in the powers of the common man, and an idealistic faith in his worth and destiny. Self-government, achieved through patriotic struggle and secured through hard experience, confirms them. Democracy in government, preserved from corruption only by constant vigilance and continual practice, leads to social democracy; the two, to ideals of industrial democracy yet in the process of attainment. Through civil war, ideals of national unity were achieved and of national destiny were confirmed. Foreign war and the complicated problems of modern world diplomacy enabled the nation to reject an imperialistic policy in favor of one of generosity and humanity towards the weaker nations, of justice and honor among its peers. The present crisis in the world's history affords the supreme test of these traits. How these characteristics have united in the American Spirit is briefly told in this volume. May the spirit expressed by the American people be worthy of the sacrifices of our fathers and the heroism of our sons!

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INTRODUCTION

The past four years have been critical in the life of our country. Repeatedly the question has been asked whether we have such a thing as a national consciousness. Have the many nationalities represented in our ancestry and in our naturalized citizenship been welded together into one unified whole? Has the "melting pot" given us a single product, or only a loose amalgamation which is ready to fall apart under special stress and tension? Is there one American Spirit, or are there many and divided loyalties?

Many insidious attempts have been made in the past three years to array group against group to the end that we might not present a solid front in case we should be drawn into the world conflict as partisans of democracy against autocracy. Fortunately these attempts have in large part failed. Our eyes were long blinded as to the real issues of the European War. But the very measures employed to confuse us and to take advantage of our neutrality have gradually brought to consciousness and focused the American Spirit until it has asserted its supremacy over hyphenism of every sort. Whatever one may think about the original causes of the war or of the aims and purposes of the conflicting nations, we now see clearly that the issue at the present time is that of making the world safe for democracy in a world which autocracy seeks to dominate.

While we have no doubt at the present time that our liberties as well as those of other democratic nations are at stake, the slowness with which the American Spirit has been aroused to consciousness of its danger and the necessity of asserting its rights has compelled us to raise anew the question of education with reference to Ameri-

can principles and patriotism. We see now, as never before, the need of making our children understand and appreciate the American Spirit which differentiates us from the nations of the Old World.

We have not been without instruction in patriotism in the past, but it came too largely through chance occasions and through indirect channels. There has been too much spread-eagle oratory and too much emotional patriotism. There has been plentiful "twisting of the lion's tail" and of cultivation of the impression that the United States can "lick any country on earth." Our teaching of American history has often been narrow and one-sided. Children have been left with an erroneous impression of distrust of Great Britain and antipathy to that country. The fact is often ignored that there was a democratic movement in England as well as in the Colonies in 1776, and that great patriots there challenged the autocratic ideas and practices of their German king, George III. The democratic movement in England as well as in the Colonies finally won the victory. Yet we spend a lot of time in cherishing an ancient wrong instead of studying the world-wide progress of democracy. Even within our own national life, we have not heeded the example and the wisdom of Lincoln, but have permitted an undue emphasis both in North and in South to be placed on the things which divided us fifty years ago instead of exalting the things which unite us in 1918.

While the crisis through which we have been passing has emphasized the necessity of systematic instruction in American ideals, the American Spirit, and patriotism, this instruction must go farther than sentiments and feelings: it must have in it something constructive. We must inculcate ideas and ideals which will work out into

everyday life and citizenship, which apply in the crises of peace as well as in those of war, which make us conscious of the rights of other nations as well as of our own. Let us not merely glory in our country in an emotional way, but also learn how we may best serve her; let us slough off the lower and more sordid national ideals and strive to perpetuate and to propagate those which are highest and best.

In the preparation of this little reader, the attempt has been made to focus attention upon the constructive aspect of patriotism. Due regard, however, has been paid to certain of the traditional and emotional elements that cannot be ignored. That which tends to divide us in thought from one another or from the other democratic nations has been largely eliminated. We do not wish to plant the seeds of distrust of other nations, nor can we afford to stress the literature of hatred. We want a wholesome and sane regard for our own country, without the development of undue national egotism. We want our children to recognize at this time that the democratic movement is universal, — a world movement, — in some places struggling under a crushing burden of autocracy, in others expressing itself through different political forms from our own, but everywhere working toward the same ends. We have been more favorably situated for the realization of democratic ideals than others; we have a correspondingly greater obligation to be true to them and to consider all other peoples who aspire to democratic control of their governments as our brothers and friends.

There is something in the long history of our pioneer life that everywhere has emphasized freedom, initiative, and individuality. From the time of Columbus to the

present day America has breathed the spirit of the pioneer. To us "all things are possible." All men, regardless of birth, are human; all are divine. The spirit of idealism rests like a sunrise glow over the whole land. The very air we breathe is that of opportunity and democracy. The public school makes intelligence common property. Newspaper and magazine are brought to the very doors of every man. Public opinion is shaped by the thought and the ideals of the common man; we feel the moral judgment of the man in the sod hut on the prairie, the miner in his mountain cabin, and the tenement dweller of the great city as well as that of the college professor, the lawyer, and the captain of industry. There is something inherent in our life that binds us together ultimately into one great national whole. The process is often slow and uncertain, however, and it has been left too much to chance. Even the sons and daughters of the old Colonial stock have not always become conscious of the fundamental principles which differentiate a democratic social order from one which is autocratic in principle. We need as never before in home, church, and school to make sure that the rising generation gets a correct impression of the real American Spirit. It is hoped that this volume may be found useful in this task.

THE EDITORS

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CONTENTS

I. THE PIONEER SPIRIT

		PAGE
Columbus	*Joaquin Miller*	1
Columbus	*Edward Everett Hale*	2
To the Virginian Voyage	*Michael Drayton*	3
The Founding of Jamestown	*Thomas Nelson Page*	6
The North and the South One in Their Origin	*John Fiske*	7
The Puritans	*Thomas Babington Macaulay*	11
The Landing of the Pilgrims	*Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans*	14
The First Landing at Plymouth	*William Bradford*	16
New England Civilization	*James Russell Lowell*	18
The Quaker of the Olden Time	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	23
God Makes a Path	*Roger Williams*	24
Western Idealism	*Frederick Jackson Turner*	25
The Exodus for Oregon	*Joaquin Miller*	29

II. TWO GREAT AMERICANS

Washington	*Lord George Gordon Byron*	33
The Character of Washington	*Henry Cabot Lodge*	33
Washington	*James Russell Lowell*	36
Counsels of Washington	*George Washington*	37
Abraham Lincoln	*James Russell Lowell*	43
Sayings of Lincoln	*L. Lamprey*	45
Lincoln's Sympathy	*Ida M. Tarbell*	50
Lincoln a Typical American	*Phillips Brooks*	51
Abraham Lincoln	*Robert G. Ingersoll*	54
Lincoln's Birthplace	*Woodrow Wilson*	56
Abraham Lincoln	*Tom Taylor*	58
O Captain! My Captain!	*Walt Whitman*	61
The Gettysburg Address	*Abraham Lincoln*	62

III. CHARACTERISTIC IDEALS

(1) The Faith of the Fathers

		PAGE
Characteristics of America	*Benjamin Franklin*	65
Pitt's Last Speech	*William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*	67
What is Patriotism?	*Fisher Ames*	68
Liberty or Death	*Patrick Henry*	70
Government in the Interest of All	*Declaration of Independence*	72
Faith in Our Government	*Thomas Jefferson*	73
The Monroe Doctrine	*James Monroe*	74
Liberty for All	*William Lloyd Garrison*	77

(2) Moral Heroism

General Grant's Greatest Victory	*Elbridge S. Brooks*	78
Cub Sawbones	*Sydney Reid* (*Robert Charles Forneri*)	79
The Fleet at Santiago	*Henry Cabot Lodge*	80
Wheeler at Santiago	*James Lindsay Gordon*	82
When with Their Country's Anger	*Richard Watson Gilder*	83

(3) The Fight for a Cause

American Ideals Not Imperialistic	*William McKinley*	85
The American Flag Not the Dollar Sign	*Henry Cabot Lodge*	86
Our Pan-American Policy	*Elihu Root*	89
Americanism	*Theodore Roosevelt*	91
America for Me!	*Henry van Dyke*	93

IV. DEMOCRACY

Democracy	*Harriet Monroe*	95
The American Republic	*George William Curtis*	97
Peculiarity of American Liberty	*Daniel Webster*	100

		PAGE
Freedom	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	102
What Constitutes a State?	*Sir William Jones*	103
Liberty	*John Hay*	104
The Thirtieth Man	*John H. Finley*	105
Labor and Democracy	*American Federation of Labor*	108
How Democracy Surpasses Monarchy	*Andrew Sloan Draper*	110
The Influence of the West upon Democracy	*Frederick Jackson Turner*	112
Democracy	*James Russell Lowell*	116

V. DEMOCRACY AND LIFE

A Man's a Man for A' That	*Robert Burns*	123
The Democratic Ideal of Labor	*Orville Dewey*	125
Work	*Thomas Carlyle*	125
Aristokrats	*Josh Billings (Henry W. Shaw)*	128
The Homes of the People	*Henry W. Grady*	129
Our Kind of a Man	*James Whitcomb Riley*	132
A Message to Garcia	*Elbert Hubbard*	133

VI. PATRIOTISM

America	*Samuel Francis Smith*	139
The Duty and Value of Patriotism	*Archbishop John Ireland*	140
The Glory of Patriotism	*Cardinal Mercier*	143
Love of Country	*Sir Walter Scott*	145
The Man without a Country	*Edward Everett Hale*	145
The Moral Quality in Patriotism	*George William Curtis*	154
America the Beautiful	*Katharine Lee Bates*	158
Martial Valor in Times of Peace	*John Grier Hibben*	160
The Higher Patriotism	*The Christian Work*	161
Recessional	*Rudyard Kipling*	166

VII. THE STORY OF THE FLAG

		PAGE
The Story of Old Glory	*Anonymous*	167
The Star-Spangled Banner	*Francis Scott Key*	170
How "The Star-Spangled Banner" Was Written	*Henry Watterson*	172
The American Flag	*Joseph Rodman Drake*	179
The Symbol of Our Nation	*Henry Ward Beecher*	181
A Song for Flag Day	*Wilbur Dick Nesbit*	184
Flag Etiquette	*Adjutant General H. P. McCain*	185
The Makers of the Flag	*Franklin Knight Lane*	190
The Name of Old Glory	*James Whitcomb Riley*	193

VIII. AMERICANS ALL

Liberty Enlightening the World	*Edmund Clarence Stedman*	197
America	*Bayard Taylor*	199
The Making of an American	*Jacob Riis*	200
Americans of Foreign Birth	*Woodrow Wilson*	202
The Foreigner in a Democracy	*Carl Schurz*	206
The Loyalty of the Foreign Born	*M. E. Ravage*	209
From Alien to Citizen	*Edward A. Steiner*	217
Confessing the Hyphen	*Edward A. Steiner*	219
America Alone	*Rudolph Blankenburg*	222
A Far Journey	*Abraham Mitrie Rihbany*	223
America's Cause and the Foreign-Born Citizen	*Otto H. Kahn*	228
The Freedom of the Land	*L. Lamprey*	230
America First	*Woodrow Wilson*	230
America First	*Theodore Roosevelt*	233
Ode to Columbia	*Hurban Vajansky*	235
One Country	*Frank L. Stanton*	237

IX. THE PRESENT CRISIS

		PAGE
Introduction		239
The Present Crisis	*James Russell Lowell*	241
The Prussian Menace to American Freedom	*Elihu Root*	245
With Firmness in the Right	*Theodore Roosevelt*	256
The Prussian Menace	*American Federation of Labor*	258
The Poison Growth of Prussianism	*Otto H. Kahn*	259
The World Safe for Democracy	*Woodrow Wilson*	261
Battle Hymn of the Republic	*Julia Ward Howe*	274
Flag Day Address	*Woodrow Wilson*	275
Armageddon	*Sir Edwin Arnold*	284
The Meaning of American Democracy	*Woodrow Wilson*	286
America's Purpose in the War	*Woodrow Wilson*	292
When the Great Gray Ships Come In	*Guy Wetmore Carryl*	302

X. ONWARD

A World Peace	*Woodrow Wilson*	305
Freedom against the Will to Power	*William E. Borah*	310
Our Responsibilities	*Theodore Roosevelt*	314
The Right of the People to Rule	*Theodore Roosevelt*	316
Look Up, Look Forth, and On!	*Bayard Taylor*	318
The Ship of State	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	319
A Basis for World Democracy	*David Starr Jordan*	320
The New Independence Day	*Woodrow Wilson*	323
Carry On!	*Robert W. Service*	326

INDEX TO SUBJECTS 329

INDEX TO AUTHORS, TITLES, AND THE FIRST LINES OF POEMS 333

I. THE PIONEER SPIRIT

COLUMBUS[1]

JOAQUIN MILLER (1841–1911)

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;[2]
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone,
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.

---

[1] From Joaquin Miller's Poems (Bear Edition), Vol. II. Copyright, 1909, by C. H. Miller. Published by Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco. Used by permission of the publishers.

[2] The gates or pillars of Hercules were terms often applied to the two great promontories, Gibraltar and Abyla, on the opposite sides of the strait leading from the Mediterranean Sea to the Atlantic Ocean. In Greek mythology these were said to have been torn asunder by Hercules in his journey to Gadez (now Cadiz).

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say — "
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

COLUMBUS[1]

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D. (1822–1909)

Give me white paper!
This which you use is black and rough with smears
Of sweat and grime and fraud and blood and tears,

[1] In this poem the author, who was eminent as clergyman, orator, historian, essayist, editor, and writer of fiction, aptly expresses the thought of the New World as offering humanity's great opportunity.

From address on "The Result of Columbus's Discovery," in Works of Edward Everett Hale, Vol. III. Copyright, 1900, by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,
Of battle and of famine all these years,
When all God's children have forgot their birth,
And drudged and fought and died like beasts of earth.

Give me white paper!
One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;
What no man saw he saw; he heard what no man heard.
In answer he compelled the sea
To eager man to tell
The secret she had kept so well.
Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind,
Sailing still west the hidden shore to find;
For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,
Where God might write anew the story of the World.

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE[1]

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563–1631)

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame,
Go, and subdue.

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,

[1] This spirit of adventure, achievement, and faith in the future felt by the Englishmen of the seventeenth century is a part of the inheritance entering into the American spirit.

From the Works of Michael Drayton, Esq., Vol. IV. Printed for W. Reeve at Shakespear's Head in Fleet Street, London, 1753.

And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise,

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitfulest soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

. . . . . .

When as the luscious smell [1]
Of that delicious land,
  Above the seas that flows,
  The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell,
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
  O you the happiest men,
  Be frolick then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth
  As those from whom we came,
  And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

. . . . . .

[1] At certain seasons the fragrance of blossom-laden vines could be detected by ships approaching the shores of the Virginia colonies, before land was visible.

THE FOUNDING OF JAMESTOWN [1]

THOMAS NELSON PAGE (1853–)

On that May day three hundred years ago, when the company of those little ships debarked and made their final landing on American soil, they faced every peril and danger that the human mind can imagine.

Every tree and bush and patch of weeds might conceal a crafty Indian with his deadly arrow.

The Spaniard with sword and stake was ever on the horizon. The shadow of "Melindus" [2] was yet black.

No one who has the least conception of what those men endured will question their courage. It is possible, however, that had they known what they had to face in their new home the stoutest-hearted of them might have quailed. To face death was nothing to such men, it was an incident of the life of every man, as it is today of the life of the soldier in the field. Indeed, this little band was the forlorn hope of volunteers sent to seize a continent. They made the breach and held it against all odds, and it is to the lasting renown of the English Race that as fast as their numbers failed they were replaced. On their maintaining their position hung the fate of North America, and possibly of the world. They had reached a charmed

---

[1] In the volume from which this selection is taken, Thomas Nelson Page has dealt with the history of his native state in a style not less charming than that of his stories. During the great war Mr. Page has ably represented the American government as ambassador to Italy.

From the essay on "Jamestown, the Birthplace of the American People," in "The Old Dominion: Her Making and Her Manners." Copyright, 1908, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

[2] Pedro Menendes de Aviles, a Spanish explorer and military leader who massacred a colony of French Protestants in Florida in 1565.

but an unknown land with a changeable and an untried climate. Their provisions, intended only to last until they could seed and harvest a new crop, had been wasted during their long voyage and would not last them out.

Their form of government, under which the president could always be removed by a majority of the Council, was one well framed to breed faction. The community of interest which was imagined to be necessary in a new land placed the industrious at the mercy of the idle, and the zealous supported the shirker. But it is well for the Anglo-Saxon race to pause, and take note of the one great fact, that, however their perils may have alarmed them, however their vast isolation may have awed them, there always survived spirit enough to preserve them, and they remained in this far and perilous outpost of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and, with the devotion of the vestal virgin of old, kept the fire, however dim its spark, ever alight on the sacred shrine.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH ONE IN THEIR ORIGIN [1]

JOHN FISKE (1842–1901)

It is impossible to make any generalization concerning the origin of the white people of the South as a whole, or of the North as a whole, further than to say that their ancestors came from Europe, and a large majority of them from the British Islands. The facts are too

[1] From "Old Virginia and Her Neighbours." Copyright, 1897, by John Fiske.

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complicated to be embraced in any generalization more definitely limited than this. When sweeping statements are made about "the North" and "the South," it is often apparent that the speaker has in mind only Massachusetts and tidewater Virginia, making these parts do duty for the whole. . . .

In Virginia the economic circumstances were very different from those of New England, and the effects were seen in a different kind of local institutions. In New England the system of small holdings facilitated the change from primogeniture [1] to the Kentish custom of gavelkind,[2] with which many of the settlers were already familiar, in which the property of an intestate is equally divided among the children. In Virginia, on the other hand, the large estates, cultivated by servile labor, were kept together by the combined customs of primogeniture and entail, which lasted until they were overthrown by Thomas Jefferson in 1776. In this circumstance, more than in anything else, originated the more aristocratic features in the local institutions of Virginia. . . .

As already hinted, in those rural societies where people generally knew one another, its effects were not so far-reaching as they would be in the more complicated society of today. Even though Virginia had not the town meeting, "it had its familiar court-day," which "was a holiday for all the countryside, especially in the fall and spring.

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[1] The legal custom by which property passed to the oldest son, rather than being divided between all the sons.

[2] An old English legal custom by which rented or leased lands were divided equally among the sons or the children of a deceased person. Except in Kent, the custom was later replaced by the feudal custom of primogeniture introduced from France.

From all directions came in the people on horseback, in wagons, and afoot. On the courthouse green assembled, in indiscriminate confusion, people of all classes, — the hunter from the backwoods, the owner of a few acres, the grand proprietor, and the grinning, heedless negro. Old debts were settled, and new ones made; there were auctions, transfers of property, and, if election times were near, stump-speaking." [1]

For seventy years or more before the Declaration of Independence the matters of general public concern, about which stump speeches were made on Virginia court-days, were very similar to those that were discussed in Massachusetts town meetings when representatives were to be chosen for the legislature. Such questions generally related to some real or alleged encroachment upon popular liberties by the royal governor, who, being appointed and sent from beyond sea, was apt to have ideas and purposes of his own that conflicted with those of the people. This perpetual antagonism to the governor, who represented British imperial interference with American local self-government, was an excellent schooling in political liberty, alike for Virginia and for Massachusetts. When the stress of the Revolution came, these two leading colonies cordially supported each other, and their political characteristics were reflected in the kind of achievements for which each was especially distinguished. The Virginia system, concentrating the administration of local affairs in the hands of a few county families, was eminently favorable for developing skillful and vigorous leadership. And while in the history of Massachusetts during the Revolu-

[1] Ingle, in "Johns Hopkins University Studies," iii. 90.

tion we are chiefly impressed with the remarkable degree in which the mass of the people exhibited the kind of political training that nothing in the world except the habit of parliamentary discussion can impart; on the other hand, Virginia at that time gave us — in Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Mason, Madison, and Marshall, to mention no others — such a group of leaders as has seldom been equaled. . . .

A comparative survey of Old Virginia's neighbors shows how extremely loose and inaccurate is the common habit of alluding to the Old Cavalier society of England as if it were characteristic of the southern states in general. Equally loose and ignorant is the habit of alluding to Puritanism as if it were peculiar to England. In point of fact the Cavalier society was reproduced nowhere save on Chesapeake Bay. On the other hand, the English or Independent phase of Puritanism was by no means confined to the New England colonies. Three fourths of the people of Maryland were Puritans; English Puritanism, with the closely kindred French Calvinism, swayed South Carolina; and in our concluding chapter we shall see how the Scotch or Presbyterian phase of Puritanism extended throughout the whole length of the Appalachian region, from Pennsylvania to Georgia, and has exercised in the southwest an influence always great and often predominant. In the South today there is much more Puritanism surviving than in New England.

THE PURITANS[1]

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800–1859)

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on His intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but His favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials,

[1] From the "Essay on Milton," in Works of Lord Macaulay, Vol. V. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1866.

legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard

the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane,[1] he thought himself intrusted with the scepter of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood,[2] he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid His face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They

[1] Sir Harry Vane, a Puritan statesman and patriot, governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1636–1637. Because of disagreement with the colonial religious policy, he returned to England in 1637 and later was prominent in the Puritan Commonwealth, at times opposing Cromwell's rule. He was executed at the Restoration.

[2] A statesman and general under the Puritan Commonwealth.

went through the world like Sir Artegal's[1] iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS[2]

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE HEMANS (1793–1835)

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

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[1] The knight errant, Sir Artegal, in Spenser's "Faery Queene," personified justice. He was attended by an iron man called Talus, who carried a flail "with which he thrashed out falsehood and did truth unfold."

[2] From works of Mrs. Hemans, Vol. V. Published by Lea & Blanchard, 1840.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band; —
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? —
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trode!
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

THE FIRST LANDING AT PLYMOUTH[1]

WILLIAM BRADFORD (1590–1657)

Being thus arrived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element. And no marvel if they were thus joyful, seeing wise Seneca was so affected with sailing a few miles on the coast of his own Italy; as he affirmed, that he had rather remain twenty years on his way by land, than pass by sea to any place in a short time; so tedious and dreadful was the same unto him.

But here I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader too, when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before), they had now

[1] William Bradford was second governor of Plymouth Colony. He was chosen to this office after the first governor, Carver, had died from the hardships of the first winter. Bradford remained in office for twelve years, or until 1633. His "History of Plymouth Plantation," from which this selection is taken, was written during the latter years of his life, though often erroneously called "The Log of the Mayflower." Early Massachusetts historians quoted from the manuscript until as late as 1767. After this time the manuscript disappeared and was taken to England during the period of the Revolutionary War. It was discovered in 1855 in the library of the diocese of London and was first published by the Massachusetts Historical Society in the following year. In 1897 the original manuscript was given by the authorities of the Church of England to the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and was published by that state in the following year. From this edition the excerpt given here is taken.

no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies, no houses or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succor. It is recorded in Scripture as a mercy to the apostle and his shipwrecked company, that the barbarians showed them no small kindness in refreshing them, but these savage barbarians, when they met with them (as after will appear) were readier to fill their sides full of arrows than otherwise. And for the season it was winter, and they that know the winters of the country know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men? and what multitudes there might be of them they knew not. Neither could they, as it were, go up to the top of Pisgah, to view from this wilderness a more goodly country to feed their hopes; for which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face; and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. If it be said they had a ship to succor them, it is true; but what heard they daily from the master of the company? but that with speed they should look out a place with their shallop, where they would be at some near distance; for the season was such as he would not stir from thence till a safe harbor was discovered by them where they would be, and he might go without danger;

and that victuals consumed apace, but he must and would keep sufficient for themselves and their return. Yea, it was muttered by some, that if they got not a place in time, they would turn them and their goods ashore and leave them. . . . What could now sustain them but the spirit of God and His grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voice, and looked on their adversity, etc. Let them therefore praise the Lord, because he is good, and his mercies endure forever. Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord, show how he hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressor. When they wandered in the desert wilderness out of the way, and found no city to dwell in, both hungry, and thirsty, their soul was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the Lord his loving kindness, and his wonderful works before the sons of men.

NEW ENGLAND CIVILIZATION[1]

James Russell Lowell (1819–1891)

The history of New England is written imperishably on the face of a continent, and in characters as beneficent as they are enduring. In the Old World national pride feeds itself with the record of battles and conquests; — battles which proved nothing and settled nothing; conquests which shifted a boundary on the map, and put

[1] From "New England Two Centuries Ago" in "Literary Essays by James Russell Lowell," Vol. II of Lowell's Prose Works (Riverside Edition). Copyright, 1890, by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

one ugly head instead of another on the coin which the people paid to the tax gatherer. But wherever the New Englander travels among the sturdy commonwealths which have sprung from the seed of the *Mayflower*, churches, schools, colleges, tell him where the men of his race have been, or their influence has penetrated; and an intelligent freedom is the monument of conquests whose results are not to be measured in square miles. Next to the fugitives whom Moses led out of Egypt, the little shipload of outcasts who landed at Plymouth two centuries and a half ago are destined to influence the future of the world. . . .

Looked at on the outside, New England history is dry and unpicturesque. There is no rustle of silks, no waving of plumes, no clink of golden spurs. Our sympathies are not awakened by the changeful destinies, the rise and fall, of great families, whose doom was in their blood. Instead of all this, we have the homespun fates of Cephas and Prudence repeated in an infinite series of peaceable sameness, and finding space enough for record in the family Bible; we have the noise of ax and hammer and saw, an apotheosis of dogged work, where, reversing the fairy tale, nothing is left to luck, and if there be any poetry, it is something that cannot be helped, — the waste of the water over the dam. Extrinsically, it is prosaic and plebeian; intrinsically, it is poetic and noble; for it is, perhaps, the most perfect incarnation of an idea the world has ever seen. That idea was not to found a democracy, nor to charter the city of New Jerusalem by an act of the General Court,[1] as gentlemen seem to think whose notions of history and human nature rise like an

[1] The legislative body of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

exhalation from the good things at a Pilgrim Society dinner. Not in the least. They had no faith in the Divine institution of a system which gives Teague, because he can dig, as much influence as Ralph, because he can think, nor in personal at the expense of general freedom. Their view of human rights was not so limited that it could not take in human relations and duties also. They would have been likely to answer the claim, "I am as good as anybody," by a quiet, "Yes, for some things, but not for others; as good, doubtless, in your place, where all things are good." What the early settlers of Massachusetts *did* intend, and what they accomplished, was the founding here of a *new* England, and a better one, where the political superstitions and abuses of the old should never have leave to take root. So much, we may say, they deliberately intended. No nobles, either lay or cleric, no great landed estates, and no universal ignorances as the seed plot of vice and unreason; but an elective magistracy and clergy, land for all who would till it, and reading and writing, will ye, nill ye, instead. Here at last, it should seem, simple manhood is to have a chance to play his stake against Fortune with honest dice, uncogged by those three hoary sharpers, Prerogative, Patricianism, and Priestcraft. . . .

We have said that the details of New England history were essentially dry and unpoetic. Everything is near, authentic, and petty. There is no mist of distance to soften outlines, no mirage of tradition to give characters and events an imaginative loom. So much downright work was perhaps never wrought on the earth's surface in the same space of time as during the first forty years after the settlement. . . . There was, indeed, one poetic side to the existence otherwise so narrow and practical;

and to have conceived this, however partially, is the one original and American thing in Cooper.[1] This diviner glimpse illumines the lives of our Daniel Boone, the man of civilization and old-world ideas confronted with our forest solitudes, — confronted, too, for the first time, with his real self, and so led gradually to disentangle the original substance of his manhood from the artificial results of culture. Here was our new Adam of the wilderness, forced to name anew, not the visible creation of God, but the invisible creation of man, in those forms that lie at the base of social institutions, so insensibly moulding personal character and controlling individual action. Here is the protagonist of our New World epic, a figure as poetic as that of Achilles,[2] as ideally representative as that of Don Quixote,[3] as romantic in its relation to our homespun and plebeian mythus as Arthur in his to the mailed and plumed cycle of chivalry. . . .

There have been two great distributing centers of the English race on this continent, Massachusetts and Virginia. Each has impressed the character of its early legislators on the swarms it has sent forth. Their ideals are in some fundamental respects the opposites of each other, and we can only account for it by an antagonism of thought beginning with the early framers of their

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[1] James Fenimore Cooper, one of the earliest American novelists, author of the various volumes of the Leatherstocking Tales, to which reference is here made. In these tales is depicted in somewhat idealistic form the life of the American Indians in their contact with the whites.

[2] The central hero of Homer's Iliad, the world's greatest epic, and the Greek ideal of bravery and honor.

[3] The hero of a Spanish romance by Cervantes, published in 1605. Quixote represents the ideals of medieval chivalry in such an exaggerated form that the narrative of his exploits did much to undermine the whole system of chivalry.

respective institutions. New England abolished caste; in Virginia they still talk of "quality folks." But it was in making education not only common to all, but in some sense compulsory on all, that the destiny of the free republics of America was practically settled. Every man was to be trained, not only to the use of arms, but of his wits also; and it is these which alone make the others effective weapons for the maintenance of freedom. You may disarm the hands, but not the brains, of a people, and to know what should be defended is the first condition of successful defense. Simple as it seems, it was a great discovery that the key of knowledge could turn both ways, that it could open, as well as lock, the door of power to the many. . . .

I have little sympathy with declaimers about the Pilgrim Fathers, who look upon them all as men of grand conception and superhuman foresight. An entire ship's company of Columbuses is what the world never saw. It is not wise to form any theory and fit our facts to it, as a man in a hurry is apt to cram his traveling-bag, with a total disregard of shape or texture. But perhaps it may be found that the facts will only fit comfortably together on a single plan, namely, that the fathers did have a conception (which those will call grand who regard simplicity as a necessary element of grandeur) of founding here a commonwealth on those two eternal bases of Faith and Work; that they had, indeed, no revolutionary ideas of universal liberty, but yet, what answered the purpose quite as well, an abiding faith in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God; and that they did not so much propose to make all things new, as to develop the latest possibilities of English law and English character, by clearing away the fences by which

the abuse of the one was gradually discommoning the other from the broad fields of natural right. They were not in advance of their age, as it is called, for no one who is so can ever work profitably in it; but they were alive to the highest and most earnest thinking of their time.

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME[1]

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–1892)

The Quaker of the olden time!
  How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
  He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
  The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
  The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
  All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
  The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
  By love and not by law;

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[1] One definite contribution to the American spirit was made in practically all the colonies by the Quakers or members of the Society of Friends. In the face of persecution or of social ostracism they stood firm in their opposition to all types of formalism in religion; in their belief in a personal interpretation of faith and worship; in their opposition to the use of force; and in their belief in the brotherhood of man. The poet Whittier was a Quaker.

From "Songs of Labor in Reform," in Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier (Cambridge edition). Copyright, 1894, by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

GOD MAKES A PATH[1]

ROGER WILLIAMS (1604–1683)

God makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds in wilderness.
His glorious name while breath remains,
O that I may confess!

Lost many a time, I have had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree,
In stormy winter night no fire,
No food, no company.

[1] The great contribution which Rhode Island under Williams made to the American spirit was that of religious toleration.

In Him I found a house, a bed,
A table, company:
No cup's so bitter, but's made sweet,
When God shall sweet'ning be.

WESTERN IDEALISM [1]

FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER (1861–)

If now in the way of recapitulation we try to pick out from the influences that have gone to the making of Western democracy the factors which constitute the net result of this movement, we shall have to mention at least the following:

Most important of all has been the fact that an area of free land has continually lain on the western border of the settled area of the United States. Whenever social conditions tended to crystallize in the East, whenever capital tended to press upon labor or political restraints to impede the freedom of the mass, there was this gate of escape to the free conditions of the frontier. These free lands promoted individualism, economic equality, freedom to rise, democracy. Men would not accept inferior wages and a permanent position of social subordination when this promised land of freedom and

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[1] This extract is taken from an article published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1903, entitled "Contributions of the West to American Democracy." The author has dealt with the same subject in a book entitled "The Rise of the New West," and in various pamphlets and magazine articles. He was formerly professor of American History in the University of Wisconsin and now holds that position in Harvard University.

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equality was theirs for the taking. Who would rest content under oppressive legislative conditions when with a slight effort he might reach a land wherein to become a co-worker in the building of free cities and free States on the lines of his own ideal? In a word, then, free lands meant free opportunities. Their existence has differentiated the American democracy from the democracies which have preceded it, because ever, as democracy in the East took the form of a highly specialized and complicated industrial society, in the West it kept in touch with primitive conditions, and by action and reaction these two forces have shaped our history.

In the next place, these free lands and this treasury of industrial resources have existed over such vast spaces that they have demanded of democracy increasing spaciousness of design and power of execution. Western democracy is contrasted with the democracy of all other times in the largeness of the tasks to which it has set its hand, and in the vast achievements which it has wrought out in the control of nature and of politics. Upon the region of the Middle West alone could be set down all of the great countries of central Europe, — France, Germany, Italy, and Austro-Hungary, — and there would still be a liberal margin. It would be difficult to overemphasize the importance of this training upon democracy. Never before in the history of the world has a democracy existed on so vast an area and handled things in the gross with such success, with such largeness of design and such grasp upon the means of execution. In short, democracy has learned in the West of the United States how to deal with the problem of magnitude. The old historic democracies were but little States with primitive economic conditions. . . .

Western democracy has been from the time of its birth idealistic. The very fact of the wilderness appealed to men, as a fair, blank page on which to write a new chapter in the story of man's struggle for a higher type of society. The Western wilds, from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, constitute the richest free gift that was ever spread out before civilized man. To the peasant and artisan of the Old World, bound by the chains of social class, as old as custom and as inevitable as fate, the West offered an exit into a free life and greater well-being among the bounties of nature, into the midst of resources that demanded manly exertion, and that gave in return the chance for indefinite ascent in the scale of social advance. "To each she offered gifts after his will." Never again can such an opportunity come to the sons of men. It was unique, and the thing is so near us, so much a part of our lives, that we do not even yet comprehend its vast significance. The existence of this land of opportunity has made America the goal of idealists from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. With all the materialism of the pioneer movement, this idealistic conception of the vacant lands as an opportunity for a new order of things is unmistakably present. Kipling has given it expression:

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.
As the deer breaks — as the steer breaks — from the herd where they graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
Then the wood failed — then the food failed — then the last water dried —
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.

On the sand-drift — on the veldt-side — in the fern-scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
Follow after — follow after! We have watered the root
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!
Follow after — we are waiting by the trails that we lost
For the sound of many footsteps, for the tread of a host:
Follow after — follow after — for the harvest is sown;
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own!

The idealistic influence is not limited to the dreamers' conception of a new State. It gave to the pioneer farmer and city builder a restless energy, a quick capacity for judgment and action, a belief in liberty, freedom of opportunity, and a resistance to the domination of class which infused a vitality and power into the individual atoms of this democratic mass. Even as he dwelt among the stumps of his newly cut clearing, the pioneer had the creative vision of a new order of society. In imagination he pushed back his forest boundary to the confines of a mighty Commonwealth; he willed that log cabins should become the lofty buildings of great cities. He decreed that his children should enter into a heritage of education, comfort, and social welfare, and for this ideal he bore the scars of the wilderness. . . . Let us see to it that the ideals of the pioneer in his log cabin shall enlarge into the spiritual life of a democracy where civil power shall dominate and utilize individual achievement for the common good.

THE EXODUS FOR OREGON[1]

JOAQUIN MILLER (1841–1911)

A tale half told and hardly understood;
The talk of bearded men that chanced to meet,
That leaned on long quaint rifles in the wood,
That looked in fellow faces, spoke discreet
And low, as half in doubt and in defeat
Of hope; a tale it was of lands of gold
That lay below the sun. Wild-winged and fleet
It spread among the swift Missouri's bold
Unbridled men, and reached to where Ohio rolled.

Then long chained lines of yoked and patient steers:
Then long white trains that pointed to the west,
Beyond the savage west; the hopes and fears
Of blunt, untutored men, who hardly guessed
Their course; the brave and silent women, dressed
In homely spun attire, the boys in bands,
The cheery babes that laughed at all, and blessed
The doubting hearts, with laughing, lifted hands!
What exodus for far untraversed lands!

The Plains! The shouting drivers at the wheel;
The crash of leather whips; the crush and roll

[1] Cincinnatus Heine Miller was born in Indiana, and in early boyhood emigrated with his parents to Oregon. The family was one of those which made the great migration across the Western plains in ox wagons, during the years following the gold discoveries in California in 1849, and the early life of Miller was spent upon the Pacific Coast. Soon after the appearance of a poem dealing with the career of Joaquin Murietta, a young Mexican bandit, the author was nicknamed Joaquin Miller, and most of his later work appeared under this name.

From Joaquin Miller's Poems (Bear Edition), Vol. III. Copyright, 1909, by C. H. Miller. Published by Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco. Used by permission of the publishers.

Of wheels; the groan of yokes and grinding steel
And iron chain, and lo! at last the whole
Vast line, that reached as if to touch the goal,
Began to stretch and stream away and wind
Toward the West, as if with one control;
Then hope loomed fair, and home lay far behind;
Before, the boundless plain, and fiercest of their kind.

At first the way lay green and fresh as seas,
And far away as any reach of wave;
The sunny streams went by in belt of trees;
And here and there the tassel'd tawny brave
Swept by on horse, looked back, stretched forth and gave
A yell of warn, and then did wheel and rein
Awhile, and point away, dark-browed and grave,
Into the far and dim and distant plain
With signs and prophecies, and then plunged on again.

Some hills at last began to lift and break;
Some streams began to fail of wood and tide,
The somber plain began betime to take
A hue of weary brown, and wild and wide
It stretched its naked breast on every side.
A babe was heard at last to cry for bread
Amid the deserts; cattle lowed and died,
And dying men went by with broken tread,
And left a long black serpent line of wreck and dead.

Strange hungered birds, black-winged and still as death,
And crowned of red with hooked beaks, blew low
And close about, till we could touch their breath —
Strange unnamed birds, that seemed to come and go
In circles now, and now direct and slow,

Continual, yet never touch the earth;
Slim foxes slid and shuttled to and fro
At times across the dusty weary dearth
Of life, looked back, then sank like crickets in a hearth.

Then dust arose, a long dim line like smoke
From out of riven earth. The wheels went groaning by,
Ten thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali,
And desert winds blew sudden, swift and dry.
The dust! it sat upon and filled the train!
It seemed to fret and fill the very sky.
Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the plain,
And dust, alas! on breasts that rose not up again.

They sat in desolation and in dust
By dried-up desert streams; the mother's hands
Hid all her bended face; the cattle thrust
Their tongues and faintly called across the lands.
The babes, that knew not what this way through sands
Could mean, did ask if it would end today.
The panting wolves slid by, red-eyed, in bands
To pools beyond. The men looked far away,
And, silent, saw that all a boundless desert lay.

They rose by night; they struggled on and on
As thin and still as ghosts; then here and there
Beside the dusty way before the dawn,
Men silent laid them down in their despair
And died. But woman! Woman, frail as fair!
May man have strength to give to you your due;
You faltered not, nor murmured anywhere,
You held your babes, held to your course, and you
Bore on through burning hell your double burdens through.

Men stood at last, the decimated few,
Above a land of running streams, and they?
They pushed aside the boughs, and peering through
Beheld afar the cool refreshing bay;
Then some did curse, and some bend hands to pray;
But some looked back upon the desert, wide
And desolate with death, then all the day
They mourned. But one, with nothing left beside
His dog to love, crept down among the ferns and died.

II. TWO GREAT AMERICANS

WASHINGTON[1]

LORD GEORGE GORDON BYRON (1788–1824)

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of WASHINGTON,
To make man blush there was but one!

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON[2]

HENRY CABOT LODGE (1850–)

Washington stands among the greatest men of human history, and those in the same rank with him are very few. Whether measured by what he did, or what he was, or by the effect of his work upon the history of mankind, in every aspect he is entitled to the place he holds among the greatest of his race.

Few men in all time have such a record of achievement. Still fewer can show, at the end of a career so crowded with high deeds and memorable victories, a life so free

[1] From Works of Lord Byron, published by John Murray, London, 1832.

[2] From "Hero Tales from American History," by Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright, 1895, by The Century Company, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

from spot, a character so unselfish and so pure, a fame so void of doubtful points demanding either defense or explanation. Eulogy of such a life is needless, but it is always important to recall and freshly to remember just what manner of man he was.

In the first place, he was physically a striking figure. He was very tall, powerfully made, with a strong, handsome face. He was remarkably muscular and powerful. As a boy, he was a leader in all outdoor sports. No one could fling the bar farther than he, and no one could ride more difficult horses. As a young man, he became a woodsman and hunter. Day after day he could tramp through the wilderness with his gun and his surveyor's chain, and then sleep at night beneath the stars. He feared no exposure or fatigue, and he outdid the hardiest backwoodsman in following a winter trail and swimming icy streams. This habit of vigorous bodily exercise he carried through life. Whenever he was at Mount Vernon he gave a large part of his time to fox hunting, riding after his hounds through the most difficult country. His physical power and endurance counted for much in his success when he commanded his army, and when the heavy anxieties of general and President weighed upon his mind and heart.

He was an educated but not a learned man. He read well and remembered what he read, but his life was from the beginning a life of action, and the world of men his school. He was not a military genius like Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, of which the world has had only three or four examples. But he was a great soldier of the type which the English race has produced, like Marlborough and Cromwell, Wellington, Grant, and Lee. He was patient under defeat, capable of large combina-

tions, a stubborn and often reckless fighter, a winner of battles, but much more, a conclusive winner in a long war of varying fortunes. He was, in addition, what very few great soldiers or commanders have ever been, a great constitutional statesman, able to lead a people along the paths of free government without undertaking himself to play the part of the strong man, the usurper, or the savior of society.

He was a very silent man. Of no man of equal importance in the world's history have we so few sayings of a personal kind. He was ready enough to talk or to write about the public duties which he had in hand, but he seldom talked of himself. Yet there can be no greater error than to suppose Washington cold and unfeeling because of his silence and reserve. He was by nature a man of strong desires and stormy passions. Now and again he would break out, even as late as the presidency, into a gust of anger that would sweep everything before it. He was always reckless of personal danger, and had a fierce fighting spirit which nothing could check when once unchained.

But as a rule these fiery impulses and strong passions were under the control of an iron will, and they never clouded his judgment or warped his keen sense of justice.

But if he was not of a cold nature, still less was he hard or unfeeling. His pity always went out to the poor, the oppressed, or the unhappy, and he was all that was kind and gentle to those about him.

We have to look carefully into his life to learn all these things, for the world saw only a silent, reserved man, of courteous and serious manner, who seemed to stand alone and apart, and who impressed every one who came near him with a sense of awe and reverence.

One quality he had which was, perhaps, more characteristic of the man and his greatness than any other. This was his great veracity of mind. He was, of course, the soul of truth and honor, but he was even more than that. He never deceived himself. He always looked facts squarely in the face and dealt with them as such, dreaming no dreams, cherishing no delusions, asking no impossibilities, — just to others as to himself, and thus winning alike in war and in peace.

He gave dignity as well as victory to his country and his cause. He was, in truth, a "character for after ages to admire."

WASHINGTON [1]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–1891)

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood

[1] From "Under the Old Elm" in Lowell's Poetical Works (Riverside Edition), Vol. IV. Copyright, 1890, by James Russell Lowell. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear,
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's — WASHINGTON.

COUNSELS OF WASHINGTON[1]

GEORGE WASHINGTON (1732–1799)

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment. —

The Unity of Government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. — It is justly so; — for it is a main Pillar in the Edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity in every shape; of that very Liberty, which you so highly prize. — But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; — as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies

[1] From the "Farewell Address" of President Washington, issued through the public press in September, 1796, near the close of his second term. President Washington was not given to frequent public addresses, and his state papers are few. This address is quite the most important of these, and has long exerted a profound influence upon the thoughts of his countrymen. While certain of his views have been rendered somewhat obsolete by the development of political forms of free government and especially by modern means of rapid communication, yet fundamentally his advice is as true today as when written.

will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; — that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our Country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. — Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. — The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. — With slight shades of difference, you have the same Religion, Manners, Habits, and political Principles. — You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together. The Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint councils, and joint efforts — of common dangers, sufferings and successes. . . .

While then every part of our Country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the parts combined in the united mass of means and efforts cannot fail to find greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their Peace by foreign Nations; and,

what is of inestimable value! they must derive from Union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries, not tied together by the same government; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce; but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. — Hence likewise they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown Military establishments, which under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to Republican Liberty: In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other. . . .

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by Geographical discriminations — Northern and Southern — Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief, that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of Party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. — You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heartburnings which spring from these misrepresentations; — they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. . . .

All obstructions to the execution of the Laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the

constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. — They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force — to put in the place of the delegated will of the Nation, the will of a party; — often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests. . . .

I have already intimated to you the danger of Parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on Geographical discriminations. — Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the Spirit of Party, generally.

This Spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. — It exists under different shapes in all Governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but, in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy. —

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. — But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. — The disorders and miseries, which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an Individual: and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposi-

tion to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty. . . .

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. — In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great Pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. — The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. — A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. — Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. — Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure — reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. —

'Tis substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. — The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of Free Government. — Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? —

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. . . .

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. — Religion and

Morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? — It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. . . .

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand: — neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; — consulting the natural course of things; — diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with Powers so disposed — in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our Merchants, and to enable the Government to support them — conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit; but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that 'tis folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another, — that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character — that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. . . .

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my Administration, I am unconscious of intentional error — I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. — Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. — I shall also

carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN[1]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–1891)

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,

[1] From "Ode Recited at Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865," in Lowell's Poetical Works (Riverside Edition), Vol. IV. Copyright, 1890, by James Russell Lowell. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
  Not lured by any cheat of birth,
  But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
  They knew that outward grace is dust;
  They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill
  And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
  His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
  Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
  A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
  Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
  Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
  Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
  Ere any names of Serf and Peer
  Could Nature's equal scheme deface
  And thwart her genial will:
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
  I praise him not; it were too late,
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
  Safe in himself as in a fate,
  So always firmly he:
  He knew to bide his time
  And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
  Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

SAYINGS OF LINCOLN[1]

L. LAMPREY

Abraham Lincoln's homely way of discussing state affairs in the common phrases of a pioneer people was not only characteristic of him, but peculiarly American. Never before had a statesman appeared who, confronted with tremendous problems, talked of them in language that no one could fail to understand. His advisers might criticize, but they never made him alter a sentence that fitted his meaning.

To such a critic he once replied: "The word says exactly what I want to say. There will never be a time in this country when the people will not know what 'sugar-coated' means."

When he had framed a message of international importance, to be sent to England, he said in submitting it to a

[1] The most complete embodiment of the American spirit was the great martyred President. This was because he expressed so fully the feelings and ideas of the common man and spoke his language. Anecdotes revealing these traits are almost innumerable. The selection given here, which might be extended indefinitely, is a compilation of a number of such anecdotes from a variety of sources.

Cabinet member for approval: "I know that the Prime Minister will understand this paragraph, but will James who opens the carriage door understand it? That is what I want to make sure of."

Lincoln had a particular objection to long-winded speeches and wordy reports. He once made the comment, on seeing a very bulky report presented by a committee: "When I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me the points of the animal — not to count the hairs in his tail!"

The mud in Washington streets suggested to him this rule of action in a perplexing crisis: "Put your feet down in the right place, and then stand firm!"

He had no illusions about the men with whom he worked. He took them as they were. "Every horse," he said, "has some faults, and so has every man."

Urged to change a man in office for one who might do better, he gave the country the proverb: "Don't swap horses while crossing a stream."

No man was quicker at repartee than Lincoln, and none more cautious in speech and action. His instinct was invariably for constructive statesmanship — to make use of a man rather than to offend him. He said of himself: "I always rooted up a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

His whimsical answer to Stanton, when urged to severe measures, was: "I do not believe that shooting a man does him any good." There are many stories of the excuses he found for saving the lives of soldiers condemned to death for some infraction of discipline. He once said that if he could contrive to save a man's life it rested him after a hard day.

His time and strength were seldom wasted in useless

contest. "If a man will not turn out for me," he said, "I turn out for him, and save a collision."

A wrathful governor called one day at the White House to protest against a levy of troops, but went away smiling serenely. "You must have given him what he wanted," was the comment made to Lincoln. The President smiled. "Not exactly. I knew a farmer once, in Illinois, who had a big stump in the middle of his best field. It was too large to move away, too hard to be split, and too wet to burn. When he was asked how he managed about that stump, the farmer explained that he just plowed around it. That was what I did with the Governor — I plowed around him!"

Lincoln sometimes had his hands full in averting the consequences of other people's blunders. When Secretary Chase expressed regret one night at not having written a certain letter, the President said reassuringly: "Never regret the letters you do not write — it is the letters you do write that give you trouble." Another official wrote a scathing letter of reproof and handed it over to Lincoln to read. Lincoln read it. "That is a fine letter," he said, nodding approval, "very fine — says exactly what ought to be said — just the sort of letter to be put in the files. Now file it away. Don't mail it."

Theories never hampered Lincoln when he had a practical problem to deal with. Of one such difficulty he said: "When you have an elephant on your hands, and he wants to run away, the best plan is to let him go."

Of an argument more plausible than sound he observed: "Yes: I should think that if people like that kind of thing, it is just the kind of thing they would like."

No pretense of intellectual, moral, or social superiority ever moved Lincoln. When one of his visitors declared

that the Lord was on the side of the Union, Lincoln answered: "I am not at all concerned about that. I know that He is always on the side of the right. It is my constant anxiety and prayer that we shall be on the Lord's side."

One of his sayings which has passed into a proverb had a curious origin. He dreamed one night that he heard some one say of a crowd that they were common-looking men, and that in his dream he replied: "The Lord must love common people: He made so many of them."

A German baron who wished to join the Union army presented a long list of his titled and distinguished ancestors. Lincoln met him with the assurance: "That makes no difference at all. You will be treated with entire fairness!"

In a speech made to the 166th Ohio Regiment, August 22, 1864, after reviewing it at the White House, he said: "I happen temporarily to occupy this White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has. It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence, that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations, — it is for this the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthright."

The foundation of Lincoln's policy was his abiding faith in the common sense of the people. One of his sayings was: "The people are always much nearer the truth than politicians think." Another shrewd epigram has become familiar: "You can fool some of the people

all of the time, and all of the people some of the time; but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

His belief in equal rights was defined in the statement used in one of his early speeches: "I hold that if the Almighty had ever made a set of men who should do all of the eating and none of the work, He would have made them with mouths only and no hands."

Chary of rhetoric when there was no need of it, Lincoln could, as all the world knows, give terse and powerful expression to great thoughts. As he said in one of his speeches: "You have seen two men about to fight. One brags of what he means to do. The other fellow says not a word. He is saving his wind for the fight, and he will win — or die a-trying!"

Every uncompromising statement that he made in the days of the great conflict aroused the fears of politic friends, who urged that he would imperil his own future. One such statement was made in a speech before his election. It consists of the famous paragraph:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect this house to fall. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. But I do expect that it will cease to be divided."

His answer to the critics was: "Friends, if it must be that I go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth."

The essence of representative government is in another saying, relic of this era of battling political systems: "No man is good enough to rule another man without that other man's consent."

After half a century, the practical philosophy of Lincoln, hammered out in the school of experience, retains

all of its power over American thought. Brief, direct, clear, its simplicity cannot be overcome by argument.

LINCOLN'S SYMPATHY[1]

IDA M. TARBELL (1857–)

Of all the incidents told of Lincoln's hospital visits, there is nothing more characteristic, better worth preservation, than the one following, preserved by Dr. Jerome Walker of Brooklyn:

"Just one week before his assassination, President Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac, at City Point, Virginia, and carefully examined the hospital arrangements of the Ninth, Sixth, Fifth, Second, and Sixteenth Corps hospitals and of the Engineer Corps, there stationed. At that time I was an agent of the United States Sanitary Commission attached to the Ninth Corps Hospital. Though a boy of nineteen years, to me was assigned the duty of escorting the President through our department of the hospital system. The reader can imagine the pride with which I fulfilled the duty, and as we went from tent to tent I could not but note his gentleness, his friendly greetings to the sick and wounded, his quiet humor as he drew comparisons between himself and the very tall and very short men with whom he came in contact, and his genuine interest in the welfare of the soldiers.

"Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers, we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners.

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[1] From "Life of Abraham Lincoln." Copyright, 1900, by The Macmillan Company, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said: 'Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only *rebels*.' I will never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder and quietly answered, 'You mean *Confederates*.' And I have meant Confederates ever since.

"There was nothing left for me to do after the President's remark but to go with him through these three wards; and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his handshakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men, as when he was among our own soldiers.

"As we returned to headquarters, the President urged upon me the importance of caring for them as faithfully as I should for our own sick and wounded. When I visited next day these three wards, the Southern officers and soldiers were full of praise for 'Abe' Lincoln, as they called him, and when a week afterwards the news came of the assassination, there was no truer sorrow nor greater indignation anywhere than was shown by these same Confederates."

LINCOLN A TYPICAL AMERICAN[1]

Phillips Brooks (1835–1893)

It is not necessary for me even to sketch the biography of Mr. Lincoln. He was born in Kentucky, fifty-six years ago, when Kentucky was a pioneer state. He lived, as boy and man, the hard and needy life of a back-

[1] From "The Life and Death of Abraham Lincoln," a sermon preached April 23, 1865. Printed in pamphlet form by Henry B. Ashmead, Philadelphia, 1865, at the request of members of the congregation.

woodsman, a farmer, a river boatman, and finally, by his own efforts at self-education, of an active, respected, influential citizen, in the half-organized and manifold interests of a new and energetic community. From his boyhood up he lived in direct and vigorous contact with men and things, not as in older states and easier conditions with words and theories; and both his moral convictions and intellectual opinions gathered from that contact a supreme degree of that character by which men knew him — that character which is the most distinctive possession of the best American nature — that almost indescribable quality which we call in general clearness or truth, and which appears in the physical structure as health, in the moral constitution as honesty, in the mental structure as sagacity, and in the region of active life as practicalness. This one character, with many sides, all shaped by the same essential force and testifying to the same inner influences, was what was powerful in him and decreed for him the life he was to live and the death he was to die. We must take no smaller view than this of what he was. . . .

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's, that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you today whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and

made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children; but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into a manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill His purposes when He needs a ruler for His people, of faithful and true heart, such as he had, who was our President.

Another evident quality of such a character as this, will be its freshness or newness, so to speak. Its freshness or readiness — call it what you will — its ability to take up new duties and do them in a new way will result of necessity from its truth and clearness. The simple natures and forces will always be the most pliant ones. Water bends and shapes itself to any channel. Air folds and adapts itself to each new figure. They are the simplest and the most infinitely active things in nature. So this nature, in very virtue of its simplicity, must be also free, always fitting itself to each new need. It will always start from the most fundamental and eternal conditions, and work in the straightest, even although they be the newest ways, to the present prescribed purpose. In one word, it must be broad and independent and radical. So that freedom and radicalness in the character of Abraham Lincoln were not separate qualities, but the necessary results of his simplicity and childlikeness and truth.

Here then we have some conception of the man. Out of this character came the life which we admire and the

death which we lament today. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce. All the conditions of his birth, his youth, his manhood, which made him what he was, were not irregular and exceptional, but were the normal conditions of a new and simple country. His pioneer home in Indiana was a type of the pioneer land in which he lived. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he. The same simple respect for labor won in the school of work and incorporated into blood and muscle; the same unassuming loyalty to the simple virtues of temperance and industry and integrity; the same sagacious judgment which had learned to be quick-eyed and quick-brained in the constant presence of emergency; the same direct and clear thought about things, social, political, and religious, that was in him supremely, was in the people he was sent to rule.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN[1]

Robert G. Ingersoll (1833–1899)

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone — no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors.

He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope.

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[1] The oration on Lincoln, of which this selection forms a part, was one of the most famous of Ingersoll's lectures, and was perhaps oftener called for than any other.

From Works of Robert G. Ingersoll (Dresden Edition). Copyright, 1901, 1915, by The Dresden Publishing Company, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

In a new country, a man must possess at least three virtues — honesty, courage, and generosity.

In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is sufficient. In the new, they find what a man really is; in the old, he generally passes for what he resembles.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart. He was never afraid to ask — never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor.

He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant — that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator — clear, sincere, natural.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist — between what is felt and what is said — between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone — read Lincoln's wondrous speech at Gettysburg, and then the oration of Edward Everett. The speech of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man.

He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master — seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices, — he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a Nation.

He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince.

He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction.

He longed to pardon.

He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE[1]

WOODROW WILSON (1856–)

How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who

[1] From an address delivered on the occasion of the acceptance by the War Department of the gift to the nation of the Lincoln birthplace farm at Hodgenville, Kentucky, September, 4, 1916. In official pamphlet printed by the Government Printing Office, 1916.

presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of, — that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born, — or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy; that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN[1]

TOM TAYLOR (1817–1880)

You lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease;
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for *you?*

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[1] Tom Taylor, an English critic and dramatist, was a frequent contributor, during the war of secession, to London *Punch*, of which he later became editor. He was the author of "Our American Cousin," in which the elder Sothern made his mark as Lord Dundreary, the comic Englishman. This was the play on the stage at Ford's Theatre when Lincoln was assassinated. In the early years of the war Taylor had often ridiculed Lincoln in the London weekly, but expressed his change of feeling in this poem, which accompanied a picture by John Tenniel, representing Britannia laying a wreath upon the bier of Lincoln.

From the original poem in London *Punch*, May 6, 1865.

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen —
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work — such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand —
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights —

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's ax;
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear —
  Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture — but such trees large fruit may bear
  If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
  And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
  And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
  And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days
  And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
  Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest —
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
  Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
  Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
  To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
  Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
  Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
  By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
  But thy foul crime, like CAIN'S, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN![1]

WALT WHITMAN (1819–1892)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

[1] From "Leaves of Grass." Copyright, 1900, by David McKay, Philadelphia. Used by permission of the publisher.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS[1]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809–1865)

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or de-

[1] From facsimile reproduction of President Lincoln's speech, to be found in Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln," Hapgood's "Abraham Lincoln," and other histories and biographies.

tract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

III. CHARACTERISTIC IDEALS

(1) The Faith of the Fathers

CHARACTERISTICS OF AMERICA[1]

Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790)

Many persons in Europe having directly, or by letters, expressed to the writer of this, who is well acquainted with North America, their desire of transporting and establishing themselves in that country; but who appear to him to have formed through ignorance, mistaken ideas and expectations of what is to be obtained there; he thinks it may be useful, and prevent inconvenient, expensive and fruitless removals and voyages of improper persons, if he gives some clearer and truer notions of that part of the world than appear to have hitherto prevailed. . . .

The truth is, that though there are in that country few people so miserable as the poor of Europe, there are also very few that in Europe would be called rich; it is rather a general happy mediocrity that prevails. There are few great proprietors of the soil, and few tenants; most people cultivate their own lands, or follow some handicraft or merchandise; very few rich enough to live idly upon their rents or incomes or to pay the high prices given in Europe for paintings, statues, architecture, and the other works of art, that are more curious than

[1] Franklin was undoubtedly the fullest colonial expression of the American spirit, and so impressed Europe as well as his fellow countrymen.

From "Information to those who would remove to America," in Works of Benjamin Franklin, Vol. III. Published by Longman, Hurst, Reese & Orme, London, 1806.

useful. Hence the natural geniuses, that have arisen in America with such talents, have uniformly quitted that country for Europe, where they can be more suitably rewarded. It is true, that letters and mathematical knowledge are in esteem there, but they are at the same time more common than is apprehended; there being already existing nine colleges or universities, viz., four in New England, and one in each of the provinces of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, all furnished with learned professors; besides a number of smaller academies. These educate many of their youth in the languages, and those sciences that qualify men for the professions of divinity, law, or physic. Strangers indeed are by no means excluded from exercising those professions; and the quick increase of inhabitants everywhere gives them a chance of employ, which they have in common with the natives. Of civil offices, or employments, there are few; no superfluous ones, as in Europe; and it is a rule established in some of the states, that no office should be so profitable as to make it desirable. . . .

These ideas prevailing more or less in all the United States, it cannot be worth any man's while, who has a means of living at home, to expatriate himself, in hopes of obtaining a profitable civil office in America; and as to military offices, they are at an end with the war, the armies being disbanded. Much less is it advisable for a person to go thither who has no other quality to recommend him but his birth. In Europe it has indeed its value; but it is a commodity that cannot be carried to a worse market than that of America, where people do not inquire concerning a stranger, *What is he, but, What can he do?*

PITT'S LAST SPEECH [1]

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM (1708–1778)

I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, YOU CANNOT conquer America. Your armies [in the] last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost your numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble Lord in this House [2], a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America.[3] My Lords, *you cannot conquer America.* What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. . . . As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is *impossible.* You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile

[1] Unfortunately it is too little recognized by Americans that at the time of the American Revolution there was going on in England as well as in the American colonies a great social movement for political liberalism and freedom. These two, indeed, were but parts of the same great movement. The one in England did not triumph during that period, though it did in the following generation. The English leaders of this movement were friends of America, none more able or respected than Pitt. They as well as the natives of the colonies revealed the dawning political spirit of America. The principles for which these leaders fought on both sides of the Atlantic were during the nineteenth century applied to all English-speaking colonies.

From "Lord Chatham's Speech in the British House of Lords, November 20, 1777. Taken verbatim as his Lordship spoke it." Printed 1778.

[2] Lord Amherst.

[3] A reference to the French and Indian wars which terminated in 1763.

and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince[1] that sells his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never, never, never!

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?[2]

Fisher Ames (1758–1808)

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his

[1] A reference to the Hessian and other mercenary troops hired by King George from the monarchs of petty German states, to help subdue the American colonists.

[2] From a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, April 28, 1796. Printed by John Fenno, Philadelphia, 1796, and by Jno. & J. Russell, Boston, 1796.

own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him, he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians — a whiff of tobacco smoke or a string of beads gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money, but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would, therefore, soon pay some respect themselves, to the obligations of good faith.

LIBERTY OR DEATH[1]

PATRICK HENRY (1736–1799)

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past. . . .

Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things,

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[1] No selection is more often quoted than this as an expression of the spirit of the American Revolution.

From Henry's speech delivered in the Virginia House of Burgesses at Richmond, March 23, 1775. Published in "Patrick Henry's Life, Correspondence, and Speeches." Collected and edited by William Henry Wirt. Vol. I.

may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained; we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of the means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains

of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

GOVERNMENT IN THE INTEREST OF ALL

Declaration of Independence

We hold these truths to be self-evident: — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

FAITH IN OUR GOVERNMENT [1]

THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743–1826)

If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself; I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence pursue our own federal and republican principles, our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe; too high-

[1] From "Speech of Thomas Jefferson at his installment, March 4, 1801, at the City of Washington." In "Notes on the State of Virginia by Thomas Jefferson" (First Hot-Pressed Edition). Published by R. T. Rawle, Philadelphia, June, 1801.

minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practiced in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which by all its dispensations proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter — with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people?

THE MONROE DOCTRINE[1]

James Monroe (1758–1831)

In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied[2] powers is essentially differ-

[1] From President Monroe's message of December 2, 1823.

[2] The Holy Alliance was formed in 1815 as a result of the Congress of Vienna and was joined then or afterwards by all the monarchical powers of Europe except England. Its aim was to combat the

ent in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. In the war between those new Governments and Spain we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition, and to this we have adhered, and shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur which, in the judgment of the competent authorities of this Government, shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security.

The late events in Spain and Portugal show that Europe

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growing democratic forces in all countries of Europe, and later, when President Monroe's message was issued, to assist the monarchies of Spain and Portugal to retain control over their American colonies then struggling for their independence.

is still unsettled. Of this important fact no stronger proof can be adduced than that the allied powers should have thought it proper, on any principle satisfactory to themselves, to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain. To what extent such interposition may be carried, on the same principle, is a question in which all independent powers whose governments differ from theirs are interested, even those most remote, and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to those continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new Governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them. It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course.

LIBERTY FOR ALL[1]

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON (1805–1879)

They tell me, Liberty! that in thy name,
I may not plead for all the human race;
That some are born to bondage and disgrace,
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame.
With my whole soul, I spurn the doctrine base,
And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim!
Know this, O man! whate'er thy earthly fate —
God never made a tyrant nor a slave:
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image! — for to all He gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate;
And by a mighty hand, th' oppressed He yet shall save.

[1] "Sonnet to Liberty," in "Selections from the Writings and Speeches of William Lloyd Garrison." Published by R. F. Wallcut, Boston, 1852.

(2) Moral Heroism

GENERAL GRANT'S GREATEST VICTORY[1]

Elbridge S. Brooks (1846–1902)

General Grant . . . deplored and detested war; but once engaged in it, he fought to win.

"Give the enemy no rest; strike him, and keep striking him. The war must be ended, and we must end it now."

That was his theory of war, and he fought straight on, never halting in his opinion, never wavering in his actions, saying to those who questioned him, "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Thereupon the people and the President knew that they had a soldier to rely on, a man with a genius for successful war, a general who never took one backward step. In just thirteen months after Grant assumed his command as head of the American army the end came, and in the apple orchard at Appomattox the last stand was made, the last gun was fired, the white flag fluttered for a truce, and in the little McLean farmhouse the two great opposing generals met in conference, and the Southern army laid down its arms in surrender.

Then General Grant won a greater victory through kindness. For where he might have been harsh, he was magnanimous. He was not one to exult over a valiant but fallen foeman.

"They are Americans, and our brothers," he said. He gave them back their horses, so that they could plow their

[1] From "Historic Americans." Copyright, 1899, by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

farms for planting; he gave them food and clothes, and sent them all home to their families. "The war is over," he said to North and South alike. "Let us have peace."

CUB SAWBONES[1]

SYDNEY REID (ROBERT CHARLES FORNERI) (1857–)

When we marched away with the starry flag,
Cub Sawbones carried his surgeon's bag;
But for me — I wanted no "rear" in mine —
I shouldered a gun in the fighting line.

So when we had charged up the deadly glade
Where the dons were lying in ambuscade,
I was there to take what the others got —
And the Spaniards gave it, plenty and hot.

There fell of our crowd in the Mauser hail
A third — yet never a man did quail,
But — well, we went back — then came again
And settled right down to our work like men.

In open order and firing at will,
We crawled through a very rough skirmish drill —
From the trees to the rocks, from the rocks to the trees,
Just as close to the ground as we could freeze.

When I noted a tangled thicket sway
In front about twenty-five yards away,
I halted, made ready to loosen a storm —
Till I caught a whiff of iodoform.

[1] From the New York *Sun*, July 9, 1898. Used by permission of the publishers.

Cub Sawbones, alone with the wounded folk,
Was cobbling the limbs that the bullets broke;
He bent to his task with the tenderest care,
Though the war-bolts were hissing everywhere.

I hailed him with our old college yell, —
He grinned, as he watched a bursting shell.
"You have a great nerve to be here," he said,
"When you're not a doctor — or wounded — or dead!"

THE FLEET AT SANTIAGO[1]

HENRY CABOT LODGE (1850–)

Out of the mist of events and the gathering darkness of passing time the great fact and the great deed stand forth for the American people and their children's children, as white and shining as the Santiago channel glaring under the searchlights through the Cuban night.

They remember, and will always remember, that hot summer morning, and the anxiety, only half whispered, which overspread the land. They see, and will always see, the American ships rolling lazily on the long seas, and the sailors just going to Sunday inspection. Then comes the long, thin trail of smoke drawing nearer the harbor's mouth. The ships see it, and we can hear the cheers ring out, for the enemy is coming, and the American sailor rejoices mightily to know that the battle is set. There is no need of signals, no need of orders. The patient, long-watching admiral has given direction for every chance that may befall. Every ship is in place; and they

[1] From "The War with Spain." Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

close in upon the advancing enemy, fiercely pouring shells from broadside and turret. There is the *Gloucester*, firing her little shots at the great cruisers, and then driving down to grapple with the torpedo boats. There are the Spanish ships, already mortally hurt, running along the shore, shattered and breaking under the fire of the *Indiana*, the *Iowa*, and the *Texas;* there is the *Brooklyn*, racing by outside to head the fugitives, and the *Oregon*, dealing death strokes as she rushes forward, forging to the front and leaving her mark everywhere she goes. It is a captain's fight, and they all fight as if they were one man with one ship. On they go, driving through the water, firing steadily and ever getting closer; and presently the Spanish cruisers, helpless, burning, twisted wrecks of iron, are piled along the shore, and we see the younger officers and men of the victorious ships periling their lives to save their beaten enemies. We see Wainwright on the *Gloucester*, as eager in rescue as he was swift in fight to avenge the *Maine*. We hear Philip cry out: "Don't cheer. The poor devils are dying." We watch Evans as he hands back the sword to the wounded Eulate, and then writes in his report: "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag, they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women." They all stand out to us, these gallant figures, from the silent admiral to the cheering seamen, with an intense human interest, fearless in fight, brave and merciful in the hour of victory.

WHEELER AT SANTIAGO[1]

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON

Into the thick of the fight he went, pallid and sick and wan,
Borne to the front in an ambulance, a ghostly wisp of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance — and the body of Fighting Joe!

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten of Spanish shells —
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills and the Alabama dells.
"Put them into the ambulance: I'll ride to the front," he said,
And he climbed to the saddle and rode right on, that little old ex-Confed.
From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-blackened face was furrowed with sudden tears,

[1] General Joseph Wheeler, a graduate of West Point, went into the Confederate Cavalry in 1861, and at the age of twenty-six was a lieutenant general. After the war his native state, Alabama, sent him to Congress, where he served for thirty years. At the outbreak of the war with Spain, in 1898, although sixty-two years of age, he was commissioned with the first contingent of cavalry. Owing to the nature of the country the cavalry went into battle dismounted, and Wheeler, although at the time suffering from a sharp attack of fever, insisted on going with his command if he had to be carried on a cot.

From the New York *Sun*, July, 1898. Used by permission of the publishers.

As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword, and hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old Fighting Joe!

Sick with fever and racked with pain, he could not stay away,
For he heard the song of the yester-year in the deep-mouthed cannon's bay —
He heard in the calling song of the guns there was work for him to do,
Where his country's best blood splashed and flowed 'round the old Red, White, and Blue!

Fevered body and hero heart! this Union's heart to you
Beats out in love and reverence — and to each dear boy in blue
Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell, and cheered in the face of the foe,
As, wan and white, to the heart of the fight rode little old Fighting Joe!

WHEN WITH THEIR COUNTRY'S ANGER[1]

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844–1909)

When with their country's anger
They flame into the fight, —
On sea, in treacherous forest,
To strike with main and might, —

[1] This poem by Richard Watson Gilder, well known not only as a poet but as the editor for many years of the *Century Magazine*, was written during the period of the war with Spain.

From Richard Watson Gilder's Complete Poems. Copyright, 1908, by Richard Watson Gilder. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

He shows the gentlest mercy
  Who rains the deadliest blows;
Then quick war's hell is ended,
  And home the hero goes.

What stays the noblest memory
  For all his years to keep?
Not of the foemen slaughtered,
  But rescued from the deep!

Rescued with peerless daring!
  O, none shall forget that sight,
When the unaimed cannon thundered
  In the ghastly after-fight.

And, now, in the breast of the hero
  There blooms a strange, new flower,
A blood-red, fragrant blossom
  Sown in the battle-hour.

'Tis not the Love of Comrades, —
  That flower forever blows, —
But the brave man's Love of Courage,
  The Love of Comrade-Foes.

For since the beginning of battles
  On the land and on the wave,
Heroes have answered to heroes,
  The brave have honored the brave.

(3) The Fight for a Cause

AMERICAN IDEALS NOT IMPERIALISTIC[1]

William McKinley (1843–1901)

That the inhabitants of the Philippines will be benefited by this Republic is my unshaken belief. That they will have a kindlier government under our guidance and that they will be aided in every possible way to be a self-respecting and self-governing people is as true as that the American people love liberty and have an abiding faith in their own government and in their own institutions. No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag. They are wrought in every one of its sacred folds and are inextinguishable in its shining stars.

> Why read ye not the changeless truth,
> The free can conquer but to save?

If we can benefit these remote peoples, who will object? If in the years of the future they are established in government under law and liberty, who will regret our perils and sacrifices? Who will not rejoice in our heroism and humanity? Always perils, and always after them safety; always darkness and clouds, but always shining through them the light and the sunshine; always cost and sacrifice,

[1] A speech made in Boston, February 16, 1899, at a time when our national policy with reference to the Philippine Islands, acquired through war with Spain, was still unsettled.

From "Souvenir of the Visit of President McKinley and Members of the Cabinet to Boston, February, 1899." Copyright, 1899, by The Home Market Club, Boston.

but always after them the fruition of liberty, education, and civilization.

I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen. I do not prophesy. The present is all-absorbing to me, but I cannot bound my vision by the blood-stained trenches around Manila, where every red drop, whether from the veins of an American soldier or a misguided Filipino, is anguish to my heart; but by the broad range of future years, when that group of islands, under the impulse of the year just passed, shall have become the gems and glories of those tropical seas; a land of plenty and of increasing possibilities; a people redeemed from savage indolence and habits, devoted to the arts of peace, in touch with the commerce and trade of all nations, enjoying the blessings of freedom, of civil and religious liberty, of education and of homes, and whose children and children's children shall for ages hence bless the American Republic because it emancipated and redeemed their fatherland and set them in the pathway of the world's best civilization.

THE AMERICAN FLAG NOT THE DOLLAR SIGN [1]

HENRY CABOT LODGE (1850–)

No one has a greater admiration than I for the marvelous achievements of the American people in the last century, for the conquest of this mighty continent, for all

[1] From a speech before the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, March 27, 1896. In "Speeches and Addresses of Henry Cabot Lodge, 1884–1909." Copyright, 1892, 1909, by Henry Cabot Lodge. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

the material welfare which has sprung up as if by magic from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our business enterprise, our business intelligence, our business activity, are among the glories of the republic. I have labored ever since I have been in public life to advance by every means in my power every measure that makes for the business interests of the country. No one values their importance more highly than I.

But, gentlemen, I have seen it constantly stated, and this is the point I wish to make — that we must not deal with anything but business questions.

Now, there is a great deal more than that in the life of every great nation. There is patriotism, love of country, pride of race, courage, manliness, the things which money cannot make and which money cannot buy. . . .

You may call it sentiment or passion or what you will, but love of country is one of the great moving causes of national life. When we look at that flag, what is it that makes our hearts throb? If you see it in a foreign land, after months of separation, what is it that makes your throat choke and your eyes get damp? Is it because a great many men have made money under it? I believe that that flag is a great deal more than the sign of a successful national shop, never to be unfurled for fear that the trader on the opposite side of the way may have his feelings ruffled; I think it is a great deal more than that. And when I look at it, I do not see and you do not see there the graven image of the dollar; you do not read there the motto of the epicure, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." No; you read on that flag the old Latin motto, *Per aspera ad astra* — Through toil and conflict to the stars.

You do not see the dollar on it. But when you look,

and your heart swells within you as you look, the memories that come are very different. If you see any faces there, they are the faces of Washington and his Continentals behind him, marching from defeat at Long Island to victory at Trenton, to misery at Valley Forge, to final triumph at Yorktown. Look again and we all see the face of Lincoln. The mighty host are there of the men who have lived for their country and given their lives for their country and labored for it, each in his separate way, and believed in it and loved it. They are all there, from the great chiefs to the boys who fell in Baltimore. That is what I see, that is what you see. That is why we love it, because it means this great country and all the people. It means all the struggles and sufferings we have gone through, all our hopes, all our aspirations. It means that we are a great nation and intend to take a nation's part in the family of nations. It means that we are the guardians of this Western Hemisphere and will not have it rashly invaded. It means the one successful experiment of representative democracy. It means victorious democracy. That is what it means, and that is what I see there and that is what you see there. And much as I care for business and economic questions, I never will admit that they are all or that the duty of a public man ceases with them. There are other questions that must be dealt with also. I never will admit that that beloved flag is to me merely the symbol of a land where I can live in rich content and make money. No: I see it as the American poet saw it:

> And fixed as yonder orb divine
> That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
> Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine
> The guard and glory of the world.

OUR PAN-AMERICAN POLICY[1]

ELIHU ROOT (1845–)

No nation can live unto itself alone and continue to live. Each nation's growth is a part of the development of the race. There may be leaders and there may be laggards, but no nation can long continue very far in advance of the general progress of mankind, and no nation that is not doomed to extinction can remain very far behind. It is with nations as it is with individual men; intercourse, association, correction of egotism by the influence of others' judgment, broadening of views by the experience and thought of equals, acceptance of the moral standards of a community, the desire for whose good opinion lends a sanction to the rules of right conduct, — these are the conditions of growth in civilization. A people whose minds are not open to the lessons of the world's progress, whose spirits are not stirred by the aspirations and the achievements of humanity struggling the world over for liberty and justice, must be left behind by civilization, in its steady and beneficent advance. . . .

These beneficent results the Government and the people of the United States of America greatly desire. We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no

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[1] No one is better fitted to speak of our policy toward other American republics than Senator Root, who was Secretary of War under President McKinley, 1899–1904; Secretary of State under President Roosevelt, 1905–1909; Senator from New York, 1905–1915; and in 1915 president of the New York Constitutional Convention.

From "Latin America and the United States," addresses by Elihu Root, collected and edited by Robert Bacon and John Brown Scott. Copyright, 1917, by Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. Used by permission of the publishers.

territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guaranty of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights, or privileges, or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, to expand our trade, to grow in wealth, in wisdom, and in spirit, but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and a common growth, that we may all become greater and stronger together. . . .

Let us help each other to show that for all the races of men the liberty for which we have fought and labored is the twin sister of justice and peace. Let us unite in creating and maintaining and making effective an all-American public opinion, whose power shall influence international conduct and prevent international wrong, and narrow the causes of war, and forever preserve our free lands from the burden of such armaments as are massed behind the frontiers of Europe, and bring us ever nearer to the perfection of ordered liberty. So shall come security and prosperity, production and trade, wealth, learning, the arts, and happiness for us all.

AMERICANISM [1]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–)

There are two or three things that Americanism means. In the first place it means that we shall give to our fellow man, to our fellow citizen, the same wide latitude as to his individual beliefs that we demand for ourselves; that, so long as a man does his work as a man should, we shall not inquire, we shall not hold for or against him in civic life, his method of paying homage to his Maker. That is an important lesson for all of us to learn everywhere, but it is doubly important in our great cities, where we have a cosmopolitan population of such various origin, belonging to such different creeds, and where the problem of getting good government depends in its essence upon decent men standing together and insisting that before we take into account the ordinary political questions, we shall, as a prerequisite, have decency and honesty in any party.

Now for another side of Americanism; the side of the work, the strife, of the active performance of duty; one side of Americanism, one side of democracy. Our democracy means that we have no privileged class, no class that is exempt from the duties or deprived of the privileges that are implied in the words "American citizenship." Now, that principle has two sides to it, itself, for all of us would be likely to dwell continually upon one side, that all have equal rights. It is more important that we should dwell on the other side; that is, that we will have our duties, and that the rights cannot be kept unless the duties are performed.

[1] Used by permission of the author.

The law of American life — of course it is the law of life everywhere — the law of American life, peculiarly, must be the law of work; not the law of idleness; not the law of self-indulgence or pleasure, merely the law of work. That may seem like a trite saying. Most true sayings are trite. It is a disgrace for any American not to do his duty, but it is a double, a triple disgrace for a man of means or a man of education not to do his duty. The only work worth doing is done by those men, those women, who learn not to shrink from difficulties, but to face them and overcome them. So that Americanism means work, means effort, means the constant and unending strife with our conditions, which is not only the law of nature, if the race is to progress, but which is really the law of the highest happiness for ourselves.

You have got to have the same interest in public affairs as in private affairs or you cannot keep this country what this country should be. You have got to have more than that — you have got to have courage. I don't care how good a man is; if he is timid, his value is limited. The timid will not amount to very much in the world. I want to see a good man ready to smite with the sword. I want to see him able to hold his own in active life against the force of evil. I want to see him war effectively for righteousness.

Of all the things we don't want to see, the most undesirable is the tendency to divide into two camps; on the one side all the nice, pleasant, refined people of high instincts but no capacity to do work, and on the other hand, men who have not got nice instincts at all, but who are not afraid. When you get that condition, you are preparing immeasurable disaster for the nation. You have got to combine decency and honesty with

courage. But even that is not enough, for I don't care how brave, how honest a man is, if he is a natural-born fool, he cannot be a success. He has got to have the saving grace of common sense. He has got to have the right kind of heart, he has got to be upright and decent, he has got to be brave, and he has got to have common sense. He has got to have intelligence, and if he has these, then he has in him the making of a first-class American citizen.

AMERICA FOR ME![1]

HENRY VAN DYKE (1852–)

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings, —
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

[1] From "Poems of Henry van Dyke." Copyright, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles, with flashing fountains filled;
But oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free, —
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling sea,
To the blessèd Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

IV. DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY [1]

HARRIET MONROE (1860–)

For, lo! the living God doth bare His arm.
No more He makes His house of clouds and gloom.
Lightly the shuttles move within His loom;
Unveiled His thunder leaps to meet the storm.
From God's right hand man takes the powers that sway
A universe of stars;
He bows them down, he bids them go or stay,
He tames them for his wars.
He scans the burning paces of the sun,
And names the invisible orbs whose courses run
Through the dim deeps of space.
He sees in dew upon a rose impearled
The swarming legions of a monad world
Begin life's upward race.
Voices of hope he hears
Long dumb to his despair,
And dreams of golden years
Meet for a world so fair.
For now Democracy dares wake and rise
From the sweet sloth of youth.
By storms made strong, by many dreams made wise,
He clasps the hand of Truth.

[1] From the Columbian Ode, written by Miss Monroe for the dedication ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition, at which it was read on the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, October 21, 1892. Used by permission of the author.

Through the armed nations lies his path of peace,
The open book of knowledge in his hand.
Food to the starving, to the oppressed release,
And love to all he bears from land to land.
Before his march the barriers fall,
The law grows gentle at his call.
His glowing breath blows far away
The fogs that veil the coming day —
That wondrous day
When earth shall sing as through the blue she rolls,
Laden with joy for all her thronging souls.
Then shall want's call to sin resound no more
Across her teeming fields. And pain shall sleep,
Soothed by brave science with her magic lore,
And war no more shall bid the nations weep.
Then the worn chains shall slip from man's desire,
And ever higher and higher
His swift foot shall aspire;
Still deeper and more deep
His soul its watch shall keep,
Till love shall make the world a holy place,
Where knowledge dares unveil God's very face.

Not yet the angels hear life's last sweet song.
Music unutterably pure and strong
From earth shall rise to haunt the peopled skies,
When the long march of time,
Patient in birth and death, in growth and blight,
Shall lead man up through happy realms of light
Unto his goal sublime.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC[1]

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824–1892)

There is no fellow citizen of ours, wherever he may be today, whether sailing the remotest seas or wandering among the highest Alps, however far removed, however long separated from his home, who, as his eyes open upon this glorious morning, does not . . . thank God with all his heart that he too is an American. In imagination he sees infinitely multiplied the very scene that we behold. From every roof and gable, from every door and window, of all the myriads of happy American homes from the seaboard to the mountains, and from the mountains still onward to the sea, the splendor of this summer heaven is reflected in the starry beauty of the American flag. From every steeple and tower in crowded cities and towns, from the village belfry and the school-house and meetinghouse on solitary country roads, ring out the joyous peals. From countless thousands of reverent lips ascends the voice of prayer. Everywhere the inspiring words of the great Declaration that we have heard, the charter of our independence, the scripture of our liberty, is read aloud in eager, in grateful ears. And above all, and under all, pulsing through all the praise and prayer, from the frozen sea to the tropic gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the great heart of a great people beats in fullness of joy, beats with pious exultation, that here at last, upon our soil, — here, by the wisdom of our

[1] From an oration delivered at Northfield, New York, on the one hundredth anniversary of our national independence. In "Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis," Vol. III. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

fathers and the bravery of our brothers, is founded a republic, vast, fraternal, peaceful, upon the divine corner stone of liberty, justice, and equal rights.

There have, indeed, been other republics, but they were founded upon other principles. There are republics in Switzerland today a thousand years old. But Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden[1] are pure democracies, not larger than the county in which we live, and wholly unlike our vast national and representative republic. Athens was a republic, but Marathon and Salamis, battles whose names are melodious in the history of liberty, were won by slaves. Rome was a republic, but slavery degraded it to an empire. Venice, Genoa, Florence, were republican cities; but they were tyrants over subject neighbors, and slaves of aristocrats at home. There were republics in Holland, honorable forever, because from them we received our common schools, the bulwark of American liberty; but they, too, were republics of classes, not of the people. It was reserved for our fathers to build a republic upon a declaration of the equal rights of men; to make the government as broad as humanity; to found political institutions upon faith in human nature. "The sacred rights of mankind," fervently exclaimed Alexander Hamilton, "are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself." That was the sublime faith in which this century began. The world stared and sneered — the difficulties and dangers were colossal. For more than eighty years that Declaration remained only a declara-

[1] Cantons of the Swiss Republic, which correspond to the states of the American Union.

tion of faith. But, fellow citizens, fortunate beyond all men, our eyes beheld its increasing fulfillment. The sublime faith of the fathers is more and more the familiar fact of the children. . . .

But we have learned, by sharp experience, that prosperity is girt with peril. In this hour of exultation we will not scorn the wise voices of warning and censure, the friendly and patriotic voices of the time. We will not forget that the vital condition of national greatness and prosperity is the moral character of the people. It is not vast territory, a temperate climate, exhaustless mines, enormous wealth, amazing inventions, imperial enterprises, magnificent public works, a population miraculously multiplied; it is not busy shops, and humming mills, and flaming forges, and commerce that girdles the globe with the glory of a flag, that make a nation truly great. These are but opportunities. They are like the health and strength and talents of a man, which are not his character and manhood, but only the means of their development. . . .

The country of a century ago was our fathers' small estate. That of today is our noble heritage. Fidelity to the spirit and principles of our fathers will enable us to deliver it enlarged, beautified, ennobled, to our children of the new century. Unwavering faith in the absolute supremacy of the moral law, the clear perception that well-considered, thoroughly proved, and jealously guarded institutions are the chief security of liberty, and an unswerving loyalty to ideas made the men of the Revolution and secured American independence. The same faith and the same loyalty will preserve that independence, and secure progressive liberty forever. And here and now, upon this sacred centennial altar, let us, at least,

swear that we will try public and private men by precisely the same moral standard; and that no man who directly or indirectly connives at corruption or coercion, to acquire office or to retain it, or who prostitutes any opportunity or position of public service to his own or another's advantage, shall have our countenance or our vote. The one thing that no man in this country is so poor that he cannot own is his vote; and he is bound to use it not only honestly, but intelligently. Good government does not come of itself; it is the result of the skillful coöperation of good and shrewd men. If they will not combine, bad men will; and if they sleep, the devil will sow tares. And, as we pledge ourselves to our fathers' fidelity, we may well believe that in this hushed hour of noon their gracious spirits bend over us in benediction.

PECULIARITY OF AMERICAN LIBERTY[1]

Daniel Webster (1782–1852)

The inheritance which we enjoy today is not only an inheritance of liberty, but of our own peculiar American liberty. Liberty has existed in other times, in other countries, and in other forms. There has been a Grecian liberty, bold and powerful, full of spirit, eloquence, and fire; a liberty which produced multitudes of great men, and has transmitted one immortal name, the name of Demosthenes, to posterity. But still it was a liberty of disconnected states, sometimes united, indeed, by temporary leagues and confederacies, but often involved in wars between themselves. The sword of Sparta

[1] From "An Address Delivered at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Addition to the Capitol, on July 4, 1851," in Works of Daniel Webster, Vol. II. Printed by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1853.

turned its sharpest edge against Athens, enslaved her and devastated Greece; and, in her turn, Sparta was compelled to bend before the power of Thebes. And let it ever be remembered, especially let the truth sink deep into all American minds, that *it was the want of union among her several states* which finally gave the mastery of all Greece to Philip of Macedon.

And there has also been a Roman liberty, a proud, ambitious, domineering spirit, professing free and popular principles in Rome itself; but even in the best days of the republic ready to carry slavery and chains into her provinces, and through every country over which her eagles could be borne. What was the liberty of Spain, or Gaul, or Germany, or Britain, in the days of Rome? Did true constitutional liberty then exist? As the Roman Empire declined, her provinces, *not instructed in the principles of free, popular government*, one after another declined also; and, when Rome herself fell in the end, all fell together.

I have said that our inheritance is an inheritance of American liberty. That liberty is characteristic, peculiar, and altogether our own. Nothing like it existed in former times, nor was known in the most enlightened states of antiquity; while with us its principles have become *interwoven into the minds of individual men, connected with our daily opinions and our daily habits*, until it is, if I may say so, an element of *social* as well as political life; and the consequence is, that to whatever region an American citizen carries himself, he takes with him, fully developed *in his own understanding and experience*, our American principles and opinions; and becomes ready at once, in coöperation with others, to apply them to the formation of new governments. . . .

FREEDOM [1]

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882)

Freedom all winged expands,
Nor perches in a narrow place;
Her broad van seeks unplanted lands;
She loves a poor and virtuous race.
Clinging to a colder zone
Whose dark sky sheds the snowflake down,
The snowflake is her banner's star,
Her stripes the boreal streamers are.
Long she loved the Northmen well;
Now the iron age is done,
She will not refuse to dwell
With the offspring of the sun;
Foundling of the desert far,
Where palms plume, siroccos blaze,
He roves unhurt the burning ways
In climates of the summer star.
He has avenues to God
Hid from men of Northern brain,
Far beholding, without cloud,
What these with slowest steps attain.

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[1] Emerson's fame rests chiefly upon his essays, and upon a few poems of a high order dealing with nature and with the movement against the tyrannies of the first half of the nineteenth century. "Voluntaries," in which this selection is to be found, belongs to the latter group. While this poem was written with specific reference to African slavery, the spirit of it finds in our own times peculiar application to the twentieth-century problem of uplifting backward and oppressed peoples.

From Emerson's Complete Works, Vol. IX. Copyright, 1883, by Edward W. Emerson. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

If once the generous chief arrive
To lead him willing to be led,
For freedom he will strike and strive
And drain his heart till he be dead.

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight, —
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames,
For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?[1]

SIR WILLIAM JONES (1746–1794)

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;

[1] From "An Ode in Imitation of Alcæus," in Works of Sir William Jones, Vol. IV. Printed for G. G. and J. Robinson and R. H. Evans, London, 1799.

Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride;
No:—MEN! high-minded men,

. . . . . .

Men who their *duties* know,
But know their *rights*, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State.

LIBERTY[1]

JOHN HAY (1838–1905)

What man is there so bold that he should say:
"Thus, and thus only, would I have the sea"?
For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust

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[1] An American author and statesman, Mr. Hay was private secretary to President Lincoln and his chief biographer. In 1897 he was appointed Ambassador to Great Britain and later was Secretary of State under President McKinley.

From Complete Poetical Works of John Hay. Copyright, 1916, by Clarence L. Hay. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

Of ruin, drinks the blood of living things
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore, —
Always it is the sea, and men bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty.
For Freedom is its own eternal law;
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will.
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnatlike evils hover round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson ax
Rings down its grooves and knell of shuddering kings.
For ever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!

THE THIRTIETH MAN[1]

JOHN H. FINLEY (1863–)

It has been estimated that in thickly settled communities one person in about thirty adults is a public servant, that is, goes up and down in some vicarious capacity for

[1] Baccalaureate address, June, 1911, when the author was president of the College of the City of New York. Used by permission of the author.

the other twenty-nine. The ratio varies somewhat according to the density or sparseness of the population, but for the present purpose let us assume that one man in thirty is so engaged. This thirtieth man sweeps the streets of the city. He is pontifex of the country roads. He lights the lamps when the natural lights of heaven go out, and extinguishes the fires of the earth. With one hand he gathers our letters of affection or business, and with the other distributes them in the remotest cabins on the mountains. He weighs the wind, reads the portent of the clouds, and gives augur of heat and cold. He makes wells in the dry valleys and fills the pools with water. He tests the milk before the city child may drink it. He tests and labels the food of the stores and shops; he corrects false balances and short measures, and he keeps watch over forest and stream; he gives warning of rocks and shoals to men at sea, and of plague and poison to those on land. He is warden of fish and bird and wild beast; he is host to the homeless and shelterless; he is guardian and nurse to the child who comes friendless into the world, and he is chaplain at the burial of the man who goes friendless out of it. He is assessor and collector of taxes — treasurer and comptroller; he is the teacher of seventeen million children, youths, men, and women. He is public librarian and maker of books, overseer of the poor and superintendent, doctor, nurse, and guard, in hospital, prison, and almshouse; coroner and keeper of the potter's field. He is mayor, judge, public prosecutor, sheriff. He is a soldier in the army and a sailor in the navy; general, admiral, legislator, justice, member of the Cabinet, governor, and president.

It has been said that "democracy is always dreaming of a nation of kings"; kings in the sense of men who are

monarchs of themselves at least, clear-visioned, strong-willed, clean-virtued sovereigns. It is of that dreaming, of that longing, that we have been educated. But in another sense the "kings" of democracy are these "thirtieth men," anointed, appointed, not by some far-seeing prophet living apart from the people, but selected of the hurried and often fickle desires of men, in the midst of the struggle for existence. The casting of votes for such kings, in rough boxes in tailor shops or barber shops or like places, does not impress one with the importance and sacredness of the franchise. And yet the timid journey of Samuel to a village in Judæa to anoint the son of Jesse to kingship was not a more significant pilgrimage than is that of a mechanic, merchant, or lawyer who goes into the booth to cast his vote for the thirtieth man in a republic.

Many of you will be called to act as public servants. All of you, by the very fact of your education, will be called to public service. Did any king of ancient or even modern times, for example, have a higher commission than that which one generation gives to a teacher in its public school, college, or university, to prepare its children for a better, happier, nobler living in the next generation? Can you imagine a king anointed to a holier service than that to which a nurse is set apart, of public sympathy and true unselfishness? Or a doctor, bacteriologist, or health officer, guarding against the pestilence that walks in darkness? Or the public-spirited citizen with no axes to grind, throwing light upon the path that leads to better government? It is to such service that you will be called. You will be in the public service. You will be kings of whom democracy is dreaming.

LABOR AND DEMOCRACY[1].

We have passed the period when any one nation can maintain its freedom irrespectively of other nations. Civilization has closely linked nations together by the ties of commerce, and quick communication, common interests, problems, and purposes. The future of free nations will depend upon their joint ability to devise agencies for dealing with their common affairs so that the greatest opportunity for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness may be assured to all.

This matter of world democracy is of vital interest to Labor. Labor is not a sect or a party. It represents the invincible desire for greater opportunity of the masses of all nations. Labor is the brawn, sinews, and brains of society. It is the user of tools. Tools under the creative power of muscle and brains shape the materials of civilization. Labor makes possible every great forward movement of the world. But Labor is inseparable from physical and spiritual life and progress. Labor now makes it possible that this titanic struggle for democratic freedom can be made.

The common people everywhere are hungry for wider opportunities to live. They have shown the willingness to spend or be spent for an ideal. They are in this war for ideals. . . . President Wilson's statement of war aims has been unreservedly endorsed by British organized labor. It is in absolute harmony with the fundamentals endorsed by the Buffalo convention of the American Federation of Labor.

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[1] From the declaration issued by the American Federation of Labor at its regular meeting in Washington, February 10–17, 1918, and reprinted in the *American Federationist* for March, 1918. Used by permission of Samuel Gompers.

We are at war for those ideals. Our first big casualty list has brought to every home the harass and the sacrifices of war. This is only the beginning. A gigantic struggle lies just ahead that will test to the uttermost the endurance and the ability and the spirit of our people. That struggle will be fought out in the mines, farms, shops, mills, shipyards, as well as on the battlefield. Soldiers and sailors are helpless if the producers do not do their part. Every link in the chain of the mobilization of the fighting force and necessary supplies is indispensable in winning the war against militarism and principles of unfreedom.

The worker who fastens the rivets in building the ship is performing just as necessary war service to our Republic as the sailor who takes the ship across or the gunner in the trenches.

This is a time when all workers must soberly face the grave importance of their daily work and decide industrial matters with a conscience mindful of the world relation of each act.

The problem of production indispensable to preventing unnecessary slaughter of fellow men is squarely up to all workers, — aye, to employees and employers. Production depends upon materials, tools, management, and the development and maintenance of industrial morale. Willing coöperation comes not only from doing justice, but from receiving justice. The worker is a human being, whose life has value and dignity to him. He is willing to sacrifice for an ideal, but not for the selfish gain of another. Justice begets peace. Consideration begets coöperation. These conditions are essential to war production. Production is necessary to win the war.

Upon the government and upon employers falls the preponderance of responsibility to securing greatest

efficiency from workers. Standard of human welfare and consideration of the human side of production are part of the technique of efficient production.

Give workers a decent place to live, protect them against conditions which take all their wages for bare existence, give them agencies whereby grievances can be adjusted and industrial justice assured, make it plain that their labor counts in the winning a war for greater freedom, not for private profiteering, and workers can be confidently expected to do their part. Workers are loyal. They want to do their share for the Republic and for winning the war.

This is Labor's war. It must be won by Labor, and every stage in the fighting and the final victory must be made to count for humanity. That result only can justify the awful sacrifice.

HOW DEMOCRACY SURPASSES MONARCHY[1]

ANDREW SLOAN DRAPER (1848–1913)

All Americans are optimists. There may be a few stopping with us who are not, — but they are not Americans. The expectations of the nation are boundless. We will fix no upper limits. Those expectations are not gross; they are genuine and sincere, moral and high-minded. They are the issue of a mighty world movement; the splendid product of the best thinking and the hardest struggling for a thousand years.

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[1] Dr. Draper was Commissioner of Education for the state of New York for many years preceding his death.
From "The Nation's Educational Purpose," an official pamphlet issued by the National Education Association, 1905.

Our critics say that we are boastful. We will not put them to the trouble of proving it; we admit it. It is a matter of definition, or of terminology. We have self-confidence born of knowledge and of accomplishment. We know something of the doctrine of constants. There is logic which is as sure as the sun. The nation believes in the stars which are in the heavens, and it also believes in the stars which are upon the flag. It knows its history, it understands its constituent elements; it has definite purposes; it expects to go forward; it believes in itself.

. . . None will deny now that the real growth of the nation must be in soberness, in coherence, in balance, in moderation, in reserve power, in administrative effectiveness. Growth in numbers is inevitable. Growth in moral sense and in respect for law must surpass the growth in numbers in order to cope with it.

. . . We have no fear of consequences. We rest our future upon the faith that the happiness and the beneficent influence of America must rest upon the average of enlightenment, upon the measure of serious and potential work, and upon the attendant level of moral character, attainable by all the men and women who live under our flag.

The corner-stone principle of our political theory coincides absolutely with the fundamental doctrine of our moral law. All men and women are to be intellectually quickened and made industrially potential to the very limits of sane and balanced character. The moral sense of the people is determined by it, and the nation's greatness is measured by it. Before this fact the prerogative of a monarch or the comfort of a class is of no account. Before it every other consideration must give way. It is right here that democracies that can hold together surpass

monarchies. It is for this reason that the progressive will of an intelligent people is better than the hereditary and arbitrary power of kings. . . .

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WEST UPON DEMOCRACY[1]

FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER (1861–)

From the beginning of the settlement of America, the frontier regions have exercised a steady influence toward democracy. In Virginia, to take an example, it can be traced as early as the period of Bacon's Rebellion, a hundred years before our Declaration of Independence. The small land-holders, seeing that their powers were steadily passing into the hands of the wealthy planters who controlled Church and State and lands, rose in revolt. A generation later, in the governorship of Alexander Spotswood, we find a contest between the frontier settlers and the property-holding classes of the coast. The democracy with which Spotswood had to struggle, and of which he so bitterly complained, was a democracy made up of small landholders, of the newer immigrants, and of indented servants, who at the expiration of their time of servitude passed into the interior to take up lands and engage in pioneer farming. The "War of the Regulation" just on the eve of the American Revolution shows the steady persistence of this struggle between the classes of the interior and those of the coast. The Declara-

[1] From an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1903, entitled "Contributions of the West to American Democracy." (See "Western Idealism," Section I, page 22.) Used by permission of the author and of the Atlantic Monthly Company.

tion of Grievances which the back counties of the Carolinas then drew up against the aristocracy that dominated the politics of these colonies exhibits the contest between the democracy of the frontier and the established classes who apportioned the legislature in such fashion as to secure effective control of government. Indeed, in a period before the outbreak of the American Revolution, one can trace a distinct belt of democratic territory extending from the back country of New England down through western New York, Pennsylvania, and the South. In each colony this region was in conflict with the dominant classes of the coast. It constituted a quasi-revolutionary area before the days of the Revolution, and it formed the basis on which the Democratic Party was afterwards established. It was, therefore, in the West, as it was in the period before the Declaration of Independence, that the struggle for democratic development first revealed itself, and in that area the essential ideas of American democracy had already appeared. Through the period of the Revolution and of the Confederation a similar contest can be noted. On the frontier of New England, along the western border of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas, and in the communities beyond the Alleghany Mountains, there arose a demand of the frontier settlers for independent statehood based on democratic provisions. There is a strain of fierceness in their energetic petitions demanding self-government under the theory that every people have the right to establish their own political institutions in an area which they have won from the wilderness. These revolutionary principles based on natural rights, for which the seaboard colonies were contending, were taken up with frontier energy in an attempt to apply them to the lands

of the West. No one can read their petitions denouncing the control exercised by the wealthy landholders of the coast, appealing to the record of their conquest of the wilderness, and demanding the possession of the lands for which they had fought the Indians and which they had reduced by their ax to civilization, without recognizing in these frontier communities the cradle of a belligerent Western democracy. "A fool can sometimes put on his coat better than a wise man can do it for him," — such is the philosophy of its petitions. . . .

The last chapter in the development of Western democracy is the one that deals with its conquest over the vast spaces of the new West. At each new stage of Western development the people have had to grapple with larger areas, with vaster combinations. The little colony of Massachusetts veterans that settled at Marietta received a land grant as large as the State of Rhode Island. The band of Connecticut pioneers that followed Moses Cleaveland to the Connecticut Reserve occupied a region as large as the parent State. The area which settlers of New England stock occupied on the prairies of northern Illinois surpassed the combined area of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Men who had become accustomed to the narrow valleys and the little towns of the East found themselves out on the boundless spaces of the West dealing with units of such magnitude as dwarfed their former experience. The Great Lakes, the prairies, the Great Plains, the Rocky Mountains, the Mississippi and the Missouri, furnished new standards of measurement for the achievement of this industrial democracy. Individualism began to give way to coöperation and to governmental activity. Even in the earlier days of the democratic conquest of the wilder-

ness, demands had been made upon the Government for support in internal improvements, but this new West showed a growing tendency to call to its assistance the powerful arm of National authority. In the period since the Civil War, the vast public domain has been donated to the individual farmer, to States for education, to railroads for the construction of transportation lines. Moreover, with the advent of democracy in the last fifteen years upon the Great Plains, new physical conditions have presented themselves which have accelerated the social tendency of Western democracy. The pioneer farmer of the days of Lincoln could place his family on the flatboat, strike into the wilderness, cut out his clearing, and with little or no capital go on to the achievement of industrial independence. . . . But when the arid lands and the mineral resources of the Far West were reached, no conquest was possible by the old individual pioneer methods. Here expensive irrigation works must be constructed, coöperative activity was demanded in utilization of the water supply, capital beyond the reach of the small farmer was required. In a word, the physiographic province itself decreed that the destiny of this new frontier should be social rather than individual.

DEMOCRACY[1]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

There can be no doubt that the spectacle of a great and prosperous Democracy on the other side of the Atlantic must react powerfully on the aspirations and political theories of men in the Old World who do not find things to their mind. . . . People are continually saying that America is in the air, and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent. The discontent with the existing order of things, however, pervaded the atmosphere wherever the conditions were favorable, long before Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America. I say wherever the conditions were favorable, for it is certain that the germs of disease do not stick or find a prosperous field for their development and noxious activity unless where the simplest sanitary precautions have been neglected. "For this effect defective comes by cause," as Polonius said long ago. It is only by instigation of the wrongs of men that what are called the Rights of Man become turbulent and dangerous. It is then only that they syllogize unwelcome truths. It

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[1] Extracts from inaugural address on assuming the presidency of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, Birmingham, England, October 6, 1884. Mr. Lowell was then American ambassador to Great Britain.

From "Literary and Political Addresses," in Lowell's Poetical Works (Riverside Edition), Vol. I. Copyright, 1890, by James Russell Lowell. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

is not the insurrections of ignorance that are dangerous, but the revolts of intelligence:

> The wicked and the weak rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion.

Had the governing classes in France during the last century paid as much heed to their proper business as to their pleasures or manners, the guillotine need never have severed that spinal marrow of orderly and secular tradition through which in a normally constituted state the brain sympathizes with the extremities and sends will and impulsion thither. It is only when the reasonable and practicable are denied that men demand the unreasonable and impracticable; only when the possible is made difficult that they fancy the impossible to be easy. Fairy tales are made out of the dreams of the poor. No; the sentiment which lies at the root of democracy is nothing new. I am speaking always of a sentiment, a spirit, and not of a form of government; for this was but the outgrowth of the other and not its cause. This sentiment is merely an expression of the natural wish of people to have a hand, if need be a controlling hand, in the management of their own affairs. What is new is that they are more and more gaining that control, and learning more and more how to be worthy of it. What we used to call the tendency or drift — what we are being taught to call more wisely the evolution of things — has for some time been setting steadily in this direction. There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. And in this case, also, the prudent will prepare themselves to encounter what they cannot prevent. Some people advise us to put on the brakes, as if the movement of which we are conscious

were that of a railway train running down an incline. But a metaphor is no argument, though it be sometimes the gunpowder to drive one home and imbed it in the memory. Our disquiet comes of what nurses and other experienced persons call growing-pains, and need not seriously alarm us. They are what every generation before us — certainly every generation since the invention of printing — has gone through with more or less good fortune. To the door of every generation there comes a knocking, and unless the household, like the Thane of Cawdor and his wife,[1] have been doing some deed without a name, they need not shudder. It turns out at worst to be a poor relation who wishes to come in out of the cold. The porter always grumbles and is slow to open. "Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub?" he mutters. Not a change for the better in our human housekeeping has ever taken place that wise and good men have not opposed it, — have not prophesied with the alderman that the world would wake up to find its throat cut in consequence of it. The world, on the contrary, wakes up, rubs its eyes, yawns, stretches itself, and goes about its business as if nothing had happened. Suppression of the slave trade, abolition of slavery, trade unions, — at all of these excellent people shook their heads despondingly, and murmured "Ichabod." But the trade unions are now debating instead of conspiring, and we all read their discussions with comfort and hope, sure that they are learning the business of citizenship and the difficulties of practical legislation. . . .

We hear it said sometimes that this is an age of transition, as if that made matters clearer; but can any one point us to an age that was not? If he could, he would

[1] A reference to Macbeth and his wife, of Shakespeare's tragedy, who had murdered their king.

show us an age of stagnation. The question for us, as it has been for all before us, is to make the transition gradual and easy, to see that our points are right so that the train may not come to grief. For we should remember that nothing is more natural for people whose education has been neglected than to spell evolution with an initial "r." A great man struggling with the storms of fate has been called a sublime spectacle; but surely a great man wrestling with these new forces that have come into the world, mastering them and controlling them to beneficent ends, would be a yet sublimer. Here is not a danger, and if there were it would be only a better school of manhood, a nobler scope for ambition. I have hinted that what people are afraid of in democracy is less the thing itself than what they conceive to be its necessary adjuncts and consequences. It is supposed to reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity in character and culture, to vulgarize men's conceptions of life, and therefore their code of morals, manners, and conduct — to endanger the rights of property and possession. But I believe that the real gravamen of the charges lies in the habit it has of making itself generally disagreeable by asking the Powers that Be at the most inconvenient moment whether they are the powers that ought to be. If the powers that be are in a condition to give a satisfactory answer to this inevitable question, they need feel in no way discomfited by it.

Few people take the trouble of trying to find out what democracy really is. Yet this would be a great help, for it is our lawless and uncertain thoughts, it is the indefiniteness of our impressions, that fill darkness, whether mental or physical, with specters and hobgoblins. Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all

soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits as others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be "the government of the people by the people for the people." This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement. Theodore Parker said that "Democracy meant not 'I'm as good as you are,' but 'You're as good as I am.'" And this is the ethical conception of it, necessary as a complement of the other; a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles that the old sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekker said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. . . .

All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of his public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life. With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted with poisonous exhalations from lower and more malarious levels, and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air. Lord Sherbrooke, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, bids you educate your future rulers. But would this alone be a sufficient safeguard? To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants.

And it is well that this should be so. But the enterprise must go deeper and prepare the way for satisfying those desires and wants in so far as they are legitimate. What is really ominous of danger to the existing order of things is not democracy (which, properly understood, is a conservative force), but the Socialism which may find a fulcrum in it. If we cannot equalize conditions and fortunes any more than we can equalize the brains of men — and a very sagacious person has said that "where two men ride on a horse one must ride behind" — we can yet, perhaps, do something to correct those methods and influences that lead to enormous inequalities, and to prevent their growing more enormous. . . .

I do not believe in violent changes, nor do I expect them. Things in possession have a very firm grip. One of the strongest cements of society is the conviction of mankind that the state of things into which they are born is a part of the order of the universe, as natural, let us say, as that the sun should go round the earth. It is a conviction that they will not surrender except on compulsion, and a wise society should look to it that this compulsion be not put upon them. For the individual man there is no radical cure, outside of human nature itself, for the evils to which human nature is heir. The rule will always hold good that you must

> Be your own palace or the world's your jail.

But for artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere. There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, it endows schools. It is one of the advantages of accumulated wealth, and of

the leisure it renders possible, that people have time to think of the wants and sorrows of their fellows. But all these remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the small-pox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and to extirpate the germs. As society is now constituted these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem, and which it has always believed, to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil element it neglects corrupt these in their springs and pollute them in their courses. Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. The world has outlived much, and will outlive a great deal more, and men have contrived to be happy in it. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

V. DEMOCRACY AND LIFE

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT[1]

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796)

Is there for honest poverty
  That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by, —
  We dare be poor for a' that!
    For a' that, an' a' that,
      Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
    The rank is but the guinea's[2] stamp,
      The man's the gowd[3] for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden gray an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine —
  A man's a man for a' that.
    For a' that, an' a' that,
      Their tinsel show, an' a' that:
    The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
      Is king o' men for a' that.

---

[1] The largest element in the population of colonial America, next to that of the English, was that contributed by the Scotch and Scotch-Irish. Driven from home by economic pressure and political oppression, these people were scattered throughout all the colonies and took a notable part in the Revolution. The democratic sentiment to which they were ardently devoted was nowhere better expressed than in this the best-known poem of their beloved bard. It thus constitutes in a true and peculiar way an expression of the American spirit.

From "The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse," published by Meiklejohn and Holden, London, 1910.

[2] An English gold piece worth about $5.00.

[3] Gold.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd "a lord,"
  Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a cuif for a' that.
    For a' that, an' a' that,
      His riband, star,[1] an' a' that,
    The man o' independent mind,
      He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, an' a' that!
But an honest man's aboon[2] his might,—
  Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
    For a' that, an' a' that,
      Their dignities an' a' that,
    The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
      Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  (As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
  Shall bear the gree,[3] an' a' that.
    For a' that, an' a' that,
      It's comin' yet, for a' that,
    That man to man, the world o'er,
      Shall brithers be for a' that.

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[1] Reference to the badges of the various orders of nobility.

[2] Above.

[3] Win the honor or a prize, a phrase from the language of chivalry.

THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL OF LABOR[1]

ORVILLE DEWEY (1794–1882)

Ashamed to toil art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Nature has stamped, 'midst sun and rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature; it is impiety to Heaven; it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat — TOIL, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

WORK[2]

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881)

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually

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[1] From "The Arts of Industry," in Works of Orville Dewey, published by Charles S. Francis, 1861.

[2] Carlyle was a Scottish essayist and a critic representing the democratic extreme of the Victorian literary group. His rugged character, matched by his rugged style, was quite at variance with the ideals dominant at the time, but both in his criticisms and in his constructive suggestions he was the most forceful preacher of the spirit of democratic realism which, during the period of his literary activities, was most rapidly developing in America.

From chapter on "Labor" in "Past and Present." Thomas Carlyle's Collected Works, Vol. XIII. Published by Chapman and Hall, London, 1843.

and earnestly works; in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth. . . .

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work," a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be jungle and foul, unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker as of every man: but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and even rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round, compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, — one of the venerablest objects; old as the prophet Ezechiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beau-

tiful circular dishes! And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle, unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch, — a mere enameled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How as a free-flowing channel dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever deepening river there, it runs and flows; — draining off the sour water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial Life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins.

ARISTOKRATS[1]

JOSH BILLINGS (HENRY W. SHAW) (1818–1885)

Natur furnishes all the noblemen we hav. Pedigree haz no more to do in making a man aktually grater than he iz, than a pekok's feather in his hat haz in making him aktually taller.

This iz a hard phakt for some tew learn.

This mundane earth iz thik with folks who think they are grate, bekauze their ansesstor waz luckey in the sope or tobacco trade; and altho the sope haz run out some time since, they try tew phool themselves and other folks with the suds.

Sopesuds iz a prekarious bubble. Thare aint nothing so thin on the ribs az a sopesuds aristokrat.

Titles aint ov enny more real use or necessity than dog collars are. I hav seen dog collars that kost 3 dollars on dogs that want worth in enny market over 87½ cents. This iz a grate waste ov collar and a grate damage tew the dog.

Raizing aristokrats iz a dredful poor bizzness; yu don't never git your seed back. One demokrat iz worth more tew the world than 60 thousand manufaktured aristokrats.

An Amerikan aristokrat iz the most ridiclus thing in the market. They are generally ashamed ov their ansesstors; and, if they hav enny, and live long enuff,

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[1] Mr. Shaw was a popular humorist whose humor consisted partly in the use of phonetic spelling and partly in the wit and common sense of the illiterate man.

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they generally hav cauze tew be ashamed ov their posterity.

I kno ov several familys in Amerika who are tryng tew liv on their aristokrasy. The money and brains giv out sum time ago. It iz hard skratching for them.

Yu kan warm up kold potatos and liv on them, but yu kant warm up aristokratik pride and git even a smell.

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE[1]

HENRY W. GRADY (1851–1889)

A few days later I visited a country home. A modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest; barns and cribs well filled and the old smokehouse odorous with treasure; the fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard, and resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking; inside the house, thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness — the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that had welcomed in steady measure the newborn babes of the family and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple

[1] An American journalist and orator, for many years editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, Mr. Grady did much to reëstablish understanding and good will between the North and the South.

From a speech, "The Farmer and the Cities," in Orations and Speeches of Henry W. Grady. Copyright, 1910, by Edwin Du Bois Shurter. Used by permission of the publisher.

annals of the family, and the heart and conscience of the home. Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house, the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fourth commandment, and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father. As they drew near the door, the old mother appeared; the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or, weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest. And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies; the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry; the restless bird called from the neighboring wood; and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then went down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home!

And as I gazed, the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said, "Surely here — here in the homes of the people is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. Here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility." The homes of the people; let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn — here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do. Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law; that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen. And above all, let us honor God in our avocations — anchor them close in His love. Build His altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the set and simple faith of our fathers, and crown them with the Bible — that book of books in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain. The home is the source of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

OUR KIND OF A MAN[1]

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (1853–1917)

The kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smites, as long as the wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith and force like fists:
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most is the need of love;
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime through the blind man's tears;
The light shines out where the clouds were dim,
And the widow's prayer goes up for him;
The latch is clicked at the hovel door,
And the sick man sees the sun once more,
And out o'er the barren fields he sees
Springing blossoms and waving trees,
Feeling, as only the dying may,
That God's own servant has come that way,
Smoothing the path as it still winds on
Through the golden gate where his loved have gone.
The kind of a man for me and you!
However little of worth we do
He credits full, and abides in trust
That time will teach us how more is just.
He walks abroad, and he meets all kinds
Of querulous and uneasy minds,

[1] This poem is included as picturing a fine type of American and showing also the Indiana poet's characteristic faith in human nature.

From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

And, sympathizing, he shares the pain
Of the doubts that rack us, heart and brain;
And, knowing this, as we grasp his hand,
We are surely coming to understand!
He looks on sin with pitying eyes —
E'en as the Lord, since Paradise, —
Else, should we read, Though our sins should glow
As scarlet, they shall be white as snow?
And, feeling still, with a grief half glad,
That the bad are as good as the good are bad,
He strikes straight out for the Right — and he
Is the kind of a man for you and me!

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA [1]

ELBERT HUBBARD (1859–1915)

. . . When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia.

[1] From booklet entitled "A Message to Garcia," published by The Roycroft Press. Copyright, 1899, by Elbert Hubbard. Used by permission of the publishers.

How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia — are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the

encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."[1]

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia — and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not.

Now if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift — these are the things that put pure Socialism so far

[1] A noted Italian painter of the Lombard school, who lived from 1494 to 1534.

into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night, holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate — and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia? . . .

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a

dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high handed any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town, and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly — the man who can CARRY A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

VI. PATRIOTISM

AMERICA [1]

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH (1808–1895)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty;
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, — thee,
Land of the noble free, —
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake!
Let rocks their silence break, —
  The sound prolong.

[1] The author was a Baptist minister of Boston, who, in addition to this patriotic hymn often sung as our national anthem, wrote a number of popular hymns and poems.

From facsimile reproduction of "America" in Dr. Smith's handwriting in "A History of Newton, Massachusetts," by S. F. Smith, D.D. Published, 1880, by The American Logotype Company, Boston.

Our fathers' God, — to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

THE DUTY AND VALUE OF PATRIOTISM [1]

ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND (1838–)

Be this my theme in praise of America: She is, as none other, the land of human dignity and human liberty. When the fathers of the Republic declared: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a principle was enunciated which, in its truth, was as old as the race, but in practical realization was almost unknown.

Slowly and laboriously, amid suffering and revolution, humanity had been reaching out towards a reign of the rights of man. Paganism utterly denied such rights. It allowed nothing to man as man; man was what wealth, or place, or power made him. Even the wise Aristotle taught that nature intended some men to be slaves and chattels. The sweet religion of Christ proclaimed aloud the doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. Eighteen hundred years,

[1] From "The Church and Modern Society. Lectures and Addresses by John Ireland." Copyright, 1896, by D. H. McBride & Co., Chicago and New York. Used by permission of the author.

however, went by, and the civilized world had not yet put its civil and political institutions in accord with its spiritual faith. During all that time the Christian Church was leavening human society, and patiently awaiting the promised fermentation. This came at last, and it came in America. It came in a first manifestation through the Declaration of Independence; it came in a second and final manifestation through President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation.

In America all men are civilly and politically equal; all have the same rights; all wield the same arm of defense and of conquest — the suffrage; and the sole condition of rights and of power is simple manhood.

Liberty is exemption from all restraint, save that of the laws of justice and order, exemption from submission to other men, except so far as they represent and enforce those laws. The divine gift of liberty is God's recognition of man's greatness and man's dignity. In liberty lie the sweetness of life and the power of growth. The loss of liberty is the loss of light and sunshine, the loss of life's best portion. Under the spell of heavenly memories, humanity never had ceased to dream of liberty and to aspire to its possession. Now and then, here and there, liberty had for a moment caressed humanity's brow. But not until the Republic of the West was born, not until the star-spangled banner rose towards the skies, was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

In America the government takes from the liberty of the citizen only so much as is necessary for the weal of the nation. In America there are no masters who govern in their own right, for their own interest, or at their own will. We have over us no Bourbon saying: "*L'état,*

c'est moi";[1] no Hohenzollern,[2] proclaiming that in his acts as sovereign he is responsible only to his conscience and to God.

Ours is the government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Our government is our own organized will. In America rights begin with and go upward from the people. In other countries, even in those which are apparently the most free, rights begin with, and come downward from, the state; the rights of citizens, the rights of the people, are concessions which have been wrested from the governing powers. In America, whenever the government does not prove its grant, the liberty of the individual citizen remains intact.

The God-given mission of the Republic of America is not confined to its own people — it extends to all the peoples of the earth, to whom it is the symbol of human rights and of human liberty, and towards whom its flag flutters hopes of future happiness.

Is there not for Americans meaning to the word "country"? Is there not for Americans reason to live for country, and, if need be, to die for country? . . . In every country, patriotism is a duty: in America, it is a duty thrice sacred. . . . The duty of patriotism is the duty of justice and of gratitude. The country fosters and protects our dearest interests; it protects our hearths and altars. Without it there is no safety for life and property, no opportunity for development and progress. We are wise of our country's wisdom, rich of its opulence, strong of its fortitude, resplendent of its glory.

The prisoner Paul rose at once into proud distinction and commanded the respect of Roman soldiers and

[1] "The State, that is I."

[2] The family name of the kings of Prussia.

Palestinian Jews when, to the question of the tribune at Jerusalem: "Art thou a Roman?" . . . he replied, "I am." The title of honor, among the peoples of antiquity, was, "*Civis Romanus* — a Roman citizen." More significant today, throughout the world, is the title: "*Civis Americanus* — an American citizen."

THE GLORY OF PATRIOTISM[1]

CARDINAL MERCIER

Across the smoke of conflagration, across the steam of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs, of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our Mother Country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion.

Yet when, on the second of August, a mighty foreign

[1] Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, Belgium, stands out as one of the most heroic and patriotic figures in the world, by virtue of what he has said and done for the people of his country during the period of their oppression by a foreign military power.

From "Pastoral Letter of His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, Primate of Belgium. Christmas, 1914." Published by Burns & Oates, Ltd., London.

power, confident in its own strength and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close-ranged about their own king, and their own government, and cry to the invader, "Thou shalt not go through!"

At once, instantly, we were conscious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, *Res publica*. And this profound will within us is Patriotism. . . .

Family interests, class interests, party interests, and the material good of the individual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of Patriotism, for that ideal is Right, which is absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of Right in national matters, and of national Honor. Now there is no Absolute except God. God alone, by His sanctity and His sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills. And to affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to Right, to Justice, and to Truth, is implicitly to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers whose heroism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, "We only did our duty," or, "We were bound in honor," they express the religious character of their Patriotism. Which of us does not feel that Patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege?

LOVE OF COUNTRY [1]

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771–1832)

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own — my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY [2]

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822–1909)

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as

[1] From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto VI. Printed by Longman, Hurst & Co., London, 1805.

[2] From "The Man without a Country." Copyright, 1888, by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. . . .

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, . . . one and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough, — that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." . . . Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy, —

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He on his part had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. . . . In a word, to him "United

States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George!" Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. . . .

The plan then adopted was . . . to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. . . .

No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war, — cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. . . . The captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom, — he always had a stateroom, — which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned. . . .

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes,

when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. . . . Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others, and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming, —

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said —"

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically:

> "This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on:

> "Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand?
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well" —

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages;

but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on:

> "For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
> Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentered all in self," —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And, by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible, or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. . . .

I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him,

fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to: Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all around the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and patois of a dialect. . . .

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan, "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish," — that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen [1] could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general . . . spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* [2] of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eter-

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[1] Native boatmen of West Africa.

[2] "God from the machine," a phrase which comes from ancient theatrical traditions of days when figures of the gods appearing in plays were moved by a machine.

nally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon." [1]

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself, while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As soon as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. . . .

[1] Slave pen.

As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me:

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

THE MORAL QUALITY IN PATRIOTISM[1]

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824–1892)

As you have contemplated the brief glory of our summer, where the clover almost blooms out of snowdrifts and the red apples drop almost with the white blossoms, you have, perhaps, remembered that the flower upon the tree was only the ornament of a moment, a brilliant part of the process by which the fruit was formed, and that the perfect fruit itself was but the seed vessel by which the race of the tree was continued from year to year.

Then, have you followed the exquisite analogy — that youth is the aromatic flower upon the tree; the grave life of maturer years its sober, solid fruit; and the principles and character deposited by that life the seeds by which the glory of this race, also, is perpetuated?

The flower in your hand fades while you look at it; the dream that allures you glimmers and is gone. But both flower and dream, like youth itself, are buds and prophecies. For where, without the perfumed blooming of the spring orchards all over the hills and among the valleys of New England and New York, would the happy harvests of New York and New England be? and where, without the dreams of the young men lighting the future

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[1] The oration containing this selection was delivered before the graduating class at Union College, Schenectady, July 20, 1857. As journalist, orator, and essayist, George William Curtis was identified with civil service reform and other movements for good government during the greater part of his life.

From Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis, Vol. I. Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

with human possibility, would be the deeds of the old men dignifying the past with human achievement?

Gentlemen, how deeply does it become us to trust in the promise of youth and to believe in its fulfillment — us, who are not only young ourselves, but living with the youth of the youngest nation in history.

I congratulate you that you are young; I congratulate you that you are Americans.

Life is beginning for us; but the life of every nation, as of every individual, is a battle, and the victory is to those who fight with faith and undespairing devotion. Knowing that nothing is worth fighting for at all unless God reigns, let us believe at least as much in the goodness of God as we do in the dexterity of the Devil. And, viewing this prodigious spectacle of our country — this hope of humanity — this young America, *our* America, taking the sun full in the front, and making for the future as boldly and blithely as the young David for Goliath — let us believe in our own hopes with all our hearts, and out of that faith shall spring the fact that David, and not Goliath, is to win the day.

Only by the religious resolution of every successive generation of young Americans shall the great ideas out of which America sprang, the cardinal principles of religious and civil liberty, still guide and determine the development of its destiny.

Today, therefore, we turn to no black-letter lore. Scholars do not need to hear of the value of scholarship. The finest scholarship is but a single grace of the *man*. How can the *man* best be developed in America? That is a question to which the Future bends its ear. Let us, then, look at the tie which binds us to that country, and consider the nature, responsibility, and duties of Patriotism.

It was not his olive-valleys and almond groves which made the Greece of the Greek. It was not for their apple orchards or potato-fields that the farmers of New England and New York left their plows in the furrows and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. The rains fall, the earth yields, fruits ripen, and the world is fair, whether George is King or James is President; whether armies are marching to shoot and slay, or troops of children laugh in the meadows, picking buttercups and daisies.

When we speak of Greece, our chief interest is not in a certain number of square miles of ground — so much water, so many trees — it is not geographical or botanical or geological; but it is in our association with the history of a people and a certain character that we call Greek; so with the French, the Italian, the German, and the English.

Patriotism, or the peculiar relation of an individual to his country, is like the family instinct. In the child it is a blind devotion; in the man an intelligent love. The patriot perceives the claim made upon his country by the circumstances and time of her growth and power, and how God is to be served by using those opportunities of helping mankind. Therefore his country's honor is dear to him as his own, and he would as soon lie and steal himself as assist or excuse his country in a crime.

Right and Wrong, Justice and Crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and to do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my country, right or wrong," he merely utters words such as those

might be of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the customhouse, both of them chuckling, "My fortune, however acquired." . . .

Remember that the greatness of our country is not in the greatness of its achievement, but in its promise — a promise that cannot be fulfilled without that sovereign moral sense, without a sensitive national conscience. If it were a question of the mere daily pleasure of living, the gratification of taste, opportunity of access to the great intellectual and æsthetic results of human genius and whatever embellishes human life, no man could hesitate a moment between the fullness of foreign lands in these respects and the conspicuous poverty of our own. What have we done? We have subdued and settled a vast domain. We have made every inland river turn a mill, and wherever on the dim rim of the globe there is a harbor, we have lighted it with an American sail. We have bound the Atlantic to the Mississippi, so that we drift from the prairies upon a cloud of vapor; and we are stretching one hand across the continent to fulfill the hope of Columbus in a shorter way to Cathay, and with the other we are groping under the sea to clasp there the hand of the old continent, that so the throbbing of the ocean may not toss us farther apart, but be as the beating of one common pulse of the world.

Yet these are results common to all national enterprise, and different with us only in degree, not in kind. These are but the tools with which to shape a destiny. Commercial prosperity is only a curse if it be not subservient to moral and intellectual progress, and our prosperity will conquer us if we do not conquer our prosperity. . . .

The whole of Patriotism for us seems to consist at the present moment in the maintenance of this public moral

tone. No voice of self-glorification, no complacent congratulation that we are the greatest, wisest, and best of nations, will help our greatness or our goodness in the smallest degree. History and mankind do not take men or nations at their own valuation, and a man no longer secures instant respect and sympathy by announcing himself an American. Are we satisfied that America should have no other excuse for independent national existence than a superior facility of money making? Shall it have no national justification to the intellect and the heart? Does the production of twelve hundred million pounds of cotton fulfill the destiny of this continent in the order of Providence? Why, if we are unfaithful as a nation, though our population were to double in a year, and the roar and rush of our vast machinery were to silence the music of the spheres, and our wealth were enough to buy all the world, our population could not bully history, nor all our riches bribe the eternal Justice not to write upon us, as with fiery finger the autumn is beginning even now to write upon the woods and fields, "Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed!"

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL[1]

KATHARINE LEE BATES (1850–)

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!

[1] From "America the Beautiful and Other Poems." Copyright, 1911, by Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

MARTIAL VALOR IN TIMES OF PEACE[1]

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, D.D. (1861–)

The first recognition of the duty arising from the peace and the liberty which our republic provides, comes with the realization that we are not a mass of many millions of separate individuals, each with his own particular interests to maintain and preserve, but that we are one people, enlisted in the service of a common cause. This idea of a common cause which is the inspiration of all the heroic deeds of self-sacrifice in the time of war, we must endeavor in some way to make potent in the activities and pursuits of our people in the time of peace. All soldiers are comrades in arms. Can we not also recognize the bonds of comradeship in the common work of the world, in our common lot and our common destiny as brother men? Is it not possible to feel the thrill of comradeship in our common fight against the forces of ignorance, of evil, of vice, of intemperance, of injustice, of disease and premature death? To save his comrade from death when under fire the true soldier will run every risk of personal danger and hold his own life cheap in his all-absorbing work of rescue. Amidst the perils of peace you too will hear the call for help from many a comrade against whom the tide of circumstance is running hard. . . .

In peace your duty will not come to you as it does when there is a call to arms with the enemy already crossing your country's frontier. You must go forth to meet it. You must either discover your duty or else create it, and

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[1] Dr. Hibben is president of Princeton University.

From "The Higher Patriotism." Copyright, 1915, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

then swear allegiance in your own name to its high behests. Centuries ago the knight errant rode forth on the adventure of service, to champion the cause of the weak and the wronged wherever they might be found. For him there was no clear call to any definite undertaking. But, compelled by the knightly spirit, he resolutely set himself to seek the undiscovered duty somewhere beyond the far horizon. There is no place in our modern days for this type of noble adventurer. He has disappeared with the conditions and opportunities of the age in which he flourished. But the same spirit may reappear in another form, to meet the needs of another age, again

> To serve as model for the mighty world,
> And be the fair beginning of a time.[1]

It may be regarded by some as the expression of a too extravagant optimism if we declare our belief that the world is entering upon a new time in its history, a new order of things, in which the law of justice and the spirit of mercy will universally prevail. The very darkness, however, of the present time creates a persistent belief that there must be some brighter light ahead. No robust spirit can be permanently pessimistic. You are called to play a part in the building of a new world.

THE HIGHER PATRIOTISM[2]

It is interesting to note the various notions of patriotism that have prevailed in the centuries past. If we should go back to the earliest times we would find that the

[1] Tennyson, "Guinevere."

[2] An editorial in *The Christian Work* for November 18, 1916. Used by permission of the editor.

essential idea of patriotism consisted, for the most part, in the passion to destroy the rival tribe. "If *we* are to live and flourish, *they* must die." Ancient history was saturated with this idea. Assyria for the sake of her own glory must conquer Syria and all the lesser nations. Babylon in her turn must conquer Assyria. The Medes and Persians in their turn must conquer Babylon. Alexander the Great, for the sake of making his empire glorious, must bring under tribute every tribe and nation under the sun. And Rome in coming to the fullness of her power must exact of all the world complete subjugation, in order that Rome may live. *Carthago delenda est.* The Cæsars who bring back to Rome the most imposing procession of captive nations in their train, these are Romans indeed and worthy to be enrolled among the gods. Nor did the ancient Hebrews show themselves immune to the toxin of this barbarous idea of patriotism. In one of the Old Testament books their sentiment toward rival nations is mercilessly brought to light and most ruthlessly ridiculed. Jonah is presented to us as a type of the old-style patriotism, for he, too, can find his country's chiefest glory only in the complete destruction of her rivals. Under the compulsion of the Lord, through the remarkable behavior of a great fish, to Nineveh he finally went and sounded the note of warning, with precisely the result which he feared: Nineveh repented and the Lord spared the city. But so grievous was the disappointment of this narrow-minded patriot of the baser sort that he sat under his little booth and requested for himself that he might die. There was now nothing for him to live for since Nineveh had such an excellent chance to be destroyed, but missed it! Patriotism, according to the old-fashioned idea, consisted largely in doing one's utmost

for the undoing and destruction of the rival nation. We can readily see that this type of patriotism has not vanished from the world. The Romans said, "Carthage must be destroyed," but today we hear sentiments expressed which are strangely like those which prevailed in the world over 2000 years ago: "There is but one way to rid the world of the 'German menace,'" we are told, "Germany must be destroyed." Certainly the same kind of sentiment prevails in Germany: "There is but one way by which Germany can come to her own, her place in the sun: British supremacy throughout the world must be destroyed! French ambition toward increasing power and supremacy must be curtailed!" Surely it is the old style of patriotism still prevailing.

Eventually, however, the world's thought advanced. The old definition of patriotism was revised and slightly improved. It ran something like this: "Patriotism consists in doing one's utmost to bring to power, honor, and glory one's own nation, and, *if need be*, at the expense of other nations." We observe that the first part of this revised idea is quite worthy, but that the second part is still greatly in need of further revision. "Patriotism consists in doing one's utmost to bring to power, honor, and glory one's own nation." Surely so. It is a worthy aim that one do his utmost to make his country strong, glorious, honorable among the nations of the world. It is a patriotic ideal that makes for good citizenship. "My country's government must be the best government in the world, the cleanest and the most just; my country's influence must be the strongest and best influence of any country in the world; my country's name must be the highest and most revered; my country's flag must be the best loved and the most respected of any flag of

any nation upon earth." But it is just here, alas! that this revised idea of patriotism fails. It fails at an essential point: its motive. For its motive evidently is this: "My country must be the greatest and the best for the sake of her own power, glory, and honor among the nations of the world, *for the sake of her own self-gratification and pride*"; which motive, of course, is essentially wrong because it is purely selfish. No man can seek his own glory and live. He shall thereby destroy his own life. So also is the nation subject to the sanction of the same stern law. A nation exists for the same reason that a man exists. No man exists for his own sake. A man exists for the sake of his race, for the sake of lending a hand to help the race upward, for the sake of doing his part in giving civilization a push forward. For precisely the same reason does a nation exist. A nation exists to do its part in lifting civilization to a higher plane; in contributing permanent values to the life of the civilized world; in performing its own mission as an emancipator of the race of mankind, and as the guardian of the sacred rights of humanity.

Here, then, we reach the new idea of patriotism. Patriotism consists in doing one's utmost to make one's own country strong, glorious, honorable among the nations of the world, *in order that it thereby may best benefit all humanity and serve the race.* The higher patriotism is so large in its vision and so broad-minded in its spirit that it can really look over and beyond national boundaries, and declare, "My country exists not for the sake of its own greatness and glory, but for the sake of the glory and greatness of all mankind!" This will not make our national patriotism less, but it will greatly ennoble it. "I will endeavor to make my country great and glorious:

I will endeavor to make her reach her magnificent ideals of enlightenment, freedom, brotherhood, not simply for her own sake, but in order that thereby she may be able to help lift up the whole world into the realization of humanity's magnificent ideals of enlightenment, freedom, brotherhood. The real greatness of my country shall consist not in the achieving of strategic positions and larger territory upon the surface of the earth by means of her force of arms, not in achieving commercial supremacy by virtue of her superiority in merchandise and her tremendous present advantage as the greatest neutral nation of the world, but the real greatness of my country shall consist in that enlightenment which she can give to nations which sit in darkness; in that freedom which she can give to peoples still in the bondage of superstition, unjust government, and false religion; in that spirit of brotherhood which she can succeed in establishing between all the nations of all the world!" Perhaps, after all, our beautiful national hymn is just a bit self-centered after the manner of the old idea patriotism:

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light.

Very well. But why not add the larger prayer?

God of all peoples, Thou
Lord of humanity,
To Thee we pray.
May our great land, thrice blest,
Bring to the world opprest,
Truth, light, and liberty.
Hail! glad, bright day.

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865–)

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The Captains and the Kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! *Amen.*

VII. THE STORY OF THE FLAG

THE STORY OF OLD GLORY[1]

Who suggested the combination of stars and stripes which makes Old Glory the most beautiful banner in all the world? Nothing really authentic on the subject is known. Various ideas have been suggested. Some writers claim that they were taken from George Washington's coat of arms. Others claim that the stripes were taken from the thirteen stripes in the banner of the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse.

But we do know that the first flag from which this combination of Stars and Stripes appeared, was made by Betsy Ross, who kept an upholstery shop at her little home, No. 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, a place of great interest to visitors at the present day. That was the birthplace of Old Glory.[2]

The first time that the new flag of the United States was flown in battle was at Fort Stanwix, renamed Schuyler, where Rome, New York, now stands.

The first salute ever given to Old Glory by a foreign power was when the ship *Ranger*, commanded by Paul Jones, entered a French harbor in 1778 and received a salute from the harbor forts.

For a period of seventy years before the War of the Revolution took place, the red ensign of Great Britain was the flag generally used by the American colonies. This was called the Union flag because in the upper corner was a red cross of St. George representing England and a white cross which represented Scotland.

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[1] From anonymous pamphlet in library of State Normal School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

[2] Commonly believed, though not definitely established.

During the first two years of the Revolutionary War, all kinds of battle flags were carried on land and sea. Some of the designs were serious, many of them were comic.

One of the most peculiar emblems used on flags of that period was the Rattlesnake. The motto on these Rattlesnake flags was, "Don't Tread on Me!"

Another favorite device was a pine tree, of which several varieties were shown. These were frequently used in the early part of the Revolution.

The first flag to show thirteen stripes, but having, in place of the stars, the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, was what was known as the Great Union flag hoisted over the American camp at Cambridge in the year 1776. The design of this flag came very close to being the Star-Spangled Banner.

It is peculiar that two trees are closely associated with the history of our flag. First, the Pine Tree, which, as explained was used on some of the earlier flags. This device also appeared on silver coins of the Massachusetts colony as early as 1650.

The second tree, and one far more important, was the Liberty Tree. This was a grand old elm, which stood in a grove on what is now Washington and Essex Streets, Boston. The location of this tree is at present marked by a building on the front of which is a bas-relief of the tree, with the words, "Liberty Tree."

This old tree was the scene of many patriotic meetings. November 3, 1773, the citizens of Boston gathered under this tree to consider resolutions prohibiting the consignees of the cargoes of tea which were on board ship on their way to Boston, from selling the tea on American soil, and demanding that it should be promptly returned to London. The resolution by the colonists was ignored, resulting in

the famous "Boston Tea Party," which took place December 6, 1773, when hundreds of chests of tea were cast into the bay.

In 1777, by a resolution of the Continental Congress it was provided that the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union have thirteen stars. In 1794, after two states had been admitted into the Union, Congress changed this so that the stripes and stars should be fifteen each.

But as the number of states rapidly increased, it was found necessary to change this law again, and in 1818 a resolution was presented to the House of Representatives providing that the flag be thirteen stripes, that the union have twenty stars, and that on the admission of a new state one star be added. This became a law on April 4, 1818, when the bill was signed by President Monroe.

Since that time, whenever a new state is admitted the stars in the union are slightly rearranged so as to accommodate the extra star. The thirteen stripes will in all probability forever remain as they are, thus preserving for all time to come the remembrance of those thirteen original states upon which this great nation was founded.

When the stars were added to the thirteen stripes, there was a good deal of dispute as to the arrangement of these stars.

Captain Samuel C. Reid, commander of the famous privateer, *General Armstrong*, was invited to suggest a design for the proposed arrangement of stars. He recommended that these be formed into one large five-pointed star, symbolizing the national motto, "E Pluribus Unum," and that a star be added for each new state.

It was soon found that such a plan would not be practicable, as it was clear that, as the number of states in-

creased, the individual stars composing the one large star would be so small as to be almost indistinguishable.

The plan of arranging the stars in parallel rows was then adopted, and this arrangement has continued ever since.

The fate of the first flag made under the Act of Congress in 1777 is shrouded in mystery. It is not known whether it was ever raised in defense of American liberty. Some very important events of American history have never been made clear.

Briefly, the above is the history of the evolution of Old Glory, which is now the emblem of the greatest nation of all the world. It stands for liberty and justice, and wherever it is unfurled the Star-Spangled Banner is supreme and unconquerable.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER[1]

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1780–1843)

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

[1] From "Poems of the Late Francis S. Key, Esq." Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, 1857.

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'T is the Star Spangled Banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

HOW "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" WAS WRITTEN [1]

HENRY WATTERSON (1840–)

Nothing in romance, or in poetry, surpasses the wondrous story of this republic. Why Washington, the Virginia planter, and why Franklin, the Pennsylvania printer? Another might have been chosen to lead the Continental armies: a brilliant and distinguished soldier; but, as we now know, not only a corrupt adventurer, but a traitor, who preceded Arnold, and who, had he been commander of the forces at Valley Forge, would have betrayed his adopted country for the coronet which Washington despised. In many ways was Franklin an experiment, and, as his familiars might have thought, a dangerous experiment, to be appointed the representative of the colonies in London and in Paris, for, as they knew, and as we now know, he was a stalwart, self-indulgent man, apparently little given either to prudence or to courtliness. What was it that singled out these two men from all others and designated them to be the chiefs of the military and diplomatic establishments set up by the provincial gentlemen whose Declaration of Independence was not merely to establish a new nation, but to create a new world? It was as clearly the inspiration of the Almighty as, a century later, was the faith of Lincoln

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[1] On August 9, 1895, Colonel Henry Watterson delivered the memorial address at the dedication of the monument erected over the grave of Francis Scott Key at Frederic, Maryland. The selection here given is from the address as published in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

Used by permission of Colonel Watterson.

in Grant, whom he had never seen and had reason to distrust. It was as clearly the inspiration of the Almighty as that, in every turn of fortune, God has stood by the republic; not less in the strange vicissitudes of the Wars of the Revolution and of 1812, than in those of the war of sections; in the raising up of Paul Jones and Perry, of Preble and Hull, when, discouraged upon the land, the sea was to send God's people messages of victory, and in the striking down of Albert Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson, when they were sweeping all before them. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence to man. Philosophers may argue as they will, and rationalism may draw its conclusions; but the mysterious power unexplained by either has, from the beginning of time, ruled the destinies of men.

Back of these forces of life and thought there is yet another force equally inspired of God and equally essential to the exaltation of man, a force without which the world does not move except downward, the force of the imagination which idealizes the deeds of men and translates their meaning into words. It may be concluded that Washington at Monmouth and Franklin at Versailles were not thinking a great deal of what the world was likely to say. But there are beings so constituted that they cannot act, they can only think, and there are the Homers who relate in heroic measure, the Shakespeares who sing in strains of heavenly music. Among the progeny of these was Francis Scott Key.

The son of a Revolutionary soldier, he was born August 9, 1780, not far away from the spot where we are now assembled, and died in Baltimore January 11, 1843. His life of nearly sixty-three years was an unbroken idyl of tranquil happiness, amid congenial scenes; among kin-

dred people; blessed by wedded love and many children, and accompanied by the successful pursuit of the learned profession he had chosen for himself. Goldsmith's sketch of the village preacher may not be inaptly quoted to describe his unambitious and unobtrusive career:

> Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.

Yet it was reserved for this constant and modest gentleman to leave behind him a priceless legacy to his countrymen and to identify his name for all time with his country's flag.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" owed very little to chance. It was the emanation of a patriotic fervor as sincere and natural as it was simple and noble. It sprang from one of those glorious inspirations which, coming to an author unbidden, seizes at once upon the hearts and minds of men. The occasion seemed to have been created for the very purpose. The man and the hour were met, and the song came; and truly was song never yet born amid such scenes. We explore the pages of folk-lore, we read the story of popular music, in vain, to find the like. Even the authorship of the English national anthem is in dispute. . . . Key's song was the very child of battle. It was rocked by cannon in the cradle of the deep. Its swaddling clothes were the Stars and Stripes which its birth proclaimed. Its coming was heralded by shot and shell, and, from its baptism of fire, a nation of freemen clasped it to its bosom. It was to be thenceforth and forever freedom's Gloria in Excelsis.

The circumstances which ushered it into the world, hardly less than the words of the poem, are full of patriotic exhilaration. It was during the darkest days of our

second war of independence. An English army had invaded and occupied the seat of the National Government and had burned the Capitol of the nation. An English squadron was in undisputed possession of the Chesapeake Bay. There being nothing of interest or value left within the vicinity of Washington to detain them, the British were massing their land and naval forces for other conquests, and, as their ships sailed down the Potomac, Dr. William Beanes, a prominent citizen of Maryland, who had been arrested at his home in Upper Marlboro, charged with some offense, real or fancied, was carried off a prisoner.

It was to secure the liberation of this gentleman, his neighbor and friend, that Francis Scott Key obtained leave of the President to go to the British Admiral under a flag of truce. He was conveyed by the cartel-boat used for the exchange of prisoners and accompanied by the flag officer of the Government. They proceeded down the bay from Baltimore and found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac.

Mr. Key was courteously received by Admiral Cochrane; but he was not encouraged as to the success of his mission until letters from the English officers wounded at Bladensburg and left in the care of the Americans were delivered to the friends on the fleet to whom they had been written. These bore such testimony to the kindness with which they had been treated that it was finally agreed that Dr. Beanes should be released; but, as an advance upon Baltimore was about to be made, it was required that the party of Americans should remain under guard on board their own vessel until these operations were concluded. Thus it was that, the night of September 14, 1814, Key witnessed the bombardment

of Fort McHenry, which his song was to render illustrious.

He did not quit the deck the long night through. With his single companion, the flag officer, he watched every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell, "listening with breathless interest to hear if an explosion followed." While the cannonading continued they needed no further assurance that their countrymen had not capitulated. "But," I quote the words of Chief Justice Taney, repeating the account given him by Key immediately after, "it suddenly ceased some time before day; and, as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the residue of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day, and looking every few minutes at their watches to see how long they must wait for it; and, as soon as it dawned and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain whether they should see there the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy." Blessed vigil! that its prayers were not in vain; glorious vigil! that it gave us "The Star-Spangled Banner!"

During the night the conception of the poem began to form itself in Key's mind. With the early glow of the morning, when the long agony of suspense had been turned into the rapture of exultation, his feeling found expression in completed lines of verse, which he wrote upon the back of a letter he happened to have in his possession. He finished the piece on the boat that carried him ashore and wrote out a clear copy that same evening at his hotel in Baltimore. Next day he read

this to his friend and kinsman, Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he carried it to the office of the Baltimore *American*, where it was put in type by a young apprentice, Samuel Sands by name, and thence issued as a broadside. Within an hour after it was circulating all over the city, hailed with delight by the excited people. Published in the succeeding issue of the *American*, and elsewhere reprinted, it went straight to the popular heart. It was quickly seized for musical adaptation. First sung in a tavern adjoining the Holliday Street Theater in Baltimore, by Charles Durang, an actor, whose brother, Ferdinand Durang, had set it to an old air, its production on the stage of that theater was the occasion of spontaneous and unbounded enthusiasm. Wherever it was heard its effect was electrical; and thenceforward it was universally accepted as the national anthem.

The poem tells its own story, and never a truer, for every word comes direct from a great heroic soul, powder-stained and dipped, as it were, in sacred blood. . . .

The Star-Spangled Banner! Was ever flag so beautiful, did ever flag so fill the souls of men? The love of woman; the sense of duty; the thirst for glory; the heart-throbbing that impels the humblest American to stand by his colors fearless in the defense of his native land and holding it sweet to die for it — the yearning which draws him to it when exiled from it — its free institutions and its blessed memories, all are embodied and symbolized by the broad stripes and bright stars of the nation's emblem, all live again in the lines and tones of Key's anthem.

Two or three began the song, millions join the chorus. They are singing it in Porto Rican trenches and on the

ramparts of Santiago, and its echoes, borne upon the wings of the morning, come rolling back from far-away Manila; the soldier's message to the soldier; the hero's shibboleth in battle; the patriot's solace in death! Even to the lazy sons of peace who lag at home — the pleasure-seekers whose merry-making turns the night to day — those stirring strains come as a sudden trumpet call; men and women spring to their feet; whilst above the sounds of revelry, and the cadence of the music, rise wave upon wave of spontaneous enthusiasm, the idler's aimless but heartfelt tribute to his country and his country's flag.

Since "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written, nearly a century has come and gone. The drums and tramplings of more than half its years have passed over the grave of Francis Scott Key. Here at last he rests forever. Here at last his tomb is fitly made. When his eyes closed upon the scenes of this life, their last gaze beheld the ensign of the republic "full-high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured." If happily they were spared the spectacle of a severed Union, and "a land rent by civil feud and drenched in fraternal blood," it may be that somewhere beyond the stars his gentle spirit now looks down upon a nation awakened from its sleep of death and restored to its greater and its better self, known and honored, as never before throughout the world.

THE AMERICAN FLAG[1]

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795–1820)

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun,
  She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strike the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven.
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory!

[1] From "The Culprit Fay and Other Poems." Published by George Dearborn, New York, 1835.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall:
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

THE SYMBOL OF OUR NATION[1]

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813–1887)

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag, the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely: there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too; and until recently, wherever it has streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes. For until lately the American flag has been the symbol of Liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or

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[1] Mr. Beecher was the most distinguished and popular preacher of his generation. During the Civil War he represented the spirit of America to England, and in the years following led the religious thought and popular conscience of his own time.

From "The National Flag," in "Freedom and War." Published by Ticknor and Field, Boston, 1863.

went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles, or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the Banner of Dawn; it means *Liberty*.

Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner; they were men that had taken their lives in their hands and consecrated all their worldly possessions — for what? For the doctrines and for the personal fact, of liberty — for the right of *all* men to liberty.

If any one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him, It means just what Concord and Lexington meant; what Bunker Hill meant; it means the whole glorious Revolutionary War, which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known, the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

The history of this banner is all on the side of rational liberty. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands of West Point; it floated over old Fort Mont-

gomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner. It cheered our army, driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimages through New Jersey. This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation.

And when at length the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington, while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggle ended with victory.

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine is its meaning! In all the world is there another banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once, in all the earth made to stoop to despotism!

Accept it, then, in all its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the government. It is the free people that stand *in* the government, *on* the Constitution. Forget not what it means; and for the sake of its ideas, rather than its mere emblazonry, be true to your country's flag. By your hands lift it; but let your lifting be no holiday display. It must be advanced "*because of the truth.*"

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY[1]

WILBUR DICK NESBIT (1871–)

Your flag and my flag!
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white —
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright —
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
And oh, how much it holds —
Your land and my land —
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red and blue and white.
The one flag — the great flag — the flag for me and you —
Glorified all else beside — the red and white and blue!

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!

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[1] From "The Trail to Boyland," by Wilbur D. Nesbit. Copyright, 1904, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Used by special permission of the publishers.

Your flag and my flag —
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope —
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

FLAG ETIQUETTE[1]

ADJUTANT GENERAL H. P. MCCAIN

Many inquiries concerning the proper method of displaying, hanging, and saluting the United States flag are being received in the War Department, with the evident object of securing some authoritative statement relating to the subject.

In this connection it should be remarked that while it is within the province of the War Department to prescribe rules and regulations governing the matter in question for observance within the Army, yet it is beyond its province to prescribe any such rules or regulations for the guidance of civilians or to undertake to decide questions concerning the subject that are presented by civilians.

There is no Federal law now in force pertaining to the manner of displaying, hanging, or saluting the United States flag or prescribing any ceremonies that should be observed in connection therewith. In fact there are but two Federal laws on the statute books that have any bearing upon this subject, one the act of Congress approved February 20, 1905 (33 Stat., L., p. 725), providing that a trademark cannot be registered which consists of

[1] Complete text of "Flag Circular" issued by the War Department, Adjutant General's Office, April 14, 1917.

or comprises, inter alia, "the flag, coat of arms, or other insignia of the United States, or any simulation thereof," and the other the act of Congress approved February 8, 1917 (Public — No. 305 — 64th Congress), providing certain penalties for the desecration, mutilation, or improper use of the flag *within the District of Columbia.* Several States of the Union have enacted laws which have more or less bearing upon the general subject, and it seems probable that many counties and municipalities have also passed ordinances concerning the matter, to govern action within their own jurisdiction.

Warning against desecration of the American flag by aliens has been issued by the Department of Justice, which has sent the following notice to Federal attorneys and marshals:

"Any alien enemy tearing down, mutilating, abusing, or desecrating the United States flag in any way will be regarded as a danger to the public peace or safety within the meaning of regulation 12 of the proclamation of the President issued April 6, 1917, and will be subject to summary arrest and punishment."

It is the practice in the Army, each day in the year, to hoist the flag briskly at sunrise, irrespective of the condition of the weather, and to lower it slowly and ceremoniously at sunset, indicating the commencement and cessation of the activities of the day, and to display it at half staff on Memorial Day (May 30) from sunrise until noon and at full staff from noon until sunset, and also on other days specially designated for that purpose by the proper authority, the flag always being first hoisted to the top of the staff before being lowered to the half staff position.

There has been some question among civilians con-

cerning the exact location of a flag hung at "half staff." Theoretically, the flag is always hung on a separate staff, much shorter than the staffs usually erected on buildings, and as a consequence a flag hung at half staff would be located much higher on the ordinary flagstaff than under the present practice, but still the custom of placing the half-staffed flag in about the center of the flagpole, whatever its length may be, is rather generally observed throughout the country, and this Department sees no real objection to this custom.

Considerable discussion has arisen throughout the country concerning the proper manner of hanging and displaying the flag for decorative purposes. As already stated, there is no Federal law governing the subject, and individual opinion differs as to the procedure that should or should not be followed. It has been suggested that as far as possible the hanging of the flag should be restricted to suspending it from a flagpole, in the regular way, and not to displaying it otherwise; that for purposes of decoration only the national colors should be arranged in the form of bunting and not used in the form of the flag; that if it is nevertheless the desire to use the flag for decorative purposes, it should always be hung flat whether on the inside or the outside of buildings, with the union to the north or east, so that there will be a general uniformity in the position of the union of each flag displayed; that the flag should rarely be displayed in a horizontal position or laid flat; that under no circumstances should it be hung where it can easily be contaminated or soiled, or be draped over chairs or benches to be used for seating purposes, and that no object or emblem of any kind should be placed above or upon it. This Department sees no objection to flying the flag at

night on civilian property, provided it is not so flown for advertising purposes.

It is becoming the practice throughout the country, among civilians, to display the national flag on all patriotic occasions, especially on the following days:

Lincoln's Birthday,	February 12
Washington's Birthday,	February 22
Mothers' Day,	Second Sunday in May
Memorial Day,	May 30
Flag Day,	June 14
Independence Day,	July 4

In certain localities other special days are observed in the same manner.

It seems to be appropriate that where several flags or emblems are displayed on a pole, or otherwise, the United States flag should always be hoisted first and hung or displayed at the top; that in any parade the United States flag should always have the place of honor, and that the flag should never be hung or displayed with the union down except as a signal of distress at sea.

Existing regulations governing the Army provide that when officers and enlisted men pass the national flag, not encased, they will render honors as follows: If in civilian dress and covered, they will uncover, holding the headdress opposite the left shoulder with the right hand; if uncovered, they will salute with the right-hand salute. A flag unfurled and hung in a room in which officers or enlisted men of the Army are present will be saluted by them the first time they may have occasion to pass it, but not thereafter. The hand salute is as follows:

"Raise the right hand smartly till the tip of the forefinger touches the lower part of the headdress above the

right eye, thumb and fingers extended and joined, palm to left, forearm inclined to about forty-five degrees, hand and wrist straight; at the same time look toward the person saluted.

"Drop the arm smartly to the side."

No anthem, hymn, or musical air has been recognized by any Federal law as the national anthem, hymn, or air, but Army and Navy regulations provide that the musical composition familiarly known as "The Star-Spangled Banner" shall be recognized as the national air of the United States of America. It should be stated, however, that these regulations are binding only upon the personnel of the military and naval service.

Whenever the national air is played at any place where persons belonging to the military or naval service are present, all officers and enlisted men not in formation are required to stand at attention, facing toward the music, excepting when the flag is being lowered at sunset, on which occasion they are required to face toward the flag. If in civilian dress and uncovered, they are required to stand and salute at the first note of the air, retaining the position of salute until the last note of the air is played. If in civilian dress and covered, they are required to stand and uncover at the first note of the air, holding the headdress opposite the left shoulder until the last note is played, excepting in inclement weather, when the headdress may be held slightly raised. The custom of rising and remaining standing and uncovered while "The Star-Spangled Banner" is being played is growing in favor among civilians.

Old or worn-out flags should not be used either for banners or for any secondary purpose. When a flag is in such a condition that it is no longer a fitting emblem for

display, it should not be cast aside nor used in any way that might be viewed as disrespectful to the national colors, but should be destroyed as a whole, privately, preferably by burning or by some other method lacking in any suggestion of irreverence or disrespect due the emblem representing our country.

It should be borne in mind that the views set forth in this circular are merely suggestive, and that it is not the intention of the Department to give them out as authoritative.

THE MAKERS OF THE FLAG[1]

Franklin Knight Lane (1864–)

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in

[1] Address delivered by Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson's Cabinet, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, at Washington, D.C., on Flag Day, 1914. Used by permission of the author.

New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY[1]

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (1853–1917)

I

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue, —
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?
Who gave you that name with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead —
By day or by night
Their delightfullest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory? — say, who —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then,
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

II

Old Glory, — speak out! — we are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild, breezy way —

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[1] From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley, Vol. V. Copyright, 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

We — the *crowd*, every man of us calling you that —
We — Tom, Dick, and Harry — each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When — *Lord!* — we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all,
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone. —
And this is the reason we're wanting to know —
(And we're wanting it *so!* —
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)
Who gave you the name of Old Glory — Oho! —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.

III

Old Glory, the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were, —
For your name — just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear; —
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.

IV

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead —
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod, —
My name is as old as the glory of God.
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

VIII. AMERICANS ALL

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD[1]

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (1833–1908)

Warden at ocean's gate,
  Thy feet on sea and shore,
Like one the skies await
  When time shall be no more!
What splendors crown thy brow,
What bright dread angel Thou,
  Dazzling the waves before
    Thy station great?

"My name is Liberty!
  From out a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
  I lift to God my hand;
By day in Heaven's light,
A pillar of fire by night,
  At ocean's gate I stand
    Nor bend the knee.

"The dark Earth lay in sleep,
  Her children crouched forlorn,
Ere on the western steep
  I sprang to height, reborn;

[1] Stedman, who is remembered both for his poetry and his critical essays on American literature, is often called the banker-poet. He was a banker in Wall Street for over thirty years.

From Poems of Edmund Clarence Stedman. Copyright, 1908, by Laura Stedman. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

Then what a joyous shout
The quickened lands gave out,
  And all the choir of morn
    Sang anthems deep.

"Beneath yon firmament
  The New World to the Old
My sword and summons sent,
  My azure flag unrolled:
The Old World's hands renew
Their strength; the form ye view
  Came from a living mold
    In glory blent.

"O ye, whose broken spars
  Tell of the storms ye met,
Enter! fear not the bars
  Across your pathway set;
Enter at Freedom's porch,
For you I lift my torch,
  For you my coronet
    Is rayed with stars.

"But ye that hither draw
  To desecrate my fee,
Nor yet have held in awe
  The justice that makes free, —
Avaunt, ye darkling brood!
By Right my house hath stood:
  My name is Liberty,
    My throne is Law."

O wonderful and bright,
  Immortal Freedom, hail!

Front, in thy fiery might,
The midnight and the gale;
Undaunted on this base
Guard well thy dwelling-place:
Till the last sun grow pale
Let there be Light!

AMERICA[1]

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825–1878)

Foreseen in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living fed!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to Man;
Justice, that knew no station,
Belief, as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed!

[1] From "The National Ode," delivered in Independence Square, Philadelphia, July 4, 1876. From facsimile copy sent by the author to Joseph R. Osgood & Co., Boston, July 5, 1876.

She takes but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And, broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite;
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan:
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman:
She makes it glory, now, to be a man!

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

Jacob Riis (1849–1914)

I have told the story of the making of an American. There remains to tell how I found out that he was made and finished at last. It was when I went back to see

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[1] Jacob Riis came to this country from Denmark as a young man and made his own way, becoming in course of time widely known as a writer and as a worker for the betterment of social conditions for the poor of New York City.

From the author's autobiography, published under the title, "The Making of an American." Copyright, 1901, by The Macmillan Company, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

my mother once more, and, wandering about the country of my childhood's memories, had come to the city of Elsinore. There I fell ill of a fever and lay many weeks in the house of a friend upon the shore of the beautiful Oeresund. One day when the fever had left me, they rolled my bed into a room overlooking the sea. The sunlight danced upon the waves, and the distant mountains of Sweden were blue against the horizon. Ships passed under full sail up and down the great waterway of the nations. But the sunshine and the peaceful day bore no message to me. I lay moodily picking at the coverlet, sick and discouraged and sore — I hardly knew why, myself. Until all at once there sailed past, close inshore, a ship flying at the top the flag of freedom, blown out on the breeze till every star in it shone bright and clear. That moment I knew. Gone were illness, discouragement, and gloom! Forgotten weakness and suffering, the cautions of doctor and nurse! I sat up in bed and shouted, laughed, and cried by turns, waving my handkerchief to the flag out there. They thought I had lost my head, but I told them, No, thank God, I had found it and my heart, too, at last. I knew then that it was my flag; that my children's home was mine indeed; that I also had become an American in truth. And I thanked God, and, like unto the man sick of the palsy, arose from my bed and went home healed.

AMERICANS OF FOREIGN BIRTH[1]

WOODROW WILSON (1856–)

This is the only country in the world which experiences this constant and repeated rebirth. Other countries depend upon the multiplication of their own native people. This country is constantly drinking strength out of new sources by the voluntary association with it of great bodies of strong men and forward-looking women out of other lands. And so by the gift of the free will of independent people it is being constantly renewed from generation to generation by the same process by which it was originally created. It is as if humanity had determined to see to it that this great Nation, founded for the benefit of humanity, should not lack for the allegiance of the people of the world.

You have just taken an oath of allegiance to the United States. Of allegiance to whom? Of allegiance to no one, unless it be God — certainly not of allegiance to those who temporarily represent this great Government. You have taken an oath of allegiance to a great ideal, to a great body of principles, to a great hope of the human race. You have said, "We are going to America not only to earn a living, not only to seek the things which it was more difficult to obtain where we were born, but to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit — to let men know that everywhere in the world there are men who will cross strange oceans and go where a speech is spoken which is alien to them if they can but satisfy their quest for what their spirits crave; knowing that whatever the speech there is but one longing and utterance of the human

[1] From an address delivered before a gathering of recently naturalized citizens at Convention Hall, Philadelphia, May 10, 1915.

heart, and that is for liberty and justice." And while you bring all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you — bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulders and seeking to perpetuate what you intended to leave behind in them. I certainly would not be one even to suggest that a man cease to love the home of his birth and the nation of his origin — these things are very sacred and ought not to be put out of our hearts — but it is one thing to love the place where you were born and it is another thing to dedicate yourself to the place to which you go. You can not dedicate yourself to America unless you become in every respect and with every purpose of your will thorough Americans. You can not become thorough Americans if you think of yourselves in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who thinks of himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become an American, and the man who goes among you to trade upon your nationality is no worthy son to live under the Stars and Stripes.

My urgent advice to you would be, not only always to think first of America, but always, also, to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred. I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow-men. He has lost the touch and ideal of America, for America was created to unite mankind by those passions which lift and not by the passions which separate and debase. We came to America, either ourselves or in the persons of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men, to make them see finer things than they had seen before,

to get rid of the things that divide and to make sure of the things that unite. It was but an historical accident no doubt that this great country was called the "United States"; yet I am very thankful that it has that word "United" in its title, and the man who seeks to divide man from man, group from group, interest from interest in this great Union is striking at its very heart.

It is a very interesting circumstance to me, in thinking of those of you who have just sworn allegiance to this great Government, that you were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us. Some of us are very disappointing. No doubt you have found that justice in the United States goes only with a pure heart and a right purpose as it does everywhere else in the world. No doubt what you found here did not seem touched for you, after all, with the complete beauty of the ideal which you had conceived beforehand. But remember this: If we had grown at all poor in the ideal, you had brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. That is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome. If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me. I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise. Just because you brought dreams with you

America is more likely to realize dreams such as you brought. You are enriching us if you came expecting us to be better than we are.

See, my friends, what that means. It means that Americans must have a consciousness different from the consciousness of every other nation in the world. I am not saying this with even the slightest thought of criticism of other nations. You know how it is with a family. A family gets centered on itself if it is not careful and is less interested in the neighbors than it is in its own members. So a nation that is not constantly renewed out of new sources is apt to have the narrowness and prejudice of a family; whereas, America must have this consciousness, that on all sides it touches elbows and touches hearts with all the nations of mankind. The example of America must be a special example. The example of America must be the example not merely of peace because it will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.

You have come into this great Nation voluntarily seeking something that we have to give, and all that we have to give is this: We can not exempt you from work. No man is exempt from work anywhere in the world. We can not exempt you from the strife and the heart-breaking burden of the struggle of the day — that is common to mankind everywhere; we can not exempt you from the loads that you must carry. We can only make them light by the spirit in which they are carried. That is the spirit of hope, it is the spirit of liberty, it is the spirit of justice.

THE FOREIGNER IN A DEMOCRACY[1]

CARL SCHURZ (1829–1906)

One of the most interesting experiences of life in those young Western communities with not a few of which I became well acquainted, was the observation of the educational influence exercised by active local self-government. I met there a great many foreign-born persons who in their native countries had been accustomed to look up to the government as a superior power which, in the order of the universe, was ordained to do everything — or nearly everything — for them, and to whose superhuman wisdom and indisputable authority they had to submit. Such people, of course, brought no conception of the working of democratic institutions with them, and there is sometimes much speculation on the part of our political philosophers as to how the newcomers can safely be intrusted here with any rights or privileges permitting them to participate in the functions of the government. In point of fact, there will be very little, if any, serious trouble whenever such people are placed in a situation in which they will actually be obliged to take an active and re-

[1] Carl Schurz was a distinguished American soldier, statesman, and liberal political leader. He was born in Germany in 1829. He engaged in the revolutionary movement in 1848, in consequence of which he was forced to flee from his native land, and he emigrated to the United States in 1852. He became a general in the Civil War, served as ambassador to several European countries, as member of the Cabinet of President Hayes, as senator, and always as a leader of liberal political and progressive social movements. Schurz represents the best contributions of the immigrant citizen to the country of his free choice.

From "The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," Vol. II. Copyright, 1907, by the McClure Company. Used by permission of the publishers and of Carl L. Schurz, Esq.

sponsible part in the government respecting those affairs which immediately concern them — things in which they are intimately interested. Plant such persons in communities which are still in an inchoate formative state, where the management of the public business in the directest possible way, visibly touches the home of every inhabitant, and where everybody feels himself imperatively called upon to give attention to it for the protection or promotion of his own interests, and people ever so little used to that sort of thing will take to democratic self-government as a duck takes to water. They may do so somewhat clumsily at first and make grievous mistakes, but those very mistakes with their disagreeable consequences will serve to sharpen the wits of those who desire to learn — which every person of average intelligence, who feels himself responsible for his own interests, desires to do. In other words, practice upon one's own responsibility is the best if not the only school of self-government. What is sometimes called the "art of self-government" is not learned by masses of people theoretically, nor even by the mere presentation of other people's experiences by way of instructive example. Practice is the only really effective teacher. Other methods of instruction will rather retard, if not altogether prevent, the development of the self-governing capacity, because they will serve to weaken the sense of responsibility and self-reliance.

In discussing the merits of self-government we are apt to commit the error of claiming that self-government furnishes the best possible — that is, the wisest and at the same time most economical — kind of government as to the practical administration of public affairs, for it does not. There is no doubt that a despot, if he were supremely wise, absolutely just, benevolent, and unselfish, might

furnish a community, as far as the practical working of the administrative machinery goes, better government than the majority of the citizens subject to changeable currents of public opinion — in all things except one. But this one thing is of the highest importance. Self-government as an administrator is subject to criticism for many failures. But it is impossible to overestimate self-government as an educator. The foreign observer in America is at once struck by the fact that the average of intelligence, as the intelligence manifests itself in the spirit of inquiry, in the interest taken in a great variety of things, and in alertness and judgment, is much higher among the masses here than anywhere else. This is certainly not owing to any superiority of the public school system in this country — or, if such superiority exists, not to that alone — but rather to the fact that here the individual is constantly brought into interested contact with a greater variety of things, and is admitted to active participation in the exercise of functions which in other countries are left to the care of a superior authority. I have frequently been struck by the remarkable expansion of the horizon effected by a few years of American life, in the minds of immigrants who had come from somewhat benighted regions, and by the mental enterprise and keen discernment with which they took hold of problems which, in their comparatively torpid condition in their native countries, they had never thought of. It is true that, in our large cities with congested population, self-government as an educator does not always bring forth the most desirable results, partly owing to the circumstance that government, in its various branches, is there further removed from the individual, so that he comes into contact with it and exercises his influence upon it only through

variable, and sometimes questionable, intermediary agencies, which frequently exert a very demoralizing influence. But my observations and experiences in the young West, although no doubt I saw not a few things to be regretted, on the whole greatly strengthened my faith in the democratic principle. It was with a feeling of religious devotion that I took part in Fourth of July celebrations, the principal feature of which then consisted in the solemn reading of the Declaration of Independence before the assembled multitude; and the principal charm the anti-slavery cause had for me consisted in its purpose to make the principles proclaimed by that Declaration as true in the universality of practical application as they were true in theory. And there was the realization of the ideal I had brought with me from the luckless struggles for free government in my native land.

THE LOYALTY OF THE FOREIGN BORN[1]

M. E. RAVAGE (1884–)

What does America mean to me, to the immigrant generally, with his manifold attachments, his double culture, his composite point of view as an outsider and an insider at one and the same time?

I am glad the question has at last been raised. For a whole century you have been seeking and listening attentively to the conflicting opinions of foreign travelers and critics on your institutions and character. But there was a foreigner right here who had come to America not

[1] An extract from an article published under this title in the *Century Magazine* for June, 1917. Used by permission of the publishers and the author.

as a sight-seer, but as a settler, not as a guest, but as an invader, not to look you over, but to make you over. Did you ever stop to ask him what his views of you were? Did you, indeed, think that he had any? Because the immigrant was inarticulate you concluded, I fear, that he was insensible. He was dumb, and you thought him blind and deaf as well. Yet all the time, while you were ignoring him or making good-humored jokes about him or pitying him a little, he went his way, very much on the alert, registering impressions, making mental notes, and laboriously piecing out a picture of America which, as I shall endeavor to show you, is fundamentally at variance with your own, if not hopelessly antagonistic to it.

How this picture of America originated in my mind — for I am one of your alien Americans — and what it is like, it will be hard for you to grasp until you have first understood the causes that impelled me to forsake my ancient home and to accept voluntary exile in yours. No one, I assure you, embarks upon the adventure in a light-hearted mood. In one sense it is precisely as my native friend puts it — I was driven into exile. Not from without, pray understand, but from within. My own rebellious spirit was the spur. I revolted against the Old World — against its folly, its insolence, its degradation. From birth onward I had been made a victim of every species of discrimination, of poverty, of oppression. I suffered unendurably from the military, the gendarme, the taxgatherer; from ignorance, from bigotry, from snobbishness. As long as I was a child I submitted to it all unquestioningly as to the order of nature. I took hunger as a punishment from Heaven, and religious persecution as a divine testing of my faith.

When I asked why my family was deprived of its bread-winner for months at a time, and why he was compelled to drill in maneuvers, and why a strange man with a badge came to our house to ask for money, and took away our table silver and our pillows when it was not forthcoming, my mother told me with tears in her eyes that it was the law, and I asked no more. But as I grew to manhood I began to see these things differently. I began to see that class distinctions were stupid, that oppression was an impertinence, that poverty was an affront to the dignity of human beings. And I came to despise the Old World, with its mischievous egotism called nationality, its narrowness, its distrusts, its prejudices, its willful blindness to the clear destiny of the race, its obdurate opposition to the aspirations of the mass of mankind. I wanted violently to lay hands on the whole outworn pile and set it tumbling. But as I could not do that, I emigrated to the New World. . . .

I emigrated because I had gained a new faith. America to me was not a nation. I did not come here in search of a new nationality. She was not even a country. She was an ideal. It seemed to me that humanity had started out wrongly in the Old World, had erred and blundered and floundered to its own destruction; then a handful of choice spirits had risen in arms against the decayed tradition of Europe, determined that humanity should have a new start. And ever since that time the dreamers and the rebels and the heroes of all nations had beaten a fanlike convergence of paths to her gates. She had become the model of revolution and the Mecca of revolutionists, from France to China, and from Kosciuszko and the forty-eighters to the modern Russian *bundist.* America was not merely the New World: she was the

new life. What was taking place here was not the establishment of a new nationality, but the very antithesis of all nationality. The American people were an international society of lovers of liberty. They were the hope of mankind. They were, in truth, the chosen people, the elect of all the nations of the earth.

This startling departure in the affairs of the world had given expression of itself in several notable instances. There could be no mistaking the genuineness of America's mission. The hunted, starving Irish had been welcomed and fed and their battered souls nursed here. The Jew, for centuries misunderstood and mocked and suppressed, and heaped with every indignity, the stepchild of the nations, the target of the bigot, the safety valve of the tyrant and the reactionary — the Jew likewise had been fraternally received into this all-embracing society, and allowed, for the first time in the history of his long, heroic exile, to live in peace and usefulness. America had engaged in two wars, one for the liberation of the negro from her own backsliding States, the other to free the Cuban from the yoke of the Spaniard. She had even gone the length of meddling with the private affairs of foreign lands by abrogating the treaty with Russia and by sending a now famous note to Rumania, much to the amusement of the astute diplomats of Europe and the shrugging of their discreet shoulders. America seemed resolved to become the quixotic champion of the under dog, a knight-errant among the nations. To become one of such a society, I felt no price was too high.

To one arriving in America the first breath of her air was like a confirmation of faith. The reality, indeed, seemed like a wild exaggeration of all my dreams. Beside

this, what a poor, dwarfed thing it was that fancy had pictured! The atmosphere of America was charged with revolution. Here one heard as much of liberty and democracy and the inalienable rights of the people as of *Kultur* in Germany or of the empire in England. For the Old World, with its kings and its nobles, its armies and its wars, its prejudices and its intolerance, there was that contemptuous irreverence that the enthusiast of a new, burning faith has for the unconverted. I was in the midst of a world of kindred spirits. I went to an Independence Day meeting, and was amazed at the fiery utterances made there by apparently respectable people in high hats and frock coats; I listened with a heaving of the heart to the enumeration of my limitless privileges as a sovereign of the republic; and my teeth chattered at the thought that any moment the policeman who was hovering in the background might seize the inflammatory orator by the collar and clap him into jail. But I glanced around, and saw that the policeman was yawning, seemingly bored to extinction. The heresies of Europe had become the commonplaces of America.

There was no government in America that anybody could see, — none, at any rate, of the obtrusive, interfering, inquisitory kind that had been the bane of my life at home. What there was of it occupied itself in distributing cigars and mailing garden seeds and bulletins, a government of helpful servants altogether in harmony with my theories as to what a government should be. That was perhaps the most striking evidence of the radical departure the New World had taken from the ways of Europe. America seemed dedicated to the task of proving to mankind by her own actual practice that a people may manage its common affairs without force or panic and with

only a minimum of the creaking machinery that elsewhere was thought so indispensable. To be sure, there was a White House in Washington, with a good deal of the paraphernalia and the gold lace of officialism, and there were American representatives abroad dabbling in diplomacy, and a shadow of an army was lounging in out-of-the-way barracks; but all this was no more than a decent concession to the usages of mankind, the youthful inspired giant deferring to the weaknesses of senility, as a philosopher might submit to the cramping absurdity of a dress suit when addressing a gathering of fashionable old ladies. The spirit of American institutions was new and different. . . .

I do not know what Americanism is if it is not a prejudice in favor of the under dog. Have you not observed this tendency in the foreign-born American? Has it ever struck you that your agitators and your radicals and your trouble makers are, for the most part, intelligent "foreigners"? If you have noticed it, have you asked yourself why? I will tell you why. At least I can give you two broad hints. First, it is because the immigrant is, as I have, I hope, made clear to you, a revolutionist. He at least is a thoroughgoing democrat. He wants American life to be as free as its promise. Rightly or wrongly, he looks upon himself as the spiritual descendant of the founders of the republic, and in his point of view he is carrying forward the great American tradition of liberty, justice, and equality from the realm of politics to the domain of economy. For this reason you cannot consistently quarrel with him. He is taking you at your word. He is naïve enough to believe in your revolutionary protestations; and while you may declare him a simpleton and a nuisance, you cannot, I think,

save your face and be severe with him as a criminal. And, secondly, the immigrant American is almost invariably of the under-dog class himself. He it is who digs your subways and mines your coal and carts your garbage and builds your roads and your railways. He does the better part of your physical dirty work. Wherefore, no matter where fortune may land him, no matter to what class he may ultimately belong, spiritually he will remain of the hand-to-mouth order with whom he started. . . .

But the spirit of America is as vital as ever. The *esprit de corps* of a people is something distinct from the sum of all its individual wills. You must add the factor of tradition, a certain intangible quantity that hovers in the air, to balance the equation. I took stock of America's policy in her dealings with foreign peoples, and told myself exultantly that here, without a doubt, was a definite break with the Machiavellian tactics of Old World diplomacy. Conceive, if you can, of any European chancellery giving as much as a tolerant ear to the just demands of an outraged state of the insignificance of Colombia. I never tire of contrasting our own behavior with China in the Boxer indemnity case, in the four-power loan incident, and in a multitude of lesser relations, with that of the great powers toward that nation. Our godlike patience with an obstreperous, distraught neighbor like Mexico, our determination in the face of intolerable provocation and temptation to be fair and just and magnanimous toward the weak, is humane to the point of quixotism. No wonder the trained diplomats of other continents laugh at us, and our own fire-eaters gnash their teeth. And it is not hard to imagine the merriment of those world politicians at our philanthropic adventure in the Philip-

pines. "Schoolmastering," I can hear them say, "is not building an empire." But America is happily not intent on "expansion."

Internally the spirit of America exhibits itself quite as strikingly. I read and reread the President's recent address to the Senate,[1] and my mind can scarcely credit my eyes. No European in a high government position would ever dream of making any such "wild, visionary" assertions. They would not enter his head. His entire training and antecedents and outlook would make the thing impossible. Even an unofficial person would think twice before making himself liable to be sent to Siberia or at least to Coventry. It is the sort of thing that the initiated scoff at and label idealistic, amateurish, revolutionary. But that is one of the distinctive peculiarities of America, that her officials are often revolutionists. The people who in Russia and Rumania, and even in Germany and France, would be the ragged, suspected, underground "enemies of society" are in America at the rudder of affairs. A fantastic dreamer with silly notions about the treatment of criminals is here made the warden of the principal prison in the foremost State of the Union. A quiet, literary gentleman, a sociologist of the millennium, is the commissioner of immigration at the chief port of entry to the United States. A radical publicist, an enemy of exploitation of poor by rich, becomes a judge in the highest court in the land. A rabid preaching reformer, whose ideas of government would land him in a Russian jail, is elected to the mayoralty of a great city. And to cap the climax of the whole incredible business, the chief executive of the Union is a university doctrinaire, a philosophical student of statecraft, a theorist with a passion for showing up the accepted stupidities of the

[1] January 22, 1917.

traditional notions of internal and international government for the musty shams they are.

Now, these are expressions — all too rare, alas! — of that spirit of American humanity for which I have renounced the heritage of my fathers and accepted exile among you here. To this I am loyal with all the strength, not of unreasoning love, but of conviction. For this I am ready to shed my blood and to do battle against my own brothers, just as your ancestors fought against their mother country. It is my religion, my faith in a higher destiny for the race of man; and woe to him who dares attack it in the vain hope of transplanting to this new soil the seed of European discord and disaster! I may be mistaken in my faith; perhaps the splendid hope of democracy by which I lay such great store is only a foolish dream. All the same, it is the only bond of union between you and me. It is the basic principle upon which the great international society of America is built, and as long as it retains its semblance of reality, you have my whole-hearted support. As soon as you have convinced me that that principle is menaced, you need have no doubts of my loyalty.

FROM ALIEN TO CITIZEN[1]

EDWARD A. STEINER (1866–)

On a certain never-to-be-forgotten day I walked to the county seat, about seven miles away, to get my papers.

[1] Mr. Steiner is a sociologist and author of distinction who migrated from Bohemia to this country after graduating from the University. He is now professor in Grinnell College, Iowa.

From "From Alien to Citizen." Copyright, 1914, by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

What seemed to me should be a sacred rite proved to be an uninspiring performance. I entered a dingy office where a commonplace man, chewing tobacco, mumbled an oath which I repeated. Then he handed me a document for which I paid two dollars. When I held the long-coveted paper in my hands, the inspiring moment came, but it transpired in my own soul.

"Fellow citizen with the saints! Fellow citizen with the saints!" I repeated it many times all to myself.

I scarcely noticed the straight, monotonous seven miles back. I was traveling a much longer road; I was reviewing my whole life. Far away across the ocean I saw a little village in the Carpathian Mountains, with its conglomerate of warring races among which I had lived, a despised "Jew boy." Loving them all, I was hated by all.

I heard the flogging of the poor Slovak peasants, the agonized cries of Jewish men and women incarcerated in their homes, while these same peasants, inflamed by alcohol but still more by prejudice, were breaking windows and burning down houses.

I saw myself growing into boyhood more and more separated from my playmates, until I lived, a youth without friends, growing into a "man without a country."

Again I felt the desolation of the voyage on the sea, relived the sweatshop in New York, the hard labor in mill and mine, tramped across the plains and suffered anew all the agonies of the homeless, hungry days in Chicago. Then came the time when faith began to grow and the Christ became real: the reaction from a rigid theology and a distasteful, dogmatic atmosphere. After that, once more a stranger in a strange but holy place, and then a "fellow citizen with the saints!" "Fellow citizen with the saints!"

It is no wonder that strangers like myself love this country, and love it, perhaps, as the native never can. Frequently I have wished for the careless American citizen, who holds his franchise cheap, an experience like my own, that he might know the value of a freeman's birthright. It would be a glorious experience, I am sure, to feel that transition from subject to citizen, from scarcely being permitted to say "I," to those collective words: "We, fellow citizens."

CONFESSING THE HYPHEN[1]

EDWARD A. STEINER

I am in the enviable position, denied most of my kind, in which, before my peers, I can present my cause; and I plead guilty to the charge of being a hyphenated American according to Webster — not according to Roosevelt, I am proud of the fact and happy in it. . . . That I was born in another country, subject of a monarch, I was, for certain well-established reasons, unable to avoid. To my credit be it stated that as soon as I discovered my deplorable condition I sought to make amends in the only way I knew; the way taken by millions before and after me — emigrating to a country which was generous enough to admit us all.

Not only did that country admit us to her shores, she did not bar our way into her "Holy of Holies." Thus we were bound to her so closely that we became "hyphenated" before we knew it, wedded to her "for better and

[1] From "Confessions of a Hyphenated American." Copyright, 1916, by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

for worse, for richer and for poorer"; married to her as swiftly as marriages take place in this country, where everything is frightfully accelerated.

We were bound to her with a sense of loyalty and devotion which the native-born American cannot always feel. What she has done for us is sufficient to bind us to her "till death us do part."

Again speaking for myself, I had quite forgotten that I possessed even the innocent hyphen, as interpreted by Webster, not by Roosevelt. There was not a drop of American blood in my veins when I landed in New York scarcely thirty years ago. Yet I can say today without a bit of cant, which I always detest, and which is doubly detestable in these trying days, that if you drained every drop of my blood — and I am willing to give the last drop, if needed, if thus my words might be proved — you would find in my veins American blood only.

I regarded myself as so thoroughly an American that I forgot the very names of the ships on which I chronically migrated and remembered only one of them, which it seemed had brought me here — the *Mayflower*. Whenever I returned to the land of my birth it was like going to a foreign country. When I stood before the Emperor's palace in the city of Vienna, with no great patriotic emotions stirring in my breast, I could hear the questioning voice of the poet ringing accusingly in my ears:

> Breathes there the man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said
> "This is my own, my native land"?

and I had to admit that I was the miserable wretch whose existence he doubted.

When my face was turned westward, and the odors of the steerage filled my nostrils, then indeed I knew that

I was going home, and the Alpine horn from the mountains, snow-crowned and glorious, had no such welcoming sound as the fog horn from the low dunes at Sandy Hook.

How often I have stood among thousands of my kind on the great ships, out of which millions of us were born, full-grown, into this new land. Men and women were there, going back to their native land from which they thought themselves as yet unweaned. Many of them, more successful than I, were returning with small fortunes which they intended to spend in the towns and villages where they were born and where they expected to die. They soon discovered, however, that they were pilgrims and sojourners in the land of their birth and again they were seeking another country, "even an Heavenly"; or, to use the language of the street, they wanted to get back to "God's Country."

I have been a chronic immigrant, following so frequently the trail worn by millions of weary feet across this continent that it has become a sort of "White Way" for me, straighter than that on Broadway, and not so dangerous. I have visited every foreign colony between Angel Gate on the Pacific and Hell Gate on the Atlantic; and while I have found the mother tongue surviving in mutilated form among the older generation, and discovered that the most loyal part of our anatomy, the stomach, still craves for the leeks and garlics of the homeland, I have also found the Spirit of America brooding over these aliens, wooing them and winning them, while but very few do not finally yield it full allegiance.

I have guided many distinguished foreign guests who came here to study the strange ways of this country which they had called the Dollar Land. If they were discerning, and some of them were, they discovered that this

country is held together by a finer metal than gold and by a nobler symbol than the eagle of our coinage.

They found that although there have come here in the last twenty years some thirteen millions of aliens, broken bits, torn patches of all nationalities and races, we are being knitted to one another as a nation. At no time in our history has the sense of nationality been stronger, and never before were we more truly the United States of America than now.

These students of our national life were amazed and confounded as they observed the change in the expression, bearing, and deportment of the peoples whom they knew in the Old World as sullen, rebellious, suspicious, and incapable of cohesion.

AMERICA ALONE [1]

Rudolph Blankenburg (1843–1918)

I came from foreign shores to find a home here, and I know what it is to love another land; but I want to urge upon you that you must love America first of all. With the high privilege of citizenship in this great country go responsibilities. You must dedicate yourselves from this day to America alone.

In forswearing allegiance to the potentate of the land from which you came, you must give yourself utterly to the United States. Let your motto be "America first, last, and all the time." No matter what may happen in the world at large, no matter what befalls the

[1] From a speech made by Mayor Blankenburg, a distinguished reform mayor of Philadelphia, welcoming President Wilson to Philadelphia, May 10, 1915.

country you love that you left behind, our first allegiance is to the country of our adoption.

The motto which I accepted long ago as my own is, "Do right and fear not." Don't let any one for a moment divert you from the thought that you are an American forever and nobody's slave. Never let anybody for selfish reasons dictate what you shall do. Let no one, when age shall have come upon you as it has upon me, point to you as one who has been an enemy to his country, who has broken his oath of allegiance!

A FAR JOURNEY[1]

ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

It was no easy task for me on the morning of that 7th of October, 1881, to believe my senses when I first experienced that well-nigh overwhelming feeling that I was really in the great city of New York. As our little party proceeded on across Battery Park up toward Washington Street, I felt the need of new faculties to fit my new environment. A host of questions besieged my mind. Was I really in New York? Was I still my old self, or had some subtle unconscious transformation already taken place in me? Could I utter my political and religious convictions freely, unafraid of either soldier or priest? What were the opportunities of the great New World into which I had just entered? What was awaiting me

[1] Mr. Rihbany is a Congregationalist minister of Boston, who came from Syria to this country as an immigrant, in 1881.

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in America, whose life, as I had been told, was so vast, so complex, and so enlightened? Whatever the future had "of wonder or surprise," it seemed that merely being in the United States was enough of a blessing to call forth my profoundest gratitude.

Nor did I have to wait very long for tangible evidence to convince me that America was the land of liberty and opportunity. On that very evening my eyes beheld a scene so strange and so delightful that I could hardly believe it was real. Sitting in the restaurant early in the evening, we heard, approaching from the direction of "uptown," band music and the heavy tread of a marching multitude which filled the street from curb to curb. Some one, looking out of the window, shouted, "It is the laborers! They are on their way to Battery Park to hold a meeting and demand their rights." That was all that was needed for me to dash out with a few others and follow the procession to the near-by park. I had heard in a very fragmentary way of the "united laborers" in Europe and America, but, while in Syria, and as a Turkish subject, it was almost beyond me to conceive of workingmen in collective moral and political action. The procession was dotted with illuminated banners inscribed with mottoes which I could not read, and the gathering must have been that of some "trade union." Reaching the park the crowd halted, and a huge mass of eager men and a few women faced the impassioned speakers. What those speakers said was beyond my understanding. I was a stranger to the country, the English language, and the political and social activities of free men. From some fellow Syrians who understood English I learned that those workingmen were protesting against certain issues which I cannot now recall. I was intensely interested

in the conduct of the few policemen present. They walked about leisurely around that human mass, toyed with their clubs, and seemed utterly indifferent to all that was going on. The orderly conduct of the meeting and the rational way of protesting against wrongs, real or imaginary, was to me poetry set to music. How I wished I could return to Syria just for a few hours and tell my oppressed countrymen what I had seen in America; just to tell them of the freedom and intelligence of the American laborer, and of his right and ability to convert parks and street corners into lecturing platforms. . . .

I was told while in Syria that in America money could be picked up everywhere. That was not true. But I found that infinitely better things than money — knowledge, freedom, self-reliance, order, cleanliness, sovereign human rights, self-government, and all that these great accomplishments imply — can be picked up everywhere in America by whosoever earnestly seeks them. And those among Americans who are exerting the largest influence toward the solution of the "immigration problem" are, in my opinion, not those who are writing books on "good citizenship," but those who stand before the foreigner as the embodiment of these great ideals.

The occasions on which I was made to feel that I was a foreigner — an alien — were so rare that they are not worth mentioning. My purpose in life, and the large, warm heart of America which opens wide to every person who aspires to be a good and useful citizen, made me forget that there was an "immigration problem" within the borders of this great Commonwealth. . . .

It was in that little town [Elmore, Ohio] also that I first heard "America" sung. The line "Land where my

fathers died" stuck in my throat. I envied every person in that audience who could sing it truthfully. For years afterward, whenever I tried to sing those words, I seemed to myself to be an intruder. At last a new light broke upon my understanding. At last I was led to realize that the fathers of my new and higher self did live and die in America. I was born in Syria as a child, but I was born in America as a man. All those who fought for the freedom I enjoy, for the civic ideals I cherish, for the simple but lofty virtues of the typical American home which I love, were *my fathers!* Therefore, I could sing the words "Land where my fathers died" with as much truth and justice as the words "Land of the pilgrims' pride." . . .

My soul was fired with admiration for the devotion, heroism, and endurance of the American volunteer soldier, of both the North and the South. And oh, the story of Abraham Lincoln! How it opened every vein of sympathy in my nature and awakened in me deep, almost religious reverence for the memory of that "rich and various man." As I read and re-read the records of his journey from a log cabin to the White House, Lincoln seemed to me to be the noblest human example this side the Crucifixion, and the supreme vindication of democracy.

And now to say that my enthusiasm for the martyr President has been sobered down and relieved of its high coloring does by no means indicate a reversal of my youthful estimate of his worth. No, Abraham Lincoln remains to me as one of the great world-builders and saviors of humanity. But my present opinion is that, if humanity is not to be pronounced a failure, no one individual can be so good above all other individuals, nor of sufficiently inclusive greatness, as to be called the noblest human

example and the supreme vindication of democracy. I find the vindication of democracy not only in the career of Lincoln, but also in the million men who left their occupations and responded to his call to arms to defend a national ideal; I find it in the fortitude and sacrificing love of the countless American mothers, wives, and sisters, who bade their men go forth and give their fullest measure of devotion to the homes and altars of their country. I find the supreme vindication of democracy in this nation's survival of the shocks of the greatest civil war in history; in that great historic triumph of reason over the passions in a reunited North and South; in America's millions of happy homes; in its multitudes of schools and libraries, which are "free to all," and in the fact that its power of cohesion is neither that of standing armies, nor yet of superimposed laws, but the intelligence of its citizens and mutual good will among them. I find the vindication of democracy in the marvelous assimilative powers of America through which hosts of aliens are enfranchised in peace and freedom, intellectually, politically, and socially; in the fact that one may travel through the whole vast territory called the United States, the home of a hundred million souls, without encountering a customhouse, a "frontier guard," or a constabulary squad; in the American citizen's love for fair play and his deep conviction that right only makes right. . . . No king, I believe, ever felt more exalted with his crown and scepter than I did whenever I said "My country." Just think of me, the child of ages of oppression, now having a great country to serve, to defend, nay, to save from impending ruin! It was undefiled glory to address "my fellow citizens," even to carry a torch — a lighted one — and join the procession under the Stars and Stripes. . . .

Now, do you wish to know what riches I have gathered in the New World? I will tell you. These are my riches, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt. I have traveled from the primitive social life of a Syrian village to a great city which embodies the noblest traditions of the most enlightened country in the world. I have come from the bondage of Turkish rule to the priceless heritage of American citizenship. Though one of the least of her loyal citizens, I am rich in the sense that I am helping in my small way to solve America's great problems and to realize her wondrous possibilities. In this great country I have been taught to believe in and to labor for an enlightened and coöperative individualism, universal peace, free churches, and free schools.

AMERICA'S CAUSE AND THE FOREIGN-BORN CITIZEN [1]

Otto H. Kahn (1867–)

The duty of loyal allegiance and faithful service to his country, even unto death, rests, of course, upon every American. But, if it be possible to speak of a comparative degree concerning what is the highest as it is the most elementary attribute of citizenship, that duty may almost be said to rest with an even more solemn and compelling obligation upon Americans of foreign origin than upon native Americans.

For we Americans of foreign antecedents are here not by the accidental right of birth, but by our own free choice for better or for worse.

[1] From an address by Mr. Kahn, a prominent banker and philanthropist of German birth, before the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Chamber of Commerce, September 26, 1917. Published in "Right Above Race." Copyright, 1918, by The Century Company, New York. Used by permission of the author.

We are your fellow citizens because you accepted our oath of allegiance as given in good faith, and because you have opened to us in generous trust the portals of American opportunity and freedom, and have admitted us to membership in the family of Americans, giving us equal rights in the great inheritance which has been created by the blood and the toil of your ancestors, asking nothing from us in return but decent citizenship and adherence to those ideals and principles which are symbolized by the glorious flag of America.

Woe to the foreign-born American who betrays the splendid trust which you have reposed in him!

Woe to him who considers his American citizenship merely as a convenient garment to be worn in fair weather but to be exchanged for another one in time of storm and stress!

Woe to the German-American, so called, who, in this sacred war for a cause as high as any for which ever people took up arms, does not feel a solemn urge, does not show an eager determination, to be in the very forefront of the struggle; does not prove a patriotic jealousy, in thought, in action, and in speech, to rival and to outdo his native-born fellow citizen in devotion and in willing sacrifice for the country of his choice and adoption and sworn allegiance, and of their common affection and pride.

As Washington led Americans of British blood to fight against Great Britain, as Lincoln called upon Americans of the North to fight their very brothers of the South, so Americans of German descent are now summoned to join in our country's righteous struggle against a people of their own blood, which, under the evil spell of a dreadful obsession, and, Heaven knows! through no fault of ours, has made itself the enemy of this peace-loving Nation, as it is the enemy of peace and right and freedom throughout the world.

THE FREEDOM OF THE LAND

L. LAMPREY

Long, long ago our people made our Land for us,
Braving all the perils of the earth and sky and sea,
Fearing not the wilderness,
Toiling in their loneliness,
All in love and loyalty to make their children free.

Long years ago our people made our Law for us,
Braving Kings and Emperors, they labored for their own,
Men of every faith and name,
Out of every land they came,
Winning us our liberty to reap where they had sown.

Far, far away our people make our Name for us,
Braving all the terrors of the battle's fierce array.
For the peace of land and sea,
For the birthright of the free,
All for truth and loyalty they spend their lives today.

God guard our Land — the land our people gave to us,
Grant us faith unfaltering for the days that are to be,
So to keep in steadfastness,
Honor, truth, and kindliness,
The glory of America, the birthright of the free!

AMERICA FIRST[1]

WOODROW WILSON (1856–)

The singular fascination of American history is that it has been a process of constant re-creation, of making

[1] Address delivered before the Daughters of the American Revolution, Washington, D.C., October 11, 1915. From official pamphlet printed by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 1915.

over again in each generation the thing which was conceived at first. You know how peculiarly necessary that has been in our case, because America has not grown by the mere multiplication of the original stock. It is easy to preserve tradition with continuity of blood; it is easy in a single family to remember the origins of the race and the purposes of its organization; but it is not so easy when that race is constantly being renewed and augmented from other sources, from stocks that did not carry or originate the same principles.

So from generation to generation strangers have had to be indoctrinated with the principles of the American family, and the wonder and the beauty of it all has been that the infection has been so generously easy. For the principles of liberty are united with the principles of hope. Every individual, as well as every Nation, wishes to realize the best thing that is in him, the best thing that can be conceived out of the materials of which his spirit is constructed. It has happened in a way that fascinates the imagination that we have not only been augmented by additions from outside, but that we have been greatly stimulated by those additions. Living in the easy prosperity of a free people, knowing that the sun had always been free to shine upon us and prosper our undertakings, we did not realize how hard the task of liberty is and how rare the privilege of liberty is; but men were drawn out of every climate and out of every race because of an irresistible attraction of their spirits to the American ideal. They thought of America as lifting, like that great statue in the harbor of New York, a torch to light the pathway of men to the things that they desire, and men of all sorts and conditions struggled toward that light and came to our shores with an eager desire to realize it, and a hunger

for it such as some of us no longer felt, for we were as if satiated and satisfied and were indulging ourselves after a fashion that did not belong to the ascetic devotion of the early devotees of those great principles. Strangers came to remind us of what we had promised ourselves and through ourselves had promised mankind. All men came to us and said, "Where is the bread of life with which you promised to feed us, and have you partaken of it yourselves?" For my part, I believe that the constant renewal of this people out of foreign stocks has been a constant source of reminder to this people of what the inducement was that was offered to men who would come and be of our number. . . .

I would not be afraid upon the test of "America first" to take a census of all the foreign-born citizens of the United States, for I know that the vast majority of them came here because they believed in America; and their belief in America has made them better citizens than some people who were born in America. They can say that they have bought this privilege with a great price. They have left their homes, they have left their kindred, they have broken all the nearest and dearest ties of human life in order to come to a new land, take a new rootage, begin a new life, and so by self-sacrifice express their confidence in a new principle; whereas, it cost us none of these things. We were born into this privilege; we were rocked and cradled in it; we did nothing to create it; and it is, therefore, the greater duty on our part to do a great deal to enhance it and preserve it. I am not deceived as to the balance of opinion among the foreign-born citizens of the United States, but I am in a hurry for an opportunity to have a line-up and let the men who are thinking first of other countries stand on one side and all those that are

for America first, last, and all the time on the other side. . . .

I would not feel any exhilaration in belonging to America if I did not feel that she was something more than a rich and powerful nation. I should not feel proud to be in some respects and for a little while her spokesman if I did not believe that there was something else than physical force behind her. I believe that the glory of America is that she is a great spiritual conception and that in the spirit of her institutions dwells not only her distinction but her power. The one thing that the world cannot permanently resist is the moral force of great and triumphant convictions.

AMERICA FIRST[1]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–)

The mighty tide of immigration to our shores has brought in its train much of good and much of evil; and whether the good or the evil shall predominate depends mainly on whether these newcomers do or do not throw themselves heartily into our national life, cease to be European, and become American like the rest of us. More than a third of the people of the Northern states are of foreign birth or parentage. An immense number of them have become completely Americanized, and these stand on exactly the same plane as the descendants of any Puritan, Cavalier, or Knickerbocker among us, and do their full and honorable share of the nation's work. But

[1] From "American Ideals and Other Essays." Copyright, 1897, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Used by permission of the publishers and the author.

where immigrants, or the sons of immigrants, do not heartily and in good faith throw in their lot with us, but cling to the speech, the customs, the ways of life, and the habits of thought of the Old World which they have left, they thereby harm both themselves and us. If they remain alien elements, unassimilated, and with interests separate from ours, they are mere obstructions to the current of our national life, and, moreover, can get no good from it themselves. In fact, though we ourselves also suffer from their perversity, it is they who really suffer most. It is an immense benefit to the European immigrant to change him into an American citizen. To bear the name of American is to bear the most honorable of titles; and whoever does not so believe has no business to bear the name at all, and if he comes from Europe, the sooner he goes back there the better. Besides, the man who does not become Americanized nevertheless fails to remain a European, and becomes nothing at all. The immigrant cannot possibly remain what he was, or continue to be a member of the Old World society. If he tries to retain his old language, in a few generations it becomes a barbarous jargon; if he tries to retain his old customs and ways of life, in a few generations he becomes an uncouth boor. He has cut himself off from the Old World, and cannot retain his connection with it; and if he wishes ever to amount to anything, he must throw himself heart and soul, and without reservation, into the new life to which he has come. . . .

The immigrant of today can learn much from the experience of the immigrants of the past, who came to America prior to the Revolutionary War. We were then already, what we are now, a people of mixed blood. Many of our most illustrious Revolutionary names were

borne by men of Huguenot blood — Jay, Sevier, Marion, Laurens. But the Huguenots were, on the whole, the best immigrants we have ever received; sooner than any other, and more completely, they became American in speech, conviction, and thought. The Hollanders took longer than the Huguenots to become completely assimilated; nevertheless, they in the end became so, immensely to their own advantage. One of the leading Revolutionary generals, Schuyler, and one of the Presidents of the United States, Van Buren, were of Dutch blood; but they rose to their positions, the highest in the land, because they had become Americans and had ceased being Hollanders. If they had remained members of an alien body, cut off by their speech and customs and belief from the rest of the American community, Schuyler would have lived his life as a boorish provincial squire, and Van Buren would have ended his days as a small tavern-keeper.

ODE TO COLUMBIA [1]

HURBAN VAJANSKY

(Written in prison in Segedin)

The old men die beholding only ruin,
  Their eyes behold no hope, no truth in life.
The young men fall away, at once or slowly,
  Even the strong give up the ceaseless strife;
Only a handful still keep up the fight,
Only a few lights burn amid the night.

[1] From "Our Slavic Fellow Citizens," by Emily Greene Balch. Published by New York Charities Commission, 1910. Used by permission of the translator, Professor Balch.

Suddenly rises proudly from the ocean
A giant woman with majestic face;
Shining the drapery of her snowy garments,
Her eyes like flames upon the altar place;
Her godlike breast like marble fair to see.
"You poor forsaken children, come to me.

"O come; I know you bring but humble packets,
That from your fatherland no gems you bring,
That murderous wrath has chased you from your dwellings,
From the ancestral soil to which you cling;
No gifts I offer, but this one reward —
Time for free work, for human rights regard."

And they, disgraced here in their native country,
Lift up proud heads since o'er the seas they came,
And there he speaks aloud who here was silent,
And glories there in what he here thought shame.
Columbia to him self-knowledge gives,
Surprised he finds that only now he lives.

Hail to our brothers whom their stepdame cruel
Drove from their simple huts, their native sod.
Columbia, thou hast smitten off the fetters,
Lifting them up to manhood, heaven, and God.
O land of Christopher, may Christ repay
What for my brothers poor thou dost today.

ONE COUNTRY [1]

FRANK L. STANTON (1857–)

After all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame —
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

After all —
Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the South and brothers of the North!
Stand forth and be
As one on soil and sea —
Your country's honor more than empire's worth!"

After all,
'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;
Her brow is to the morning; in the sod
She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
Answers her call
And rises like a wall
Against the foes of liberty and God!

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[1] From "Comes One with a Song," by Frank L. Stanton. Copyright, 1898. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

IX. THE PRESENT CRISIS

INTRODUCTION

The great European war began on August 1, 1914. The United States remained neutral in this conflict for almost three years. At first the cause of the war and the aims and purposes of the contestants were somewhat befogged by contradictory statements. The policy of the German Imperial Government, however, has from month to month and from year to year thrown increasing light upon the fundamental issues.

Only a self-centered autocracy could have invaded a small, inoffensive country like Belgium, ignoring any question of justice or humanity, for the reason, since avowed, that it was supposed to be easier to take this road to the conquest of France than to face the French forts on the frontier. Only a conscienceless autocracy could have conceived the deliberate policy of robbing this Belgium of millions of money and treasure, and after removing her food supplies and the tools and machinery of her commerce and manufacture, condescending to permit other nations to feed the people made destitute by their conquerors. Only a desperate autocracy would have resorted to the infamy of reviving piracy, attacking by submarine warfare the unarmed and helpless merchantmen and passenger boats of neutral and friendly powers, instead of issuing with its navy to meet the warships of its enemy in equal battle. Only a thoroughly unscrupulous autocracy could have coolly and cynically sent forth into the neutral countries of the world an army of spies, plotters, and incendiary criminals, while continuing to profess friendship.

The issue has been made plain. The people of the United States know that the struggle is henceforth, as from the first it has shown itself to be, a grapple between autocracy and the rising spirit of democracy for the domination of the world. Germany dared her fate when she flung out the battle cry: "World Power or Downfall!" France replied with the immortal words of Verdun: "You shall not pass!"

The merciless submarine policy of the German Empire was again and again challenged by our government. At the beginning of 1917 Germany made this warfare more ruthless than ever. War with the United States was inevitable. On April 2, President Wilson asked Congress for authority to wage war against the Imperial German Government, on the ground that that government was already waging war upon this country. Congress was not slow to respond. War was declared.

In the greatest moral crisis which the world has ever seen, we are finally ranged openly on the side of those who champion the cause of right and chivalry against brutal and cynical will to power. Long before the explicit declaration of war, Americans had poured into France to become soldiers of the Foreign Legion, privates of Canadian regiments, aviators, drivers of Red Cross ambulances, hospital surgeons and nurses, organizers of war relief work in every form. Now we are enlisted as a people, with faith that the victory of democracy must be decisive. Nations must continue in the right to rule themselves; nations as yet incapable of self-government must not be bound in the chains of greedy despotism. This is a war to make the world free, to make it, in the wise and potent phrase of Woodrow Wilson, spokesman of our nation, a world safe for democracy.

THE PRESENT CRISIS[1]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–1891)

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right.
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;

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[1] From "The Present Crisis," in Lowell's Poetical Works (Riverside Edition), Vol. I. Copyright, 1890, by James Russell Lowell. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

Not an ear in court or market for the low, foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne, —
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within, —
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,

Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey; —
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes — they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood, and to God's supreme design.

. . . . . .

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves,
Worshipers of light ancestral make the present light a crime; —
Was the *Mayflower* launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by ax or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in moldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of today?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

THE PRUSSIAN MENACE TO AMERICAN FREEDOM[1]

ELIHU ROOT (1845–)

By entering this war in April, the United States availed itself of the very last opportunity to defend itself against subjection to German power before it was too late to defend itself successfully.

For many years we have pursued our peaceful course of internal development protected in a variety of ways. We were protected by the law of nations to which all civilized governments have professed their allegiance. So long as we committed no injustice ourselves we could not be attacked without a violation of that law.

We were protected by a series of treaties under which all the principal nations of the earth agreed to respect our rights and to maintain friendship with us. We were protected by an extensive system of arbitration created by or consequent upon the peace conferences at The Hague, and under which all controversies arising under the law and under treaties were to be settled peaceably by arbitration and not by force.

We were protected by the broad expanse of ocean separating us from all great military powers, and by the bold assertion of the Monroe Doctrine[2] that if any of those

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[1] Mr. Root was Secretary of State under President Roosevelt. In this and many other offices of trust Mr. Root, through his broad statesmanship and keen intellectual powers, has been an instrument in establishing the American spirit.

From an address delivered at Chicago, Illinois, September 14, 1917. In pamphlet, "Plain Issues of the War," issued by the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D.C.

[2] See page 74 for the foreign policy formulated under President

powers undertook to overpass the ocean and establish itself upon these western continents that would be regarded as dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States, and would call upon her to act in hef defense.

We were protected by the fact that the policy and the fleet of Great Britain were well known to support the Monroe Doctrine. We were protected by the delicate balance of power in Europe which made it seem not worth while for any power to engage in a conflict here at the risk of suffering from its rivals there.

All these protections were swept away by the war which began in Europe in 1914. The war was begun by the concerted action of Germany and Austria — the invasion of Serbia on the east by Austria and the invasion of Luxembourg and Belgium on the west by Germany. Both invasions were in violation of the law of nations, and in violation of the faith of treaties.

Everybody knew that Russia was bound in good faith to come to the relief of Serbia, that France was bound by treaty to come to the aid of Russia, that England was bound by treaty to come to the aid of Belgium, so that the invasion of these two small states was the beginning of a general European war.

These acts, which have drenched the world with blood, were defended and justified in the bold avowal of the German government that the interests of the German state were superior to the obligations of law and the faith of treaties, that no law or treaty was binding upon Germany which it was for the interest of Germany to violate.

All pretense of obedience to the law of nations and of

Monroe in 1823, which announced that the United States would view as a hostile action any attempt of European powers to acquire territory on the American continents.

respect for solemn promises was thrown off; and, in lieu of that system of lawful and moral restraint upon power which Christian civilization has been building up for a century was reinstated the cynical philosophy of Frederick the Great, the greatest of the Hohenzollerns, who declared:

"Statesmanship can be reduced to three principles: First, to maintain your power, and, according to circumstances, to extend it. Second, to form an alliance only for your own advantage. Third, to command fear and respect, even in the most disastrous times.

"Do not be ashamed of making interested alliances from which you yourself can derive the whole advantage. Do not make the foolish mistake of not breaking them when you believe your interests require it.

"Above all, uphold the following maxim: To despoil your neighbors is to deprive them of the means of injuring you.

"When he is about to conclude a treaty with some foreign power, if a sovereign remembers he is a Christian, he is lost."

From 1914 until the present, in a war waged by Germany with a revolting barbarity unequaled since the conquests of Genghis Khan,[1] Germany has violated every rule agreed upon by civilized nations in modern times to mitigate the barbarities of war or to protect the rights of non-combatants and neutrals. She had no grievance against Belgium except that Belgium stood upon her admitted rights and refused to break the faith of her treaties by consenting that the neutrality of her territory should be

[1] The great Mongolian chieftain of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who conquered China and central Asia and has left his name in history as one of the most barbarous, cruel, and ruthless of conquerors.

violated to give Germany an avenue for the attack upon France.

She has taken possession of the territory of Belgium and subjected her people to the hard yoke of a brutal soldiery. She has extorted vast sums from her peaceful cities. She has burned her towns and battered down her noble churches. She has stripped the Belgian factories of their machinery and deprived them of the raw material of manufacture.

She has carried away her workmen by tens of thousands into slavery, and her women into worse than slavery. She has slain peaceful noncombatants by the hundred, undeterred by the helplessness of age, of infancy, or of womanhood. She has done the same in northern France, in Poland, in Serbia, in Roumania.

In all of these countries women have been outraged by the thousand, by tens of thousands, and who ever heard of a German soldier being punished for rape, or robbery, or murder? These revolting outrages upon humanity and law are not the casual incidents of war, but are the results of a settled policy of frightfulness answering to the maxim of the Great Frederick to "command respect through fear."

Why were these things done by Germany? The answer rests upon the accumulated evidence of German acts and German words so conclusive that no pretense can cover it, no sophistry can disguise it. The answer is that this war was begun and these crimes against humanity were done because Germany was pursuing the hereditary policy of the Hohenzollerns and following the instincts of the arrogant military caste which rules Prussia, to grasp the overlordship of the civilized world and establish an empire in which she should play the rôle of ancient Rome.

They were done because Prussian militarism still pursues the policy of power through conquest, of aggrandizement through force and fear, which in little more than two centuries has brought the puny mark of Brandenburg — with its million and a half of people — to the control of a vast empire — the greatest armed force of the modern world.

It now appears beyond the possibility of doubt that this war was made by Germany pursuing a long and settled purpose. For many years she has been preparing to do exactly what she has done with a thoroughness, a perfection of plans, and a vastness of provision in men, munitions, and supplies never before equaled or approached in human history.

She brought the war on when she chose, because she chose, in the belief that she could conquer the earth, nation by nation.

All nations are egotistical, all peoples think most highly of their own qualities, and regard other peoples as inferior; but the egotism of the ruling class of Prussia is beyond all example and it is active and aggressive. They believe that Germany is entitled to rule the world by virtue of her superiority in all these qualities which they include under the term "kultur," and by reason of her power to compel submission by the sword.

That belief does not evaporate in theory. It is translated into action, and this war is the action which results. This belief of national superiority and the right to assert it everywhere is a tradition from the Great Frederick. It has been instilled into the minds of the German people through all the universities and schools. It has been preached from her pulpits and taught by her philosophers and historians. It has been maintained by her govern-

ment and it will never cease to furnish the motive for the people of Prussia so long as German power enables the military autocracy of Prussia to act upon it with success.

Plainly, if the power of the German government is to continue, America can no longer look for protection to the law of nations or the faith of treaties or the instincts of humanity or the restraints of modern civilization.

Plainly, also, if we had stayed out of the war and Germany had won there would no longer have been a balance of power in Europe or a British fleet to support the Monroe Doctrine and protect America.

Does any one indulge in the foolish assumption that Germany would not then have extended her lust for power by conquest to the American continent? Let him consider what it is for which the nations of Europe have been chiefly contending for centuries past.

It has been for colonies. It has been to bring the unoccupied or weakly held spaces of the earth under their flags and their political control, in order to increase their trade and their power.

Spain, Holland, Portugal, England, France, have all had their turn, and have covered the earth with their possessions. For thirty years Germany, the last comer, has been pressing forward with feverish activity the acquisition of stations for her power on every coast and every sea, restive and resentful because she has been obliged to take what others have left.

Europe, Asia, and Africa have been taken up. The Americas alone remain. Here in the vast and undefended spaces of the new world, fraught with potential wealth incalculable, Germany could "find a place in the sun," to use her emperor's phrase; Germany could find her "liberty of national evolution," to use his phrase again.

Every traditional policy, every instinct of predatory Prussia, would urge her into this new field of aggrandizement.

What would prevent? The Monroe Doctrine? Yes. But what is the Monroe Doctrine as against a nation which respects only force unless it can be maintained by force? We already know how the German government feels about the Monroe Doctrine.

Bismarck declared it to be a piece of colossal impudence; and, when President Roosevelt interfered to assert the doctrine for the protection of Venezuela, the present Kaiser declared that if he then had had a larger navy he would have taken America by the scruff of the neck.

If we had stayed out of the war, and Germany had won, we should have had to defend the Monroe Doctrine by force or abandon it; and if we abandoned it there would have been a German naval base in the Caribbean commanding the Panama Canal, depriving us of that strategic line which unites our eastern and western coasts, and depriving us of the protection the expanse of ocean once gave, and an America unable or unwilling to protect herself against the establishment of a German naval base in the Caribbean would lie at the mercy of Germany, and subject to Germany's orders.

America's independence would be gone unless she was ready to fight for it, and her security would thenceforth be not a security of freedom, but only a security purchased by submission.

But if America had stayed out of the war and Germany had won, could we have defended the Monroe Doctrine? Could we have maintained our independence? For an answer to that question consider what we have been doing since the 2d of April last, when war was declared.

Congress has been in continuous session, passing with unprecedented rapidity laws containing grants of power and of money unexampled in our history. The executive establishment has been straining every nerve to prepare for war. The ablest and strongest leaders of industrial activity have been called from all parts of the country to aid the government.

The people of the country have generously responded with noble loyalty and enthusiasm to the call for the surrender of money and of customary rights, and the supply of men to the service of the country.

Nearly half a year has passed, and still we are not ready to fight. I am not blaming the government. It was inevitable. Preparation for modern war cannot be made briefly or speedily. It requires time — long periods of time; and the more peaceful and unprepared for war a democracy is the longer is the time required.

It would have required just as long for America to prepare for war if we had stayed out of this war and Germany had won and we had undertaken to defend the Monroe Doctrine or to defend our coasts when we had lost the protection of the Monroe Doctrine. Month after month would have passed with no adequate army ready to fight, just as these recent months have passed.

But what would Germany have been doing in the meantime? How long would it have been before our attempts at preparation would have been stopped by German arms? A country that is forced to defend itself against the aggression of a military autocracy always prepared for war must herself be prepared for war beforehand or she never will have the opportunity to prepare.

The history, the character, the avowed principles of action, the manifest and undisguised purposes of the Ger-

man autocracy made it clear and certain that if America stayed out of the great war, and Germany won, America would forthwith be required to defend herself and would be unable to defend herself against the same lust for conquest, the same will to dominate the world, which has made Europe a bloody shambles.

When Germany did actually apply her principles of action to us, and by the invasion of Belgium she violated the solemn covenant she has made with us to observe the law of neutrality established for the protection of peaceful states, when she had arrogantly demanded that American commerce should surrender its lawful right of passage upon the high seas under penalty of destruction, when she had sunk American ships and sent to their death hundreds of American citizens, peaceful men, women, and children, when the *Gulflight* and the *Falaba* and the *Persia* and the *Arabic* and the *Sussex* and the *Lusitania* had been torpedoed without warning in contempt of law and of humanity, when the German embassy at Washington had been found to be the headquarters of a vast conspiracy of corruption within our country inciting sedition and concealing infernal machines in the cargoes of our ships and blowing up our factories with the workmen laboring in them, and when the government of Germany had been discovered attempting to incite Mexico and Japan to form a league with her to attack us and to bring about a dismemberment of our territory, then the question presented to the American people was not what shall be done regarding each of these specific aggressions taken by itself, but what shall be done by America to defend her commerce, her territory, her citizens, her independence, her liberty, her life as a nation against the continuance of assaults already begun by that mighty and conscienceless power

which had swept aside every restraint and every principle of Christian civilization and was seeking to force upon a subjugated world the dark and cruel rule of a barbarous past.

The question was how shall peaceful and unprepared and liberty loving America save herself from subjection to the military power of Germany. There was but one possible answer. There was but one chance for rescue and that was to act at once while the other democracies of the world were still maintaining their liberty against the oppressor, to prepare at once while the armies and the navies of England and France and Italy and Russia and Roumania were holding down Germany so that she could not attack us while our preparation was but half accomplished, to strike while there were allies loving freedom like ourselves to strike with us, to do our share to prevent the German Kaiser from acquiring that domination over the world which would have left us without friends to aid us, without preparation, and without the possibility of successful defense.

The instinct of the American democracy which led it to act when it did arose from a long delayed and reluctant consciousness still vague and half expressed, that this is no ordinary war which the world is waging. It is no contest for petty policies and profits. It is a mighty and all-embracing struggle between two conflicting principles of human right and human duty.

It is a conflict between the divine right of kings to govern mankind through armies and nobles and the right of the peoples of the earth to toil and endure and aspire to govern themselves by law in the freedom of individual manhood.

It is the climax of the supreme struggle between au-

tocracy and democracy. No nation can stand aside and be free from its effects. The two systems cannot endure together in the same world.

If autocracy triumphs, military power lustful of dominion, supreme in strength, intolerant of human rights, holding itself superior to law, to morals, to faith, to compassion, will crush out the free democracies of the world. If autocracy is defeated and nations are compelled to recognize the rules of law and of morals, then and then only will democracy be safe.

To this great conflict for human rights and human liberty America has committed herself. There can be no backward step. There must be either humiliating and degrading submission or terrible defeat or glorious victory. It was no human will that brought us to this pass. It was not the President. It was not Congress. It was not the press. It was not any political party. It was not any section or part of our people.

It was that in the providence of God the mighty forces that determine the destinies of mankind beyond the control of human purpose have brought to us the time, the occasion, the necessity, that this peaceful people so long enjoying the blessings of liberty and justice for which their fathers fought and sacrificed shall again gird themselves for conflict, and with all the forces of manhood nurtured and strengthened by liberty offer again the sacrifice of possessions and of life itself, that this nation may still be free, that the mission of American democracy shall not have failed, that the world shall be free.

WITH FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT[1]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–)

Abraham Lincoln, with his far-seeing vision and his shrewd, homely common sense, set forth the doctrine which is right both as regards individuals and as regards nations, when he said: "Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong. To desert such ground because of any company is to be less than a man, less than an American." As things actually are at this moment, it is Germany which has offended against civilization and humanity — some of the offenses, of a very grave kind, being at our own expense. It is the Allies who are dedicated to the cause and are fighting for the principles set forth as fundamental in the speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg. It is they who have highly resolved that their dead shall not have died in vain, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the face of the earth.

. . . Said Lincoln, "The issue before us is distinct, simple, and inflexible. It is an issue which can only be tried by war and settled by victory. The war will cease on the part of this government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it. . . . We accepted war rather than let the nation perish. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish

[1] From "Fear God and Take Your Own Part," written in 1914. Copyright, 1915 and 1916, by Metropolitan Magazine Company, New York. Used by permission of the author.

the work we are in, and to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among all nations."

Surely, with the barest change of a few words, all that Lincoln said applies now to the war the Allies are waging on behalf of orderly liberty and self-government for the peoples of mankind. They have accepted war rather than let the free nations of Europe perish. They must strive on to finish the work they are in, and to achieve a just and lasting peace which shall redress wrong and secure the liberties of the nations which have been assailed. . . .

Let ours be true Americanism, the greater Americanism, and let us tolerate no other. Let us prepare ourselves for justice and efficiency within our own border during peace, for justice in international relations, and for efficiency in war. Only thus shall we have the peace worth having.

Let this nation fear God and take its own part. Let it scorn to do wrong to great or small. Let it exercise patience and charity toward all other peoples, and yet at whatever cost unflinchingly stand for the right when the right is menaced by the might which backs wrong. Let it furthermore remember that the only way in which successfully to oppose wrong which is backed by might is to put over against it right which is backed by might. . . . Until, as a nation, we learn to put honor and duty above safety, and to encounter any hazard with stern joy rather than fail in our obligations to ourselves and to others, it is mere folly to talk of entering into leagues for world peace or into any other movements of like character. The only kind of peace worth having is the peace of righteousness and justice.

THE PRUSSIAN MENACE[1]

We are face to face with a world crisis. We are in a world struggle which will determine for the immediate future whether principles of democratic freedom or principles of force shall dominate. The decision will determine not only the destiny of nations, but of every community and of every individual. No life will be untouched.

Either the principles of free democracy or of Prussian militaristic autocracy will prevail. There can be no compromises. So there can be no neutrality among nations or individuals; we must stand up and be counted with one cause or the other. For Labor there is but one choice.

The hope of Labor lies in opportunity for freedom. The workers of America will not permit themselves to be deceived or to deceive themselves into thinking that the fate of the war will not vitally change our own lives. A victory for Germany would mean a Pan-German empire dominating Europe and exercising a world balance of power which Germany will seek to extend by force into world control.

Prussian rule means supervision, checks, unfreedom in every relation of life.

Prussianism has its roots in the old ideals under which men sought to rule by suppressing the minds and wills of their fellows; it blights the new ideal of government without force of chains — political or industrial — protected by perfect freedom for all.

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[1] From Declaration of the American Federation of Labor, issued at Washington, D.C., February 17, 1918. Used by permission of Samuel Gompers.

THE POISON GROWTH OF PRUSSIANISM [1]

OTTO H. KAHN (1867–)

There are some of you, probably, who will still find it hard to believe that the Germany you knew can be guilty of the crimes which have made it an outlaw amongst the nations. But do you know modern Germany? Unless you have been there within the last twenty-five years, not once or twice, but at regular intervals; unless you have looked below the glittering surface of the marvelous material progress and achievement and seen how the soul of Germany was being eaten away by the virulent poison of Prussianism; unless you have watched and followed the appalling transformation of German mentality and morality under the nefarious and puissant influence of the priesthood of power-worship, you do not know the Germany of this day and generation.

It is not the Germany of old, the land of our affectionate remembrance. It is not the Germany which men now of middle age or over knew in their youth. It is not the Germany of the first Emperor William, a modest and God-fearing gentleman. It is not the Germany, even, of Bismarck, man of blood and iron though he was, who had builded a structure which, whilst not founded on liberty, yet was capable and gave promise of going down into history as one of the greatest examples of enlightened and even beneficent autocracy; who, in the contemplative and mellowed wisdom of his old age, often warned the nation against the very spirit which, alas, came to have sway over it, and against the very war which that spirit unchained.

[1] From an address delivered in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, January 13, 1918. Published in "Right Above Race." Copyright, 1918, by The Century Company, New York. Used by permission of the author, an American banker of German birth.

The Germany which brought upon the world the immeasurable disaster of this war, and at whose monstrous deeds and doctrines the civilized nations of the earth stand aghast, started into definite being less than thirty years ago. I can almost lay my finger upon the date and circumstances of its ill-omened advent.

Less than thirty years ago, a "new course" was flamboyantly proclaimed by those in authority, and the term "new course" became the order of the day. With it and from it there came a truly marvelous quickening of the energies and creative abilities of the nation, a period of material achievement and of social progress, in short, a national forward movement almost unequaled in history. The world looked on in admiration, perhaps not entirely free from a tinge of envy. Germany was conquering the earth by peaceful penetration; *and no one stood in its way.* It had free access to all the seas and all the lands.

But with that "new course" and from it there also came a new god, a false and evil god. He exacted as sacrifices for his altars the time-honored ideals of the fathers, and other high and noble things. And his commands were obeyed.

There came upon the German people a whole train of new and baneful influences and impulses, formidably stimulating as a powerful drug. There came, amongst other evils, materialism and covetousness and irreligion; overweening arrogance and impatient contempt for the rights of the weak, a mania for world dominion, and a veritable lunacy of power worship. There came also a fixed and irrational distrust of the intentions of other nations, for the evil which had crept into their own souls made them see evil in others, and that distrust was nurtured carefully and deliberately by those in authority.

And, finally, there came "The Day" in which the "new course," fatally and inevitably, was bound to culminate. There came the old temptation, as old as humanity itself. The Tempter took the Prussian and Prussianized rulers up a high mountain and showed them all the riches and power of the world. Showed them the great countries and capitals of the earth teeming with peaceful labor — Brussels, Paris, London, aye, and New York, and told them: "Look at these. Use your power ruthlessly and they are yours." And those rulers did not say: "Get thee behind me, Satan"; but they said: "Lead on, Satan, and we shall follow thee." And follow him they did, and brought upon the green earth the red ruin of hell.

And with rejoicing they greeted "The Day." It was to bring them, as one German in an important position here expressed it to me, in August, 1914, "a merry war and victory before the year is out."

THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY[1]

Woodrow Wilson

I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy

[1] This and the following selections from President Wilson's war speeches are given in extended form, since they represent not only the spirit of the American people but also the highest purposes of the Allied peoples in the present world struggle. As recognized by all, and as stated in the Preface to this volume, the present war — the greatest, the most cruel, the most destructive, and the most vitally significant the civilized world has ever known — is the ultimate test of the American spirit. By common consent President Wilson has become the spokesman of the world's democracy. This war, under his leadership, has become the crucial test of strength, between the spirit and purpose developed through the entire history of America as here portrayed, of freedom, liberty, democracy, and fraternity, and on the other side the spirit of force

to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the 3d of February last I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coasts of Europe or any of the ports controlled by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean. That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Imperial Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its undersea craft in conformity with its promise then given to us that passenger-boats should not be sunk, and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy where no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats. The precautions taken were meager and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed. The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every

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and tyranny as represented by the military autocracy of the German government. Upon this test depends the future happiness of all peoples and the progress of civilization. These selections embody President Wilson's great leadership in making "the world safe for democracy."

From address delivered before Congress, April 2, 1917. In pamphlet, "How the War Came to America," issued by Committee on Public Information, Washington, D.C.

kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning, and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would, in fact, be done by any government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of dominion, and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up with meager enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view at least of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded. This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity, and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these, which it is impossible to employ as it is employing them without throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world. I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of noncombatants,

men, women, and children engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be. The present German warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind.

It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

When I addressed the Congress on the 26th of February last I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence. But our neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. Because submarines are in effect outlaws when used as the German submarines have been used against merchant shipping, it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible craft giving chase upon the open sea. It is common prudence in such

circumstances, grim necessity, indeed, to endeavor to destroy them before they have shown their own intention. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all. The German Government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend. The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchantships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be. Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best; in such circumstances and in the face of such pretensions it is worse than ineffectual: it is likely only to produce what it was meant to prevent; it is practically certain to draw us into the war without either the rights or the effectiveness of belligerents. There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making: we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of

defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

What this will involve is clear. It will involve the utmost practicable coöperation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany, and as incident to that the extension to those governments of the most liberal financial credits in order that our resources may so far as possible be added to theirs. It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the nation in the most abundant and yet the most economical and efficient way possible. It will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemy's submarines. It will involve the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States already provided for by law in case of war at least 500,000 men, who should, in my opinion, be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training. It will involve also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the Government, sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well-conceived taxation.

I say sustained so far as may be equitable by taxation because it seems to me that it would be most unwise to base the credits which will now be necessary entirely on money borrowed. It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people so far as we may against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to

arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans.

In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty, — for it will be a very practical duty — of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there.

I shall take the liberty of suggesting, through the several executive departments of the Government, for the consideration of your committees measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the Government upon which the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear and make very clear to all the world what our motives and our objects are. My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the nation has been altered or clouded by them. I have exactly the same things in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the 22d of January last; the same that I had in mind when I addressed the Congress on the 3d of February and on the 26th of February. Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against

selfish and autocratic power and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles. Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances. We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval.

It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools. Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception

or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia?[1]

Russia was known by those who know it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart, in all the vital habits of her thoughts, in all the intimate relationships of

[1] This address was delivered after the overthrow of the autocracy represented by the Russian Czar and the establishment of a Russian republic, but before that republic was destroyed by the extreme factions of communistic and anarchistic beliefs which have been at least temporarily in control and have destroyed the Russian republic. In its place they have set up a number of disconnected and ineffective local governments, and have offered little opposition to the designs of complete domination forced upon them by the German monarchy in the peace conferences at Brest-Litovsk early in 1918.

her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude towards life.

The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character, or purpose; and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added, in all their native majesty and might, to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a League of Honor.

One of the things that have served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce. Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and it is unhappily, not a matter of conjecture, but a fact proved in our courts of justice, that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction, of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States. Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people towards us (who were, no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish designs of a government that did what it pleased and told

its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that government entertains no real friendship for us and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world. We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included: for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish objects, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we

shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our right and our honor. The Austro-Hungarian Government has indeed avowed its unqualified endorsement and acceptance of the reckless and lawless submarine warfare adopted now without disguise by the Imperial German Government, and it has therefore not been possible for this Government to receive Count Tarnowski, the Ambassador recently accredited to this Government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austria-Hungary; but that Government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and I take the liberty, for the present at least, of postponing a discussion of our relations with the authorities at Vienna. We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity towards a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck. We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reëstablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, — however hard it may be for them, for

the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present government through all these bitter months because of that friendship, — exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions towards the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it towards all who are, in fact, loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts, — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task

we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE (1819–1910)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored!
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel —
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,
While God is marching on.

FLAG DAY ADDRESS[1]

WOODROW WILSON

We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us, — speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people. We

[1] Address delivered at Washington, D.C., on Flag Day, June 14, 1917. In pamphlet issued by the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D.C., September 15, 1917.

are about to carry it into battle, to lift it where it will draw the fire of our enemies. We are about to bid thousands, hundreds of thousands, it may be millions, of our men, the young, the strong, the capable men of the Nation, to go forth and die beneath it on fields of blood far away, — for what? For some unaccustomed thing? For something for which it has never sought the fire before? American armies were never before sent across the seas. Why are they sent now? For some new purpose, for which this great flag has never been carried before or for some old, familiar, heroic purpose for which it has seen men, its own men, die on every battlefield upon which Americans have borne arms since the Revolution?

These are questions which must be answered. We are Americans. We in our turn serve America, and can serve her with no private purpose. We must use her flag as she has always used it. We are accountable at the bar of history and must plead in utter frankness what purpose it is we seek to serve.

It is plain enough how we were forced into the war. The extraordinary insults and aggressions of the Imperial German Government left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defense of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a sovereign Government. The military masters of Germany denied us the right to be neutral. They filled our unsuspecting communities with vicious spies and conspirators and sought to corrupt the opinion of our people in their own behalf. When they found that they could not do that, their agents diligently spread sedition amongst us and sought to draw our own citizens from their allegiance; and some of those agents were men connected with the official Embassy of the German Government itself here in our own Capital.

They sought by violence to destroy our industries and arrest our commerce. They tried to incite Mexico to take up arms against us and to draw Japan into a hostile alliance with her; and that, not by indirection, but by direct suggestion from the Foreign Office in Berlin. They impudently denied us the use of the high seas and repeatedly executed their threat that they would send to their death any of our people who ventured to approach the coasts of Europe.

And many of our own people were corrupted. Men began to look upon their own neighbors with suspicion and to wonder in their hot resentment and surprise whether there was any community in which hostile intrigue did not lurk. What great nation in such circumstances would not have taken up arms? Much as we had desired peace, it was denied us, and not of our own choice. This flag under which we serve would have been dishonored had we withheld our hand.

But that is only part of the story. We know now as clearly as we knew before we were ourselves engaged that we are not the enemies of the German people and that they are not our enemies. They did not originate or desire this hideous war or wish that we should be drawn into it; and we are vaguely conscious that we are fighting their cause, as they will some day see it, as well as our own.

They are themselves in the grip of the same sinister power that has now at last stretched its ugly talons out and drawn blood from us.

The whole world is at war because the whole world is in the grip of that power and is trying out the great battle which shall determine whether it is to be brought under its mastery or fling itself free.

The war was begun by the military masters of Germany,

who proved to be also the masters of Austria-Hungary. These men have never regarded nations as peoples, men, women, and children of like blood and frame as themselves, for whom governments existed and in whom governments had their life. They have regarded them merely as serviceable organizations which they could by force or intrigue bend or corrupt to their own purpose. They have regarded the smaller states, in particular, and the peoples who could be overwhelmed by force, as their natural tools and instruments of domination. Their purpose has long been avowed. The statesmen of other nations, to whom that purpose was incredible, paid little attention; regarded what German professors expounded in their classrooms and German writers set forth to the world as the goal of German policy as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs, as preposterous private conceptions of German destiny, than as the actual plans of responsible rulers. But the rulers of Germany themselves knew all the while what concrete plans, what well advanced intrigues lay back of what the professors and the writers were saying, and were glad to go forward unmolested, filling the thrones of Balkan states with German princes, putting German officers at the service of Turkey to drill her armies and make interest with her government, developing plans of sedition and rebellion in India and Egypt, setting their fires in Persia.

The demands made by Austria upon Serbia were a mere single step in a plan which compassed Europe and Asia, from Berlin to Bagdad. They hoped those demands might not arouse Europe, but they meant to press them whether they did or not, for they thought themselves ready for the final issue of arms.

Their plan was to throw a broad belt of German mili-

tary power and political control across the very center of Europe and beyond the Mediterranean into the heart of Asia; and Austria-Hungary was to be as much their tool and pawn as Serbia or Bulgaria or Turkey or the ponderous states of the East. Austria-Hungary, indeed, was to become part of the Central German Empire, absorbed and dominated by the same forces and influences that had originally cemented the German states themselves. The dream had its heart at Berlin. It could have had a heart nowhere else!

It rejected the idea of solidarity of race entirely. The choice of peoples played no part in it at all. It contemplated binding together racial and political units which could be kept together only by force — Czechs, Magyars, Croats, Serbs, Roumanians, Turks, Armenians, — the proud states of Bohemia and Hungary, the stout little commonwealths of the Balkans, the indomitable Turks, the subtle peoples of the East.

These peoples did not wish to be united. They ardently desired to direct their own affairs, would be satisfied only by undisputed independence. They could be kept quiet only by the presence or the constant threat of armed men. They would live under a common power only by sheer compulsion and await the day of revolution.

But the German military statesmen had reckoned with all that and were ready to deal with it in their own way.

And they have actually carried the greater part of that amazing plan into execution! Look how things stand. Austria is at their mercy. It has acted, not upon its own initiative or upon the choice of its own people, but at Berlin's dictation ever since the war began. Its people now desire peace, but cannot have it until leave is granted

from Berlin. The so-called Central Powers are in fact but a single Power. Serbia is at its mercy, should its hands be but for a moment freed. Bulgaria has consented to its will, and Roumania is overrun. The Turkish armies, which Germans trained, are serving Germany, certainly not themselves, and the guns of German warships lying in the harbor at Constantinople remind Turkish statesmen every day that they have no choice but to take their orders from Berlin. From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the net is spread.

Is it not easy to understand the eagerness for peace that has been manifested from Berlin ever since the snare was set and sprung? Peace, peace, peace has been the talk of her Foreign Office for now a year and more; not peace upon her own initiative, but upon the initiative of the nations over which she now deems herself to hold the advantage. A little of the talk has been public, but most of it has been private. Through all sorts of channels it has come to me, and in all sorts of guises, but never with the terms disclosed which the German Government would be willing to accept.

That government has other valuable pawns in its hands besides those I have mentioned. It still holds a valuable part of France, though with slowly relaxing grasp, and practically the whole of Belgium. Its armies press close upon Russia and overrun Poland at their will. It cannot go further; it dare not go back. It wishes to close its bargain before it is too late and it has left little to offer for the pound of flesh it will demand.

The military masters under whom Germany is bleeding see very clearly to what point Fate has brought them. If they fall back or are forced back an inch, their power both abroad and at home will fall to pieces like a house of

cards. It is their power at home they are thinking about now more than their power abroad. It is that power which is trembling under their very feet; and deep fear has entered their hearts. They have but one chance to perpetuate their military power or even their controlling political influence. If they can secure peace now with the immense advantages still in their hands which they have up to this point apparently gained, they will have justified themselves before the German people; they will have gained by force what they promised to gain by it: an immense expansion of German power, an immense enlargement of German industrial and commercial opportunities. Their prestige will be secure, and with their prestige their political power. If they fail, their people will thrust them aside; a government accountable to the people themselves will be set up in Germany as it has been in England, in the United States, in France, and in all the great countries of the modern time except Germany. If they succeed, they are safe and Germany and the world are undone; if they fail, Germany is saved and the world will be at peace. If they succeed, America will fall within the menace. We and all the rest of the world must remain armed, as they will remain, and must make ready for the next step in their aggression; if they fail, the world may unite for peace and Germany may be of the union.

Do you not now understand the new intrigue, the intrigue for peace, and why the masters of Germany do not hesitate to use any agency that promises to effect their purpose, the deceit of the nations? Their present particular aim is to deceive all those who throughout the world stand for the rights of peoples and the self-government of nations; for they see what immense strength the forces of justice and of liberalism are gathering out of this war.

They are employing liberals in their enterprise. They are using men, in Germany and without, as their spokesmen whom they have hitherto despised and oppressed, using them for their own destruction — Socialists, the leaders of labor, the thinkers they have hitherto sought to silence. Let them once succeed and these men, now their tools, will be ground to powder beneath the weight of the great military empire they will have set up; the revolutionists in Russia will be cut off from all succor or coöperation in western Europe and a counter revolution fostered and supported; Germany herself will lose her chance of freedom; and all Europe will arm for the next, the final struggle.

The sinister intrigue is being no less actively conducted in this country than in Russia and in every country in Europe to which the agents and dupes of the Imperial German Government can get access. That government has many spokesmen here, in places high and low. They have learned discretion. They keep within the law. It is opinion they utter now, not sedition. They proclaim the liberal purposes of their masters; declare this a foreign war which can touch America with no danger to either her lands or her institutions; set England at the center of the stage and talk of her ambition to assert economic dominion throughout the world; appeal to our ancient tradition of isolation in the politics of the nations; and seek to undermine the Government with false professions of loyalty to its principles.

But they will make no headway. The false betray themselves always in every accent. It is only friends and partisans of the German Government whom we have already identified who utter these thinly disguised disloyalties. The facts are patent to all the world, and no-

where are they more plainly seen than in the United States, where we are accustomed to deal with facts and not with sophistries; and the great fact that stands out above all the rest is that this is a people's war, a war for freedom and justice and self-government amongst all the nations of the world, a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it and have made it their own, the German people themselves included; and that with us rests the choice to break through all these hypocrisies and patent cheats and masks of brute force and help set the world free, or else stand aside and let it be dominated a long age through by sheer weight of arms and the arbitrary choices of self-constituted masters, by the nation which can maintain the biggest armies and the most irresistible armaments — a power to which the world has afforded no parallel and in the face of which political freedom must wither and perish.

For us there is but one choice. We have made it. Woe be to the man or group of men that seeks to stand in our way in this day of high resolution when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the nations. We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new luster. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.

ARMAGEDDON[1]

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD (1832–1904)

Marching down to Armageddon —
Brothers, stout and strong!
Let us cheer the way we tread on
With a soldier's song!
Faint we by the weary road,
Or fall we in the rout,
Dirge or Pæan, Death or Triumph —
Let the song ring out!

We are they who scorn the scorners —
Love the lovers — hate
None within the world's four corners —
All must share one fate;
We are they whose common banner
Bears no badge or sign,
Save the Light which dyes it white —
The Hope that makes it shine.

We are they whose bugle rings,
That all the wars may cease;
We are they will pay the Kings
Their cruel price for Peace;

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[1] It has been recognized since the beginning of the Great War that for a score of years before its beginning Europe was an armed camp which might at any time break forth into a world conflict, and that the most far-seeing and peace-loving European statesmen fully understood the gravity of the situation. Little was openly said for fear of provoking resentments, but the possible imminence of "Armageddon" was hinted at now and then. The view that should it come it must be the last great war is expressed by Sir Edwin Arnold, poet and Orientalist, in this poem.

From Edwin Arnold's Poetical Works, Vol. II. Copyright, 1880, 1889, by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

We are they whose steadfast watchword
  Is what Christ did teach —
"Each man for his brother first —
  And Heaven, then, for each."

We are they who will not falter —
  Many swords or few —
Till we make this earth the altar
  Of a worship new;
We are they who will not take
  From palace, priest, or code,
A meaner law than "Brotherhood" —
  A lower Lord than God.

Marching down to Armageddon —
  Brothers, stout and strong!
Ask not why the way we tread on
  Is so rough and long!
God will tell us when our spirits
  Grow to grasp His plan!
Let us do our part today —
  And help Him, helping Man!

Shall we even curse the madness,
  Which for "ends of State"
Dooms us to the long, long madness
  Of this human hate?
Let us slay in perfect pity
  Those that must not live;
Vanquish and forgive our foes —
  Or fall — and still forgive!

We are those whose unpaid legions,
  In free ranks arrayed,

Massacred in many regions —
Never once were stayed:
We are they whose torn battalions,
Trained to bleed, not fly,
Make our agonies a triumph, —
Conquer, while we die!

Therefore, down to Armageddon —
Brothers, bold and strong —
Cheer the glorious way we tread on
With this soldier's song!
Let the armies of the old Flags
March in silent dread:
Death and Life are one to us,
Who fight for Quick and Dead!

THE MEANING OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY[1]

WOODROW WILSON

The war was started by Germany. Her authorities deny that they started it, but I am willing to let the statement I have just made await the verdict of history. And the thing that needs to be explained is why Germany started the war.[2] Remember what the position of Germany in the world was — as enviable a position as any

[1] From an address delivered before the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo, New York, November 12, 1917. In pamphlet entitled "War, Labor, and Peace," issued by Committee on Public Information, Washington, D.C.

[2] The recent disclosures (April, 1918) of Prince Lichnowsky, the Imperial German ambassador to Great Britain until the outbreak of the war (1914), gives official German evidence to the fact that Germany desired the war and precipitated it and that Great Britain did all that was possible to avoid it.

nation has ever occupied. The whole world stood at admiration of her wonderful intellectual and material achievements. All the intellectual men of the world went to school to her. As a university man I have been surrounded by men trained in Germany, men who had resorted to Germany because nowhere else could they get such thorough and searching training, particularly in the principles of science and the principles that underlie modern material achievements. Her men of science had made her industries perhaps the most competent industries of the world, and the label, "Made in Germany," was a guarantee of good workmanship and of sound material. She had access to all the markets of the world, and every other man who traded in those markets feared Germany because of her effective and almost irresistible competition. She had a "place in the sun." Why was she not satisfied? What more did she want? There was nothing in the world of peace that she did not already have and have in abundance. We boast of the extraordinary pace of American advancement. We show with pride the statistics of the increase of our industries and of the population of our cities. Well, those statistics did not match the recent statistics of Germany. Her old cities took on youth, grew faster than any American cities ever grew. Her old industries opened their eyes and saw a new world and went out for its conquest. And yet the authorities of Germany were not satisfied. You have one part of the answer to the question why she was not satisfied in her methods of competition. There is no important industry in Germany upon which the government has not laid its hands to direct it, and when necessity arose, control it; and you have only to ask any man whom you meet, who is familiar with the

conditions that prevailed before the war in the matter of national competition, to find out the methods of competition which the German manufacturers and exporters used under the patronage and support of the Government of Germany. You will find that they were the same sorts of competition that we have tried to prevent by law within our own borders. If they could not sell their goods cheaper than we could sell ours at a profit to themselves, they could get a subsidy from the Government which made it possible to sell them cheaper anyhow, and the conditions of competition were thus controlled in large measure by the German Government itself.

But that did not satisfy the German Government. All the while there was lying behind its thought, in its dreams of the future, a political control which would enable it in the long run to dominate the labor and the industry of the world. They were not content with success by superior achievement; they wanted success by authority. I suppose few of you have thought much about the Berlin-to-Bagdad railway.[1] The Berlin-Bagdad railway was constructed in order to run the threat of force down the flank of the industrial undertakings of half a dozen other countries; so that when German competition came in it would not be resisted too far, because there was

[1] This reference is to the lines of railway being built from Constantinople through Asia Minor and Bagdad in Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf. This road is completed through three fourths of the distance, and its use as a military menace by Germany was one of the indirect causes of the war. The road connects with the line long in operation from Berlin to Constantinople. While it would be of great economic advantage to the regions of the Turkish Empire through which it would pass, as well as to its German owners, its significance is largely political. Through it the German Empire strove to weaken the influence of Great Britain and France in their dependencies in the near East. Thus it became a distinct military threat to the British government in India and in Egypt, and to the control of the Suez Canal.

always the possibility of getting German armies into the heart of that country quicker than any other armies could be got there.

Look at the map of Europe now! Germany, in thrusting upon us again and again the discussion of peace, talks about what? Talks about Belgium; talks about northern France; talks about Alsace-Lorraine. Well, those are deeply interesting subjects to us and to them, but they are not talking about the heart of the matter. Take the map and look at it. Germany has absolute control of Austria-Hungary, practical control of the Balkan states, control of Turkey, control of Asia Minor. I saw a map in which the whole thing was printed in appropriate black the other day and the black stretched all the way from Hamburg to Bagdad — the bulk of German power inserted into the heart of the world.

If she can keep that, she has kept all that her dreams contemplated when the war began. If she can keep that, her power can disturb the world as long as she keeps it, always provided, — for I feel bound to put this proviso in, always provided the present influences that control the German Government continue to control it. I believe that the spirit of freedom can get into the hearts of Germans and find as fine a welcome there as it can find in any other hearts. But the spirit of freedom does not suit the plans of the Pan-Germans.[1] Power cannot be used with concentrated force against free peoples if it is used by free people.

[1] The term applied to the German political party or section of the people which was largely responsible for the war. This party aimed to extend the political power of Germany over the regions traversed by the Berlin-Bagdad Railway as well as through small neighboring nationalities, as with Belgium. In fact, the views of many of this group do not stop short of world domination.

You know how many intimations come to us from one of the Central Powers that it is more anxious for peace than the Chief Central Power; and you know that it means that the people in that Central Power know that if the war ends as it stands, they will in effect themselves be vassals of Germany, notwithstanding that their populations are compounded of all the peoples of that part of the world, and notwithstanding the fact that they do not wish in their pride and proper spirit of nationality to be so absorbed and dominated. Germany is determined that the political power of the world shall belong to her. There have been such ambitions before. They have been in part realized, but never before have those ambitions been based upon so exact and precise and scientific a plan of domination.

May I not say that it is amazing to me that any group of persons should be so ill-informed as to suppose, as some groups in Russia apparently suppose, that any reforms planned in the interest of the people can live in the presence of a Germany powerful enough to undermine or overthrow them by intrigue or force? Any body of free men that compounds with the present German Government is compounding for its own destruction. But that is not the whole of the story. Any man in America, or anywhere else, that supposes that the free industry and enterprise of the world can continue if the Pan-German plan is achieved and German power fastened upon the world is as fatuous as the dreamers in Russia. What I am opposed to is not the feeling of the pacifists, but their stupidity. My heart is with them, but my mind has a contempt for them. I want peace, but I know how to get it, and they do not.

You will notice that I sent a friend of mine, Colonel

House, to Europe, who is as great a lover of peace as any man in the world, but I did not send him on a peace mission yet. I sent him to take part in a conference as to how the war was to be won, and he knows, as I know, that that is the way to get peace, if you want it for more than a few minutes.

All of this is a preface to the conference that I have referred to with regard to what we are going to do. If we are true friends of freedom of our own or anybody else's, we will see that the power of this country and the productivity of this country is raised to its absolute maximum and that absolutely nobody is allowed to stand in the way of it. When I say that nobody is allowed to stand in the way, I do not mean that they shall be prevented by the power of the Government, but by the power of the American spirit. Our duty, if we are to do this great thing and show America to be what we believe her to be, — the greatest hope and energy of the world, is to stand together night and day until the job is finished.

While we are fighting for freedom we must see, among other things, that labor is free, and that means a number of interesting things. It means not only that we must do what we have declared our purpose to do, see that the conditions of labor are not rendered more onerous by the war, but also that we shall see to it that the instrumentalities by which the conditions of labor are improved are not blocked or checked. That we must do. That has been the matter about which I have taken pleasure in conferring from time to time with your president, Mr. Gompers; and, if I may be permitted to do so, I want to express my admiration of his patriotic courage, his large vision, and his statesmanlike sense of what is to be done. I like to lay my mind alongside of a mind that

knows how to pull in harness. The horses that kick over the traces will have to be put in corral. . . .

Therefore, my counsel to you is this: Let us show ourselves Americans by showing that we do not want to go off in separate camps or groups by ourselves, but that we want to coöperate with all other classes and all other groups in a common enterprise which is to release the spirits of the world from bondage. I would be willing to set that up as the final test of an American. That is the meaning of democracy.

AMERICA'S PURPOSE IN THE WAR[1]

WOODROW WILSON

I shall not go back to debate the causes of the war. The intolerable wrongs done and planned against us by the sinister masters of Germany have long since become too grossly obvious and odious to every true American to need to be rehearsed. But I shall ask you to consider again and with very grave scrutiny our objectives and the measures by which we mean to attain them; for the purpose of discussion here in this place is action and our action must move straight toward definite ends. Our object is, of course, to win the war; and we shall not slacken or suffer ourselves to be diverted until it is won. But it is worth while asking and answering the question, When shall we consider the war won?

From one point of view it is not necessary to broach this fundamental matter. I do not doubt that the American

[1] From the President's second war message, delivered before Congress, December 4, 1917. In pamphlet, "War, Labor, and Peace," issued by Committee on Public Information, Washington, D.C.

people know what the war is about and what sort of an outcome they will regard as a realization of their purpose in it. As a Nation we are united in spirit and intention. I pay little heed to those who tell me otherwise. I hear the voices of dissent — who does not? I hear the criticism and the clamor of the noisily thoughtless and troublesome. I also see men here and there fling themselves in impotent disloyalty against the calm, indomitable power of the Nation. I hear men debate peace who understand neither its nature nor the way in which we may attain it, with uplifted eyes and unbroken spirits. But I know that none of these speaks for the Nation. They do not touch the heart of anything. They may safely be left to strut their uneasy hour and be forgotten.

But from another point of view I believe that it is necessary to say plainly what we here at the seat of action consider the war to be for and what part we mean to play in the settlement of its searching issues. We are the spokesmen of the American people and they have a right to know whether their purpose is ours. They desire peace by the overcoming of evil, by the defeat once for all of the sinister forces that interrupt peace and render it impossible, and they wish to know how closely our thought runs with theirs and what action we propose. They are impatient with those who desire peace by any sort of compromise — deeply and indignantly impatient — but they will be equally impatient with us if we do not make it plain to them what our objectives are and what we are planning for in seeking to make conquest of peace by arms.

I believe that I speak for them when I say two things: First, that this intolerable thing of which the masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face, this menace of

combined intrigue and force, which we now see so clearly as the German power, a thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace, must be crushed, and if it be not utterly brought to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of the nations; and, second, that when this thing and its power are indeed defeated and the time comes that we can discuss peace — when the German people have spokesmen whose word we can believe, and when those spokesmen are ready in the name of their people to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the bases of law and of covenant for the life of the world — we shall be willing and glad to pay the full price for peace and pay it ungrudgingly. We know what that price will be. It will be full, impartial justice — justice done at every point and to every nation that the final settlement must affect, our enemies as well as our friends.

You catch, with me, the voices of humanity that are in the air. They grow daily more audible, more articulate, more persuasive, and they come from the hearts of men everywhere. They insist that the war shall not end in vindictive action of any kind; that no nation or people shall be robbed or punished because the irresponsible rulers of a single country have themselves done deep and abominable wrong. It is this thought that has been expressed in the formula, "No annexations, no contributions, no punitive indemnities." Just because this crude formula expresses the instinctive judgment as to the right of plain men everywhere it has been made diligent use of by the masters of German intrigue to lead the people of Russia astray, — and the people of every other country their agents could reach, — in order that a premature peace might be brought about before autocracy has been

taught its final and convincing lesson and the people of the world put in control of their own destinies.

But the fact that a wrong use has been made of a just idea is no reason why a right use should not be made of it. It ought to be brought under the patronage of its real friends. Let it be said again that autocracy must first be shown the utter futility of its claims to power or leadership in the modern world. It is impossible to apply any standard of justice so long as such forces are unchecked and undefeated as the present masters of Germany command. Not until that has been done can Right be set up as arbiter and peacemaker among the nations. But when that has been done — as, God willing, it assuredly will be — we shall at last be free to do an unprecedented thing, and this is the time to avow our purpose to do it. We shall be free to base peace on generosity and justice, to the exclusion of all selfish claims to advantage even on the part of the victors.

Let there be no misunderstanding. Our present and immediate task is to win the war, and nothing shall turn us aside from it until it is accomplished. Every power and resource we possess, whether of men, of money, or materials, is being devoted and will continue to be devoted, to that purpose until it is achieved. Those who desire to bring peace about before that purpose is achieved, I counsel to carry their advice elsewhere. We will not entertain it. We shall regard the war as won only when the German people say to us, through properly accredited representatives, that they are ready to agree to a settlement based upon justice and the reparation of the wrongs their rulers have done. They have done a wrong to Belgium which must be repaired. They have established a power over other lands and peoples than their own —

over the great empire of Austria-Hungary, over hitherto free Balkan states, over Turkey, and within Asia — which must be relinquished.

Germany's success by skill, by industry, by knowledge, by enterprise we did not grudge or oppose, but admired rather. She had built up for herself a real empire of trade and influence, secured by the peace of the world. We were content to abide the rivalries of manufacture, science, and commerce that were involved for us in her success and stand or fall as we had or did not have the brains and the initiative to surpass her. But at the moment when she had conspicuously won her triumphs of peace she threw them away to establish in their stead what the world will no longer permit to be established, military and political domination by arms, by which to oust where she could not excel the rivals she most feared and hated. The peace we make must remedy that wrong. It must deliver the once fair lands and happy peoples of Belgium and northern France from the Prussian conquest and the Prussian menace, but it must also deliver the peoples of Austria-Hungary, the peoples of the Balkans, and the peoples of Turkey, alike in Europe and in Asia, from the impudent and alien domination of the Prussian military and commercial autocracy.

We owe it, however, to ourselves to say that we do not wish in any way to impair or to rearrange the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is no affair of ours what they do with their own life, either industrially or politically. We do not purpose nor desire to dictate to them in any way. We only desire to see that their affairs are left in their own hands, in all matters, great or small. We shall hope to secure for the peoples of the Balkan peninsula and for the peoples of the Turkish Empire the right and oppor-

tunity to make their own lives safe, their own fortunes secure against oppression or injustice and from the dictation of foreign courts or parties.

And our attitude and purpose with regard to Germany herself are of a like kind. We intend no wrong against the German Empire, no interference with her internal affairs. We should deem either the one or the other absolutely unjustifiable, absolutely contrary to the principles we have professed to live by and to hold most sacred throughout our life as a nation.

The people of Germany are being told by the men whom they now permit to deceive them and to act as their masters that they are fighting for the very life and existence of their Empire, a war of desperate self-defense against deliberate aggression. Nothing could be more grossly or wantonly false, and we must seek by the utmost openness and candor as to our real aims to convince them of its falseness. We are, in fact, fighting for their emancipation from fear, along with our own, — from the fear as well as from the fact of unjust attack by neighbors or rivals or schemers after world empire. No one is threatening the existence or the independence or the peaceful enterprise of the German Empire.

The worst that can happen to the detriment of the German people is this, that if they should still, after the war is over, continue to be obliged to live under ambitious and intriguing masters interested to disturb the peace of the world, — men or classes of men whom the other peoples of the world could not trust, — it might be impossible to admit them to the partnership of nations which must henceforth guarantee the world's peace. That partnership must be a partnership of peoples, not a mere partnership of governments. It might be impossi-

ble, also, in such untoward circumstances, to admit Germany to the free economic intercourse which must inevitably spring out of the other partnerships of a real peace. But there would be no aggression in that; and such a situation, inevitable because of distrust, would in the very nature of things sooner or later cure itself, by processes which would assuredly set in.

The wrongs, the very deep wrongs, committed in this war will have to be righted. That of course. But they cannot and must not be righted by the commission of similar wrongs against Germany and her allies. The world will not permit the commission of similar wrongs as a means of reparation and settlement. Statesmen must by this time have learned that the opinion of the world is everywhere wide-awake and fully comprehends the issues involved. No representative of any self-governed nation will dare disregard it by attempting any such covenants of selfishness and compromise as were entered into at the Congress of Vienna.[1] The thought of the plain people here and everywhere throughout the world, the people who enjoy no privilege and have very simple and unsophisticated standards of right and wrong, is the air all governments must henceforth breathe if they would live. It is in the full disclosing light of that thought that all policies must be conceived and executed in this mid-day hour of the world's life.

German rulers have been able to upset the peace of the world only because the German people were not suffered,

[1] The Peace Conference held in 1815 and 1816 to determine the terms of peace after the downfall of Napoleon. It was controlled by reactionary political powers which deprived most European peoples of such freedom as they had won in the early Revolutionary period, and was particularly harsh and cynical in its treatment of small nations.

under their tutelage, to share the comradeship of the other peoples of the world either in thought or in purpose. They were allowed to have no opinion of their own which might be set up as a rule of conduct for those who exercised authority over them. But the congress that concludes this war will feel the full strength of the tides that run now in the hearts and consciences of free men everywhere. Its conclusions will run with those tides.

All these things have been true from the very beginning of this stupendous war; and I cannot help thinking that if they had been made plain at the very outset the sympathy and enthusiasm of the Russian people might have been once for all enlisted on the side of the Allies, suspicion and distrust swept away, and a real and lasting union of purpose effected. Had they believed these things at the very moment of their revolution and had they been confirmed in that belief since, the sad reverses which have recently marked the progress of their affairs toward an ordered and stable government of free men might have been avoided. The Russian people have been poisoned by the very same falsehoods that have kept the German people in the dark, and the poison has been administered by the very same hands. The only possible antidote is the truth. It cannot be uttered too plainly or too often.

From every point of view, therefore, it has seemed to be my duty to speak these declarations of purpose, to add these specific interpretations to what I took the liberty of saying to the Senate in January. Our entrance into the war has not altered our attitude toward the settlement that must come when it is over. When I said in January that the nations of the world were entitled not only to free pathways upon the sea, but also to assured and unmolested access to those pathways, I was thinking, and I am think-

ing now, not of the smaller and weaker nations alone, which need our countenance and support, but also of the great and powerful nations, and of our present enemies as well as our present associates in the war. I was thinking, and am thinking now, of Austria herself, among the rest, as well as of Serbia and of Poland. Justice and equality of rights can be had only at a great price. We are seeking permanent, not temporary, foundations for the peace of the world, and must seek them candidly and fearlessly. As always, the right will prove to be the expedient.

What shall we do, then, to push this great war of freedom and justice to its righteous conclusion? We must clear away with a thorough hand all impediments to success, and we must make every adjustment of law that will facilitate the full and free use of our whole capacity and force as a fighting unit.

One very embarrassing obstacle that stands in our way is that we are at war with Germany, but not with her allies. I therefore very earnestly recommend that the Congress immediately declare the United States in a state of war with Austria-Hungary. Does it seem strange to you that this should be the conclusion of the argument I have just addressed to you? It is not. It is in fact the inevitable logic of what I have said. Austria-Hungary is for the time being not her own mistress, but simply the vassal of the German Government. We must face the facts as they are and act upon them without sentiment in this stern business. The Government of Austria-Hungary is not acting upon its own initiative or in response to the wishes and feelings of its own peoples, but as the instrument of another nation. We must meet its force with our own and regard the Central Powers as but one. The war can be successfully conducted in no other way. The same

logic would lead also to a declaration of war against Turkey and Bulgaria. They also are the tools of Germany. But they are mere tools and do not yet stand in the direct path of our necessary action. We shall go wherever the necessities of this war carry us, but it seems to me that we should go only where immediate and practical considerations lead us and not heed any others.

The financial and military measures which must be adopted will suggest themselves as the war and its undertakings develop, but I will take the liberty of proposing to you certain other acts of legislation which seem to me to be needed for the support of the war and for the release of our whole force and energy. . . .

We can do this with all the greater zeal and enthusiasm because we know that for us this is a war of high principle, debased by no selfish ambition of conquest or spoliation; because we know, and all the world knows, that we have been forced into it to save the very institutions we live under from corruption and destruction. The purposes of the Central Powers strike straight at the very heart of everything we believe in; their methods of warfare outrage every principle of humanity and of knightly honor; their intrigue has corrupted the very thought and spirit of many of our people; their sinister and secret diplomacy has sought to take our very territory away from us and disrupt the union of the States. Our safety would be at an end, our honor forever sullied and brought into contempt, were we to permit their triumph. They are striking at the very existence of democracy and liberty.

It is because it is for us a war of high, disinterested purpose, in which all the free peoples of the world are banded together for the vindication of right, a war for the preservation of our Nation and of all that it has held dear of

principle and of purpose, that we feel ourselves doubly constrained to propose for its outcome only that which is righteous and of irreproachable intention, for our foes as well as for our friends.

The cause being just and holy, the settlement must be of like motive and quality. For this we can fight, but for nothing less noble or less worthy of our traditions. For this cause we entered the war, and for this cause we will battle until the last gun is fired.

I have spoken plainly because this seems to me the time when it is most necessary to speak plainly, in order that all the world may know that even in the heat and ardor of the struggle and when our whole thought is of carrying the war through to its end we have not forgotten any ideal or principle for which the name of America has been held in honor among the nations and for which it has been our glory to contend in the great generations that went before us. A supreme moment of history has come. The eyes of the people have been opened and they see. The hand of God is laid upon the nations. He will show them favor, I devoutly believe, only if they rise to the clear heights of His own justice and mercy.

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN[1]

GUY WETMORE CARRYL (1873–1904)

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthermost isles are free;

[1] This poem refers to the entrance of the warships into New York harbor August 20, 1898, when peace with Spain was declared.

And the furthermost isles make answer, harbor and height
and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother
who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found beloved, and strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her
sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade
her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls
them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary
watchers rest;
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the
golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long
blockade;
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip, it is "Peace!
Thank God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them
rise and go;

At the outbreak of this war the white warships were painted gray for the first time in their existence, all of them having been built during the years of peace.

From "The Garden of Years." Copyright, 1914, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Used by permission of the publishers and of the editor, Henry D. Sleeper.

How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the strait: —
But better the golden evening, when the ships round heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething foam, —
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace! when the great gray ships come in!

X. ONWARD

A WORLD PEACE[1]

WOODROW WILSON

It will be our wish and purpose that the processes of peace, when they are begun, shall be absolutely open, and that they shall involve and permit henceforth no secret understandings of any kind. The day of conquest and aggrandizement is gone by; so is also the day of secret covenants entered into in the interest of particular governments, and likely at some unlooked-for moment to upset the peace of the world. It is this happy fact, now clear to the view of every public man whose thoughts do not still linger in an age that is dead and gone, which makes it possible for every nation whose purposes are consistent with justice and the peace of the world to avow now or at any other time the objects it has in view.

We entered this war because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world secured once for all against their recurrence. What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression. All the peoples of the world are in effect partners in this interest,

[1] From address delivered before Congress, January 8, 1918. In pamphlet, "War, Labor, and Peace," issued by Committee on Public Information, Washington, D.C.

and for our own part we see very clearly that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us. The program of the world's peace, therefore, is our program, and that program, the only possible program, as we see it, is this:

I. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

II. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

III. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

IV. Adequate guaranties given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

V. A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interest of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

VI. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest coöperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free

nations under institutions of her own choosing; and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

VII. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

VIII. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored; and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

IX. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

X. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

XI. Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan states to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of

allegiance and nationality; and international guaranties of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan states should be entered into.

XII. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guaranties.

XIII. An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

XIV. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike.

In regard to these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the Governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists. We cannot be separated in interest or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end.

For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight and to continue to fight until they are achieved; but only because we wish the right to prevail and desire a just and stable peace such as can be secured only by removing the chief provocations to war, which this pro-

gram does remove. We have no jealousy of German greatness and there is nothing in this program that impairs it. We grudge her no achievement or distinction of learning or of pacific enterprise such as have made her record very bright and very enviable. We do not wish to injure her or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade, if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world — the new world in which we now live — instead of a place of mastery.

Neither do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary, we must frankly say, and necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealings with her on our part, that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

We have spoken now, surely, in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question. An evident principle runs through the whole program I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation, no part of the structure of international justice can stand. The people of the United States could act upon no other principle; and to the vindication of this principle they are ready to devote their lives, their honor, and everything that they possess. The moral climax of

this, the culminating and final war for human liberty, has come, and they are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity, and devotion to the test.

FREEDOM AGAINST THE WILL TO POWER[1]

WILLIAM E. BORAH (1865–)

And when we reflect further on some of the issues which are involved in the war, we are again led to understand how conclusively this is a contest between the two systems of government, two civilizations. We ought to get away, if we can, from the idea that it is a conflict over national lines in Europe; that it is a question of the redistribution of territory in Europe; that it is a question of securing compensation for injuries which have been done us; and understand that, whatever the cause was in the beginning, we have now arrived at a point where it is distinctly a conflict between two systems of government, between peoples and nations, and that one or the other will have to go down.

In other words, Mr. President, whatever may have been our opinion in the beginning of the war, both sides realize now that this is not only a war between great nations, involving the interests of all their citizens, but that it is distinctly a war between systems of government, and it is so recognized.

Mr. President, the German historian, Professor Meyer, in a book written since the beginning of the war, in which

[1] From a speech made in the United States Senate, March 18, 1918, by Mr. Borah as Senator from Idaho.

he sums up the issues involved, or rather the issue, because it all resolves itself into one, uses this language:

"The truth of the whole matter undoubtedly is that the time has arrived when two distinct forms of State organization must face each other in a life-and-death struggle."

That is undoubtedly the understanding and belief of those who are responsible for this war. It is coming to be the understanding and belief of those who have had the war forced upon them. We have finally put aside the tragedy at the Bosnian capital and the wrongs inflicted upon Belgium as the moving causes of the war. They were but the prologue to the imperial theme. We now see and understand clearly and unmistakably the cause at all times lying back of these things. Upon the one hand is Magna Charta,[1] the Bill of Rights,[2] the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the principles of human liberty which they embody and preserve. Upon the other hand is that peculiar form of State organization which, in the language of the Emperor, rests alone upon the strength of the army and whose highest creed finds expression in the words of one of its greatest advocates, that war is a part of the eternal order instituted by God. We go back to Runnymede, where fearless men wrenched from the hands of power habeas corpus and the trial by jury.

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[1] The great charter won by the Barons of England from King John at Runnymede, June 15, 1215. It is the legal basis of English liberty and thus of American also, securing a legal procedure for all acts of government against its citizens.

[2] An Act of Parliament in 1689, confirming and re-defining the rights guaranteed in the Magna Charta. The first six amendments to the American Constitution are often called "The American Bill of Rights."

They point us to Breslau [1] and Mollwitz,[2] where Frederick the Great, in violation of his plighted word, inaugurated the rule of fraud and force and laid the foundation for that mighty structure whose central and dominating principle is that of power.

It is that power with which we are at war today. Shall men, shall the people, be governed by some remorseless and soulless entity softly called the "State," or shall the instrumentalities of government yield alone and at all times to the wants and necessities, the hopes and aspirations, of the masses? That is now the issue. Nothing should longer conceal it. It is but another and more stupendous phase of the old struggle, a struggle as ancient and as inevitable as the thirst for power and the love of liberty, a struggle in which men have fought and sacrificed all the way from Marathon to Verdun.

It seems strange now, and it will seem more extraordinary to those who come after us, that we did not recognize from the beginning that this was the issue. But, obscured by the débris of European life, confused with the dynastic quarrels and racial bitterness of the Old World, it was difficult to discern, and still more difficult to realize, that the very life of our institutions was at stake, that the scheme of the enemy, amazing and astounding, was not alone to control territory and dominate commerce, but to change the drift of human progress and to readjust the standards of the world's civilization. Perhaps, too, our love of peace, our traditional friendship for all nations, lulled suspicion and discouraged inquiry. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt now.

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[1] A treaty between Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary, and Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, signed in 1742.

[2] The battle preceding the treaty of peace.

Whatever the cause, however perverse the fates which bring us to this crisis, we are called upon not to settle questions of territory or establish new spheres of national activity, but to defend the institutions under which we live. Who doubts should we fail that the whole theory and system of government for which we have labored and struggled, our whole conception of civilization, would be discredited utterly? Who but believes that, should we lose, militarism would be the searching test of all Governments and that the world would be an armed camp harried and tortured and decimated by endless wars?

But what we have determined in this crisis, as I understand it, is that we will keep the road of democracy open. No one shall close it. If any nation shall hereafter rise to the sublime requirement of self-government and choose to go that way, it shall have the right to do so. Above all things we have determined, cost what it may in treasure and blood, that this experiment here upon this Western Continent shall justify the faith of its builders, that there shall remain here in all the integrity of its powers, neither wrenched nor marred by the passions of war from within nor humbled nor dishonored by military power from without, the Republic of the fathers; that since the challenge has been thrown down that this is a war unto death between two opposing theories of government, we are determined that whatever else happens as a result of this war this form of organization, this theory of State, this last great hope, this fruition of one hundred and thirty years of struggle and toil, "shall not perish from the earth."

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES[1]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–)

Much has been given to us, and much will rightfully be expected from us. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves; and we can shirk neither. We have become a great Nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth; and we must behave as beseems a people with such responsibilities. Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. We must show not only in our words but in our deeds that we are earnestly desirous of securing their good will by acting toward them in a spirit of just and generous recognition of all their rights. But justice and generosity in a nation, as in an individual, count most when shown not by the weak but by the strong. While ever careful to refrain from wronging others, we must be no less insistent that we are not wronged ourselves. We wish peace; but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. We wish it because we think it is right and not because we are afraid. No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression.

Our relations with the other Powers of the world are important; but still more important are our relations among ourselves. Such growth in wealth, in population,

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[1] No statesman has furnished a more virile example of the American spirit to our own generation than ex-President Roosevelt.

From inaugural address, March 4, 1905, in The Works of Theodore Roosevelt. Executive Edition of His Presidential Addresses and State Papers, Vol. III. Published by P. F. Collier.

and in power as this Nation has seen during the century and a quarter of its national life is inevitably accompanied by a like growth in the problems which are ever before every nation that rises to greatness. Power invariably means both responsibility and danger. Our forefathers faced certain perils which we have outgrown. We now face other perils, the very existence of which it was impossible that they should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the last half century are felt in every fiber of our social and political being.

Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the forms of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance, and individual initiative, have also brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers. Upon the success of our experiment much depends; not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is today, and to the generations yet unborn.

There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it seriously, neither hiding from ourselves the gravity of the problems before us nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching purpose to solve them aright.

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO RULE[1]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Friends, our task as Americans is to strive for social and industrial justice, achieved through the genuine rule of the people. This is our end, our purpose.

The methods for achieving the end are merely expedients, to be finally accepted or rejected according as actual experience shows that they work well or ill. But in our hearts we must have this lofty purpose, and we must strive for it in all earnestness and sincerity, or our work will come to nothing.

In order to succeed, we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their own burning souls. The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt, he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is, spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind.

We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve

[1] From a speech made by Mr. Roosevelt at Carnegie Hall in New York, March 20, 1912. Issued in pamphlet form over Mr. Roosevelt's signature by the National Progressive party.

is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men. If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do as little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us. To turn this Government either into government by a plutocracy or government by a mob, would be to repeat on a larger scale the lamentable failures of the world that is dead.

We stand against all tyranny, by the few or by the many. We stand for the rule of the many in the interest of all of us, for the rule of the many in a spirit of courage, of common sense, of high purpose; above all, in a spirit of kindly justice toward every man and every woman. We not merely admit, but insist, that there must be self-control on the part of the people, that they must keenly perceive their own duties as well as the rights of others; but we also insist that the people can do nothing unless they not merely have, but exercise to the full, their own rights.

The worth of our great experiment depends upon its being in good faith an experiment — the first that has ever been tried — in true democracy on the scale of a continent, on a scale as vast as that of the mightiest empires of the Old World. Surely this is a noble ideal, an ideal for which it is worth while to strive, an ideal for which at need it is worth while to sacrifice much; for our ideal is the rule of all the people in a spirit of friendliest brotherhood toward each and every one of the people.

LOOK UP, LOOK FORTH, AND ON![1]

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825–1878)

Look up, look forth, and on!
There's light in the dawning sky:
The clouds are parting, the night is gone:
Prepare for the work of the day!
Fallow thy pastures lie,
And far thy shepherds stray,
And the fields of thy vast domain
Awaiting for purer seed
Of knowledge, desire, and deed,
For keener sunshine and mellower rain!
But keep thy garments pure:
Pluck them back, with the old disdain,
From touch of the hands that stain!
So shall thy strength endure.
Transmute into good the gold of Gain,
Compel to beauty thy ruder powers,
Till the bounty of coming hours
Shall plant, on thy fields apart,
With the oak of Toil, the rose of Art!
Be watchful, and keep us so:
Be strong, and fear no foe:
Be just, and the world shall know!
With the same love love us, as we give;
And the day shall never come,

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[1] The author was an American journalist and man of letters, writer of many volumes, chiefly accounts of travel. He gave to the American people their first intimate and popular view of many foreign lands.

From "The National Ode," delivered in Independence Square, Philadelphia, July 4, 1876. From facsimile copy sent by the author to Joseph R. Osgood & Co., Boston, July 5, 1876.

That finds us weak or dumb
To join and smite and cry
In the great task, for thee to die,
And the greater task, for thee to live!

THE SHIP OF STATE[1]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882)

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

[1] From "The Building of the Ship," in Longfellow's Poetical Works, Vol. I. Copyright, 1886, by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Used by permission of the publishers.

A BASIS FOR WORLD DEMOCRACY[1]

DAVID STARR JORDAN (1851–)

Through the ages, says Barbusse, "the people are nothing; they should be everything."[2] This epigram of the French soldier may well be a watchword of democracy. The modern world, to accept the current paraphrase from Lincoln, "cannot endure half-slave, half-free," that is, half of it under government "of the people, by the people, for the people," half of it subject to irresponsible oligarchies, parasitic on the people through the "divine right of kings." Wherever arbitrary power exists, it will be used in arbitrary ways. The only antidote to its abuses is to be found in government by the people. This is no instantaneous remedy, to be applied once for all. It is a process of growth. The people must feel their way, learning from their own mistakes, building their loftier ideals on the wreckage of past hopes.

It matters little what the shortcomings of democracy are. The essential thing is progress in enlightenment and justice; the way leads through freedom. No people ever had a government better than it deserved. It is a quality of democracy always to deserve something better. A perfect government would be superfluous. As Goethe once observed, "The best government is that which renders itself unnecessary." The besetting sin

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[1] Dr. Jordan, a noted scientist and publicist, was first president and the builder of Leland Stanford Junior University.

From "Democracy and World Relations." Copyright, 1918, by World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York.

[2] "*Les peuples, c'est rien; et ça devrait être tout; une phrase historique vieille de plus d'un siècle.*"

of most governments which endeavor to be good is that they attempt too many things the people should do for themselves. The highest duty of government is to keep the road unobstructed so that each man can make his own way for himself. . . .

In democracy the freedom of the individual is vital, — equally so its necessary limitation, non-interference with the liberty of others. The same principle should obtain in financial and commercial relations as well. The freedom for which our fathers contended was freedom of the soul, not unrestrained license to control or oppress, whether through accumulated wealth or wide-ranging combination. By some means, labor must become as free as the wealth it produces, and human life must be as highly cherished as property.

It is certain that the war will bring many changes inside and outside the various nations. Universal revolution is ahead of us — and maybe universal collapse. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that the inevitable upheavals, bidding fair to stir society to its depths, shall be bloodless, and yet sweep away precisely those institutions which most impede social advance.

Democracy may not necessarily build up great states, but permanent greatness can rest on no other foundation than democracy. In the future the people must indeed be everything. That nation is great which to its rank and file "means opportunity" and which, further, breeds men capable of seizing the opportunities that arise.

As the war goes on, we glimpse the dawn of a larger freedom. "War to end war" now looks forward to the achievement of a "clean peace" on the basis of a "new morality" among nations, a settlement in which no selfish interests, national or personal, shall prevail and

no advantage accrue through military decision. Such an ending will find few precedents in history.[1] It is the part of democracy to create precedent. . . .

If this stoutly remains our aim, we shall open the door to a new world-outlook as inspiring as that disclosed by the Renaissance, by our own Revolution, or by the Emancipation Proclamation. Deeds, not words, must decide. Yet we are leading the way from obstructive nationalism with its oppressions and rivalries forward to the open fields of a broad humanity. From the first impulse to go to the rescue of Belgium, on to the last grapple with a dynastic state, the purpose of democracy everywhere has been unflinching and must be continuous. . . .

The new morality inheres in the four imperatives proclaimed by President Wilson on February 11, 1918. He insists

1. *that* Each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular cause, and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring peace that will be permanent;
2. *that* Peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but
3. *that* Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival states; and
4. *that* All well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe and consequently of the world,

[1] The Treaty of Ghent, closing the War of 1812, may be a case in point.

On a basis such as this, international order must rest; modern civilization will be content with nothing less. The acceptance of these principles would mark the end of the medieval era in world-politics. It would square international relations with the advances already achieved by science, ethics, and religion within the social order.

THE NEW INDEPENDENCE DAY[1]

WOODROW WILSON

. . . This, then, is our conception of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The plot is written plain upon every scene and every act of the supreme tragedy. On the one hand stand the peoples of the world — not only the peoples actually engaged, but many others, also, who suffer under mastery but cannot act; peoples of many races and in every part of the world — the people of stricken Russia still, among the rest, though they are for the moment unorganized and helpless. Opposed to them, masters of many armies, stand an isolated, friendless group of Governments, who speak no common purpose, but only selfish ambitions of their own, by which none can profit but themselves, and whose peoples are fuel in their hands; Governments which fear their people, and yet are for the time being sovereign lords, making every choice for them and disposing of their lives and fortunes as they will, as well as of the lives and fortunes of every people who fall under their power — Governments clothed with the strange trappings and the primitive authority of an age that is altogether alien and hos-

[1] From address delivered at Mount Vernon, July 4, 1918, as published in the New York *Times*, July 5, 1918.

tile to our own. The Past and the Present are in deadly grapple, and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them.

There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No halfway decision would be tolerable. No halfway decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace:

I. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

II. The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

III. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern States in their relations with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

IV. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of

free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

These great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish with their projects for balances of power, and of national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the thinking peoples of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

I can fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a peculiar kindness. Here were started forces which the great nation against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its rightful authority, but which it has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own people as well as of the people of the United States; and I stand here now to speak — speak proudly and with confident hope — of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stage of the world itself! The blinded rulers of Prussia have roused forces they knew little of — forces which, once roused, can never be crushed to earth again; for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph!

CARRY ON![1]

ROBERT W. SERVICE (1876–)

It's easy to fight when everything's right,
And you're mad with the thrill and the glory;
It's easy to cheer when victory's near,
And wallow in fields that are gory.
It's a different song when everything's wrong,
When you're feeling infernally mortal;
When it's ten against one, and hope there is none,
Buck up, little soldier, and chortle:

Carry on! Carry on!
There isn't much punch in your blow,
You're glaring and staring and hitting out blind;
You're muddy and bloody, but never you mind.
Carry on! Carry on!
You haven't the ghost of a show.
It's looking like death, but while you've a breath,
Carry on, my son! Carry on!

And so in the strife of the battle of life
It's easy to fight when you're winning;
It's easy to slave, and starve and be brave,
When the dawn of success is beginning.
But the man who can meet despair and defeat
With a cheer, there's a man of God's choosing;
The man who can fight to Heaven's own height
Is the man who can fight when he's losing.

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[1] No other poem more forcefully expresses the spirit of the present war.

From "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." Copyright, 1916, by Barse and Hopkins, New York. Used by permission of the publishers.

Carry on! Carry on!
Things never were looming so black.
But show that you haven't a cowardly streak,
And though you're unlucky you never are weak.
Carry on! Carry on!
Brace up for another attack.
It's looking like hell, but — you never can tell:
Carry on, old man! Carry on!

There are some who drift out in the deserts of doubt,
And some who in brutishness wallow;
There are others, I know, who in piety go
Because of a Heaven to follow.
But to labor with zest, and to give of your best,
For the sweetness and joy of the giving;
To help folks along with a hand and a song;
Why, there's the real sunshine of living.

Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true;
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you are here.
Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your cry:
Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

INDEX TO SUBJECTS

Alien. *See* Immigrant citizen
America, as a vindication of democracy, 227, 314–315, 320–323; inheritance of, 229–230
America first, 222–223, 228–229, 230–235
American citizenship. *See* Citizenship
American Federation of Labor. *See* Labor, American Federation of
American independence, at stake in present war, 251–255, 256–257
Americanism, 257; Theodore Roosevelt on, 91–93; its distinctiveness, 93–94, 97–100; peculiarities of liberty, 100–101; characteristics of, 209–217; responsibilities of, 314–315
Americans, origin of, 7–10; making of, 200–201; of foreign birth, 202–205, 225–226. *See* Immigrant
America's purpose in the world war. *See* World war, America in
Anglo-Saxon civilization, 7
Aristocracy. *See* Privilege
Austro-Hungary, 272, 279–290, 296–297, 307
Autocracy, 239–240, 254–255, 247–249, 270. *See* Germany

Belgium, sacrifice of, in present war, 247–249, 253, 263
Bible, influence of, on American history, 12–14, 19
Boone, Daniel, 21
Boxer indemnity, 215
Bravery, personal, a trait of the American Spirit, 1, 6–7, 82–83, 160–161
Breadth of view, a characteristic of the American Spirit, 26, 28–31
Brotherhood of man, a fundamental belief, 22, 123–124, 140, 161–165, 199–200, 203–204, 284–286
Bulgaria, 301

Cavaliers, 8–10, 233
Citizenship, 91–93, 105–107; price of, 207–210, 217–219, 230–233
Class distinctions. *See* Privilege, special
Colonization policy, 250–251
Columbus, Christopher, 1–3
Commerical greed not an American trait, 86–88, 158, 221–222
Common man, belief in, a trait of the American Spirit, 20–22, 26–27, 45–49, 65–66, 72–77, 91–93, 102–103, 119–120, 123–124, 129–131, 132–133, 214–215
Cooper, James Fenimore, 21
Courage. *See* Bravery, personal
Crisis, the present, 239–240, 241–244, 245–304

Declaration of Independence, 9, 97, 98
Democracy, foundations of country laid in, 20–22, 25, 28, 43–45, 48–49, 56–57, 91–93, 95–96, 142; the goal of history, 93–94; and labor, 108–110, 125; world, 108–110, 320–323; characteristics of, 116–122; and life, 123–137; educational influence of, 206–209; America a vindication of, 227; the world safe for, 255, 258, 261–274, 279–283, 289–292, 294–296, 313–317, 320–323; and efficiency, *see* Efficiency
Diplomacy, Old World *vs.* New World, 215
Duty, sense of, essential to American Spirit, 102–103, 104, 105–107, 242–244, 314–315

Education, belief in, a trait of the American Spirit, 41, 66; essential to America, 66, 111, 206–209, 225
Efficiency and democracy, 206–209
England, 7; protection of, in present war, 246
English race and the founding of America, 6, 7–10, 67–68
Equality, 72, 98. *See* Common man *and* Democracy

Faith in ideals. *See* Idealism
Foreign-born citizens. *See* Immigrant citizens
Foreigner in a democracy, 206–209; loyalty of, 209–217; problem of, 233–234

Foreign relations of our government, 41–43, 74–76
Freedom, 2–3, 67, 70–72, 77, 102–103, 229–230, 236–237, 243–244, 321
Frontier, influence of, on American Spirit, 25–28, 112–115
Future, faith in, 2–3, 242–243

Generosity toward enemies a trait of the American Spirit, 59–60, 62–63, 80–81, 83–84
German-Americans, 222–223, 228
Germany, and the present war, 239–240, 245–255, 256–257, 262–274, 286–292; barbarity of, 247–249, 262, 298; long preparedness for war, 249, 288–292; militarism in control of, 250, 277–278; menace of, 258, 276–279; present Germany not the old, 259–261; the people of, 268, 277, 289–290, 295–297; tyranny of, 280–283; progress of, before the war, 287–292
"God's Country," 221
Government, faith in our, 37–38, 73–74, 100–101, 310–311
Grant, Ulysses S., 78–79

Hamilton, Alexander, 98
Hardships of life and its influence on the national character, 6–7, 7–9, 16–18, 18–20, 28, 31, 56–57, 58–60
Heroism, moral, 78, 79–80
Home, the American, 129–131
Honor, national, 68–69
Humanity. *See* Brotherhood of man
Humility, national, 166
Humor, a trait of American Spirit, 45–51
Hyphenated citizens, 219–222. *See* Immigrant citizens

Idealism, a characteristic of American Spirit, 1–2, 3–5, 11–14, 22, 23, 24, 26, 44–45, 59, 62–63, 216–217
Idleness and idle class. *See* Work
Immigrant citizens, contributions of, to America, 199–200, 230–233, 235–236; citizens by free choice, 202–205, 228–229, 230–232; loyalty of, 209–217, 220, 222–223, 228–229, 272–274; early experience of, 209–210, 223–228; naturalization of, 217–219
Imperialism, foreign to American ideals, 85–86, 89–90
Individuality, a trait of American Spirit, 2–3, 9–10, 33, 53, 114
Industrial efficiency, essential to America, 107–110, 111
Internationalism, 211–214, 217
International law, violation of, by Germany, 246–247, 262–265

Jefferson, Thomas, 8
Justice, 204, 257, 274–275, 294–295, 316–317; belief in, 11–14

Labor, American Federation of, 108–110, 258
Labor and capital, influence of frontier on, 25; just relations essential, 108–110; and democracy, 108–110, 125, 258, 314–317
Liberty, 70–72, 77, 181–183, 214–215, 224; belief in, a characteristic of the American Spirit, 3–4, 18–21, 28, 100–101, 104, 105, 141, 155, 255, 258; limits of, 104–105, 141–142
Lincoln, Abraham, 256; characteristics of, 43–45, 51–56, 58–61; humor of, 45–50; sympathy of, 50–51; a typical American, 51–54; a national idol, 226
Living, standards of. *See* Standards of living

Magnanimity, a trait of the American Spirit, 57–60, 62–63, 80–81, 83–84
Massachusetts, 9
Mayflower, the, 14, 16, 19, 243
Memorial Day, 186
Mercy. *See* Generosity *and* Magnanimity
Militarism, 210, 250, 268–269, 276–283, 284–286, 289–292, 293–294
Monarchy and democracy compared, 110–112
Monroe Doctrine, 74–76, 245, 251–252
Moral character of people, basis of democracy, 99–100, 111, 154–157, 232–233
Moral courage, 160–161
Moral ideals. *See* Ideals

Nations, unity of, 108, 161–165; smaller, 306–307
Native land, 145–153, 219–222, 225–226
Naturalization, 200–201, 202–205, 209–211
Nature, bounties of, given to America, 3–5
New England, 9–10, 18–22; contributions of, to civilization, 18–22
New World, 2–3, 211, 228
North and South, 7

Officials, public, duties of, 105–107, 190–192
Old World, 200–213, 235–236, 242, 317
Opportunity, America the land of, 3–4, 27; a characteristic of American life, 108–110
Oppression, opposition to, 12–14
Optimism of Americans, 110

Panama Canal, 251
Pan-America, 89–90
Pan-Germanism, 289–290
Partisanship, dangers of, 37–39
Patriotism, 139–166; necessary for democracy of our government, 37–40; what it is, 68–69; faith in our government, 73–74; duty of, 140–143; value of, 140–143; glory of, 143–144; love of country, 145; moral quality of, 154–157, 161–165; the higher, 161–165
Peace, belief in, a trait of the American Spirit, 78, 80–81; terms of, 294–296, 298–302, 305–310, 322–323; return of, 302–304; basis of a world, 305–310
Persistence, an American trait, 133–137, 323–324
Philippine Islands, 85–86
Pilgrims, landing of, 14–15, 16; early traits of, 17–18; character of, 22
Pioneer life, trials of, 16–18, 28–31, 43–44
Pioneer spirit, 1–31; of discovery, 1–5; of colonization, 6, 16–22; of the frontier, 25–31
Plains, influence of, on American Spirit, 25–30, 44, 114–115
Poland, 300–308
Popular government, essential to America, 100–101
Practical judgment, a trait of American Spirit, 12–14, 47, 65
Present crisis. *See* Crisis
Privilege, special, foreign to the American Spirit, 91–93, 128–129, 210–211
Providence, belief in, 12–13
Prussia. *See* Germany
Prussianism, 247–249, 258, 259, 270
Public affairs, interest in, 92
Public opinion, 90
Public servants. *See* Officials, public
Puritanism, 9–10, 11–14

Quakers, 23, 199

Radical political thought and democracy, 117–119
Red Cross, 79–80
Religious faith, a characteristic of the American Spirit, 1–2, 3–5, 6, 11–14, 22, 23, 24, 120, 130, 132–133, 166, 274–275
Religious freedom, 15, 155
Revolution, American, 9; and democracy, 117–120, 211, 269
Russia, Democratic revolution in, 269–270, 282–283, 299, 306

Sectionalism, dangers of, 38–41
Self-government, 9; the safeguard of liberty, 206–209
Sincerity, a phase of the American Spirit, 44, 45
Socialism, 120–122.
South, contribution of the, 6–7; and North, *see* North and South
Spanish America, Pan-American policy, 80–81; Monroe Doctrine, 85–86
Spanish-American War, 79–80, 81, 82, 133–137, 212
Standards of living, high, essential to America, 109–110
Submarine warfare, 262–263

Turkey, 301, 308

Vienna, Congress of, 298
Virginians, 3–5, 8–10, 21–22, 112
Voluntary citizenship, 202–205

War, declaration of, 265–266
Washington, George, 10; greatest of national leaders, 33; character of, 33–37; soldier and statesman, 36–37; counsels of, 37–43
West, influence of, on American Spirit, 25–28, 28–29, 112–115
Wheeler, Joseph, 82–83
Women, influence of, on American Spirit, 15, 28–31
Work, belief in, a characteristic of American Spirit, 22, 92, 125–127, 128–129, 235–236, 318
World power or downfall, 239
World war, 239–240; causes of, 245–255, 262–274, 276–283, 286–290, 310–317; preparation for, 249; America in the, 265–274, 274–283, 290–292, 292–302, 305–310. *See* Crisis, present

INDEX TO AUTHORS, TITLES, AND THE FIRST LINES OF POEMS

Authors' names are given in capitals and small capitals, titles of extracts in plain capitals and small letters, and first lines of poems in italics.

After all, one country, brethren, 237
Alien to Citizen, From, 217
America (S. F. Smith), 139
America (Bayard Taylor), 199
America, Characteristics of, 65
America Alone, 222
America First (Theodore Roosevelt), 233
America First (Woodrow Wilson), 230
America for Me! 93
America the Beautiful, 158
American Democracy, The Meaning of, 286
American Flag, The, 179
American Flag Not the Dollar Sign, The, 86
American Ideals Not Imperialistic, 85
American Liberty, Peculiarity of, 100
American Republic, The, 97
Americanism, 91
Americans of Foreign Birth, 202
America's Cause and the Foreign-born Citizen, 228
America's Purpose in the War, 292
AMES, FISHER: What is Patriotism? 68
Aristokrats, 128
Armageddon, 284
ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN: Armageddon, 284
A tale half told and hardly understood, 29

Basis for World Democracy, A, 320
BATES, KATHARINE LEE: America the Beautiful, 158
Battle Hymn of the Republic, 274
BEECHER, HENRY WARD: The Symbol of Our Nation, 181
Behind him lay the gray Azores, 1
BILLINGS, JOSH: Aristokrats, 128
BLANKENBURG, RUDOLPH: America Alone, 222
BORAH, W. E.: Freedom against the Will to Power, 310
Breathes there the man with soul so dead, 145
BROOKS, ELBRIDGE: General Grant's Greatest Victory, 78
BROOKS, PHILLIPS: Lincoln a Typical American, 51
BURNS, ROBERT: A Man's a Man for A' That, 123
BYRON, LORD GEORGE GORDON: Washington, 33

CARLYLE, THOMAS: Work, 125
CARRYL, GUY WETMORE: When the Great Gray Ships Come In, 302
Carry On! 326
Character of Washington, The, 33
Characteristics of America, 65
Columbus (E. E. Hale), 2
Columbus (Joaquin Miller), 1
Counsels of Washington, 37
Cub Sawbones, 79
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM: The American Republic, 97
The Moral Quality in Patriotism, 154

Declaration of Independence, 72
Democracy (J. R. Lowell), 116
Democracy (Harriet Monroe), 95
Democracy, A Basis for World, 320
Democracy, Influence of the West upon, 112
Democracy, Labor and, 108
Democracy, The Foreigner in a, 206
Democracy, The Meaning of American, 286
Democracy, The World Safe for, 261
Democratic Ideal of Labor, The, 125
DEWEY, ORVILLE: The Democratic Ideal of Labor, 125
DRAKE, J. R.: The American Flag, 179
DRAPER, A. S.: How Democracy Surpasses Monarchy, 110
DRAYTON, MICHAEL: To the Virginian Voyage, 3

Duty and Value of Patriotism, The, 140

EMERSON, R. W.: Freedom, 102
Exodus for Oregon, The, 29

Faith in Our Government, 73
Far Journey, A, 223
FINLEY, JOHN H.: The Thirtieth Man, 105
First Landing at Plymouth, The, 16
FISKE, JOHN: The North and the South One in Their Origin, 7
Flag, The Makers of the, 190
Flag Day, A Song for, 184
Flag Day Address, 275
Flag Etiquette, 185
Fleet at Santiago, The, 80
For, lo! the living God doth bare His arm, 95
Foreign Born, The Loyalty of the, 209
Foreign-born Citizen, America's Cause and the, 228
Foreigner in a Democracy, The, 206
Foreseen in the vision of sages, 199
Founding of Jamestown, The, 6
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN: Characteristics of America, 65
Freedom, 102
Freedom against the Will to Power, 310
Freedom all winged expands, 102
Freedom of the Land, The, 230
From Alien to Citizen, 217

GARRISON, W. L.: Liberty for All, 77
Gettysburg Address, The, 62
GILDER, R. W.: When with Their Country's Anger, 83
Give me white paper! 2
Glory of Patriotism, The, 143
God Makes a Path, 24
God of our fathers, known of old, 166
GORDON, J. L.: Wheeler at Santiago, 82
Government in the Interest of All, 72
GRADY, HENRY W.: The Homes of the People, 129
Grant's Greatest Victory, 78

HALE, E. E.: Columbus, 2
The Man without a Country, 145
HAY, JOHN: Liberty, 104
HEMANS, FELICIA D. B.: The Landing of the Pilgrims, 14
HENRY, PATRICK: Liberty or Death, 70
HIBBEN, JOHN GRIER: Martial Valor in Times of Peace, 160
Higher Patriotism, The, 161
Homes of the People, The, 129
How Democracy Surpasses Monarchy, 110
How "The Star-Spangled Banner" Was Written, 172
HOWE, JULIA WARD: Battle Hymn of the Republic, 274
HUBBARD, ELBERT: A Message to Garcia, 133

Independence Day, The New, 323
Influence of the West upon Democracy, The, 112
INGERSOLL, R. G.: Abraham Lincoln, 54
Into the thick of the fight he went, pallid and sick and wan, 82
IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP JOHN: Duty and Value of Patriotism, 140
Is there for honest poverty, 123
It's easy to fight when everything's right, 323

JEFFERSON, THOMAS: Faith in Our Government, 73
JONES, SIR WILLIAM: What Constitutes a State? 103
JORDAN, DAVID STARR: A Basis for World Democracy, 320

KAHN, OTTO H.: America's Cause and the Foreign-born Citizen, 228
The Poison Growth of Prussianism, 259
KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT: The Star-Spangled Banner, 170
KIPLING, RUDYARD: Recessional, 166

Labor, The Democratic Ideal of, 125
Labor and Democracy, 108
LAMPREY, L.: Sayings of Lincoln, 45
The Freedom of the Land, 230
Landing of the Pilgrims, The, 14
LANE, FRANKLIN K.: The Makers of the Flag, 190
Liberty, 104

Liberty Enlightening the World,197
Liberty for All, 77
Liberty or Death, 70
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM: The Gettysburg Address, 62
Lincoln, Abraham (Ingersoll), 54
Lincoln, Abraham (Lowell), 43
Lincoln, Abraham (Taylor), 58
Lincoln, Sayings of, 45
Lincoln a Typical American, 51
Lincoln's Birthplace, 56
Lincoln's Sympathy, 50
LODGE, HENRY CABOT: The Character of Washington, 33
The Fleet at Santiago, 80
The American Flag Not the Dollar Sign, 86
Long, long ago our people made our Land for us, 230
LONGFELLOW, H. W.: The Ship of State, 319
Look Up, Look Forth, and On! 318
Love of Country, 145
LOWELL, J. R.: Abraham Lincoln, 43
Democracy, 116
New England Civilization, 18
The Present Crisis, 241
Washington, 36
Loyalty of the Foreign Born, The, 209

MACAULAY, T. B.: The Puritans,11
McCAIN, H. P.: Flag Etiquette,185
McKINLEY, WILLIAM: American Ideals Not Imperialistic, 85
Makers of the Flag, The, 190
Making of an American, The, 200
Man's a Man for A' That, A, 123
Man without a Country, The, 145
Marching down to Armageddon, 284
Martial Valor in Times of Peace,160
Meaning of American Democracy, The, 286
MERCIER, CARDINAL: The Glory of Patriotism, 143
Message to Garcia, A, 133
MILLER, JOAQUIN: Columbus, 1
The Exodus for Oregon, 29
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, 274
MONROE, HARRIET: Democracy, 95
Monroe Doctrine, The, 74
Moral Quality in Patriotism, The, 154
My country, 'tis of thee, 139

Name of Old Glory, The, 193
NESBIT, W. D.: A Song for Flag Day, 184
New England Civilization, 18
New Independence Day, The, 323
North and the South One in Their Origin, The, 7

O beautiful for spacious skies, 158
O Captain! My Captain! 61
Ode to Columbia, 235
Oh, say, can you see, 170
Old Glory! say who, 193
Old Glory, The Name of, 193
Old Glory, The Story of, 167
Once to every man and nation, 241
One Country, 237
Our Kind of a Man, 132
Our Pan-American Policy, 89
Our Responsibilities, 314

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON: The Founding of Jamestown, 6
Pan-American Policy, Our, 89
Patriotism, Duty and Value of, 140
Patriotism, The Glory of, 143
Patriotism, The Higher, 161
Patriotism, The Moral Quality in, 154
Patriotism, What Is, 68
Peculiarity of American Liberty, 100
PITT, WILLIAM: Last Speech, 67
Poison Growth of Prussianism, 259
Present Crisis, The, 241
Prussianism, The Poison Growth of, 259
Prussian Menace, The, 258
Prussian Menace to American Freedom, The, 245
Puritans, The, 11

Quaker of the Olden Time, The, 23

RAVAGE, M. E.: The Loyalty of the Foreign Born, 209
Recessional, 166
REID, SYDNEY: Cub Sawbones, 79
Right of the People to Rule, 316
RIHBANY, A. M.: A Far Journey, 223
RIIS, JACOB: The Making of an American, 200
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB: Our Kind of a Man, 132
The Name of Old Glory, 193

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE: America First, 233
Americanism, 91
Our Responsibilities, 314
Right of the People to Rule, 316
With Firmness in the Right, 256
ROOT, ELIHU: Our Pan-American Policy, 89
The Prussian Menace to American Freedom, 245

Santiago, The Fleet at, 80
Santiago, Wheeler at, 82
Sayings of Lincoln, 45
SCHURZ, CARL: The Foreigner in a Democracy, 206
SCOTT, SIR WALTER: Love of Country, 145
SERVICE, R. W.: Carry On! 326
Ship of State, The, 319
SMITH, S. F.: America, 139
STANTON, F. L.: One Country, 237
Star-Spangled Banner, The, 170
STEDMAN, E. C.: Liberty Enlightening the World, 197
STEINER, E. A.: Confessing the Hyphen, 219
From Alien to Citizen, 217
Story of Old Glory, The, 167
Such was he, our Martyr-Chief, 43
Symbol of Our Nation, The, 181

TARBELL, IDA M.: Lincoln's Sympathy, 50
TAYLOR, BAYARD: America, 199
Look Up, Look Forth, and On! 318
TAYLOR, TOM: Abraham Lincoln, 58
The breaking waves dashed high, 14
The kind of a man for you and me! 132
They tell me, Liberty! 77
Thirtieth Man, The, 105
Thou, too, sail on, 319
'Tis fine to see the Old World, 93
To eastward ringing, to westward winging, 302
TURNER, F. J.: The Influence of the West upon Democracy, 112
Western Idealism, 25

VAJANSKY, HURBAN: Ode to Columbia, 235
VAN DYKE, HENRY: America for Me! 93
Virginian Voyage, To the, 3

Warden at ocean's gate, 197
WASHINGTON, GEORGE: Counsels, 37
Washington (Lord Byron), 33
Washington (J. R. Lowell), 36
WATTERSON, HENRY: How "The Star-Spangled Banner" Was Written, 172
WEBSTER, DANIEL: Peculiarity of American Liberty, 100
West, Influence of, upon Democracy, 112
Western Idealism, 25
What Constitutes a State? 103
What Is Patriotism? 68
What man is there so bold, 104
Wheeler at Santiago, 82
When Freedom, from her mountain height, 179
When the Great Gray Ships Come In, 302
When we marched away, 79
When with Their Country's Anger, 83
Where may the wearied eye repose, 33
WHITMAN, WALT: O Captain! My Captain! 61
WHITTIER, J. G.: The Quaker of the Olden Time, 23
WILLIAMS, ROGER: God Makes a Path, 24
WILSON, WOODROW: A World Peace, 305
America First, 230
Americans of Foreign Birth, 202
America's Purpose in the War, 292
Flag Day Address, 275
The Meaning of American Democracy, 286
The New Independence Day, 323
The World Safe for Democracy, 261
With Firmness in the Right, 256
Work, 125
World Peace, A, 302
World Safe for Democracy, The, 261

You brave heroic minds, 3
You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier, 58
Your flag and my flag! 184

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